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THE CELTIC REVIEW

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THE CELTIC REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

CONSULTING EDITOR: PROFESSOR MACKINNON

ACTING EDITOR: MISS E. C. CARMICHAEL

VOLUME V

JULY 1908 TO APRIL 1909

EDINBURGH: NORMAN MACLEOD, 25 GEORGE IV. BRIDGE

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 57-59 LONG ACRE, W.C.

DUBLIN: HODGES, FIGGIS & CO., LTD., 104 GRAFTON ST.

582308
26.4.54

Edinburgh : T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty

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THE CELTIC REVIEW

JULY 15, 1908

THE ORIGIN OF DRUIDISM

JULIUS POKORNY, VIENNA

SCHRADER says in his *Reallexikon der idg. Altertumskunde*: 'The Celtic Druids are quite different from the other priesthoods of ancient Europe. Where the first beginnings of their origin started from will never be known.' I hope, however, to succeed in throwing some light into that obscurity.

In seeking to determine the origin of Druidism people came to very strange ideas. Some thought the Druids pupils of Pythagoras, others even took them for Buddhists; one thought the origin of Druidism was in Phœnicia, others thought it was in Chaldea or India. The ancients already showed great interest in that priesthood, and in the last two centuries there arose a great literature dealing with them, but it was of no importance as it lost itself in symbolic and occult trifles. Notwithstanding, there was no success in throwing light on the accounts of the Druids nor in explaining the so-called contradictions.

But when in 1906 there appeared a book by the well-known French scholar D'Arbois de Jubainville, *Les Druides et les Dieux Celtiques aux Formes des Animaux*, the scientific world hoped to receive at last some enlightenment regarding that mysterious institution. De Jubainville's book, however, is not much more than a compilation of the most important things we know about the Druids, and he only tells us what we already know from other sources.

In the first chapter of his book De Jubainville speaks of the Gaulish priests :—

'They have two kinds of priests, the Druids and the "Gutuatri." When Cæsar subdued independent Gaul in the first century before our era, the Druids had already gained an important position, but he was told that Druidism originated in Britain and had been transferred from thence to Gaul.

'Before the establishment of the Druids on the Continent the Gauls had no other priests than the "Gutuatri." He derives their name from the Celtic "gutu," Ir. guth (voice), and compares it with our German word "Gott," from the Indo-Eur. "ghutom" (what is invoked), from the root "ghu." "Gutuatri" would then mean, "the invoking ones," from the same root as the Goth. "gudja" (priest). They were all priests of temples or of holy groves. The "Gutuatri" were still extant during the Roman occupation. We have their name preserved on four inscriptions.'

De Jubainville compares the 'Gutuatri' with the Homeric 'ἱερεῦς,' with Chryses who bears the surname 'ἀρητήρ,' which signifies the same thing as 'Gutuatros' and with the 'Flamines' of the Romans who, like them, formed no corporation.

'The Druids, however, formed a corporation and had an Arch-Druid over them, not only in Gaul, but in Ireland, and probably also in England.'

In this passage I cannot agree with De Jubainville. In the Irish literature a chief of the Druids is never mentioned, and from the sentence in the *Life of St. Patrick*: Congregata est multitudo nimis magorum ad primum magum Recradum nomine,' we are not justified in concluding that the Irish Druids had a head. The passage can also signify, that Recradus was at that time the most famous Druid. It is even very possible that we owe here to the Christian writer, who wished to enhance the glory of the holy man, a little exaggeration, for somewhat later we read how St. Patrick killed this Druid by means of a miracle. We have therefore in the Arch-Druid a special Gaulish institution.

In the art of prophecy the Druids had rivals in the

'Vatis,' who by Strabo are called '*οὐάτεις*,' by Diodorus '*μάντεις*.' St. Patrick did not vanquish the Druids till he had associated himself with the 'Vatis,' Ir. fāthi, filid.

De Jubainville, agreeing with Thurneysen, derives the name of the Druids from the root 'dru,' and translates the name 'druis' by 'the most wise one,' the Galatic 'dru-nemeton' by 'arch-sanctuary,' and quotes as the Gaulish synonym 'ver-nemeton.' (Other derivations of the word 'druis' are possible. Cf. Cymr. derwydd; Gaul. dervum.)

The second chapter seems to me to be the most important of the whole book, and therefore I propose to give it word for word in translation:—

'It seems that the Druids were known to the Greeks since about 200 B.C. when Sotion mentions them. They existed therefore already at that time in Gaul, on the left side of the Rhine, a country which was very much visited by merchants of Massilia. This happened not long after the Gauls had conquered Britain, which had been occupied first by the Gaels. And it seems, in fact, that the conquest had probably taken place between 300 and 200 B.C. The Gauls had found the Druids in Britain and transferred the institution to the Continent. Caesar says so explicitly. ("Disciplina in Britannia reperta atque inde in Galliam translata esse existimatur, et nunc qui diligentius eam rem cognoscere volunt plerumque illo discendi causa proficiscuntur.") We conclude, therefore, that the Druids were originally a Gaelic institution peculiar to the Gaels. The Gaels are a Celtic tribe, whose language still exists in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland. From this tribe, which had during a long time occupied all the British Island, Druidism had been transferred into the large countries which lay spread out to the south of the Channel between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rhine; but it was unknown in Gallia Cisalpina and in the lands formerly Celtic, to the east of the Rhine, also in the basin of the Danube, and in Asia Minor, where the dru-nemeton (arch-sanctuary) is in no way connected with the Druids.'

So far D'Arbois de Jubainville. Before I proceed further I shall shortly summarise what the writers of the ancients tell us about the Druids.

According to Caesar there were two governing classes in Gaul: the warlike aristocracy and the Druids. The latter

were free from military service and from all exactions, and through these privileges many of them were drawn to their profession, the more readily as Druidism was apparently not founded upon birth, but merely upon the engagement and training of novices.[1]

The Druids were philosophers and teachers of youth. They gave not only lessons in theology and mythology but also spoke much about the course of the stars, about the nature of all things, and the magnitude of the universe.

From all the ethical doctrines of the Druids nothing but a single sentence is preserved (Diogen. Laert., proem 5): 'To be pious against the gods, not to do injury to any one, and to practise bravery.' But their first doctrine was, that after death they passed into another body. So strong was this belief among the people, that bargains were even made with the promise to pay them in the future life. The novices had to learn by heart a large number of verses, and some spent twenty years in learning them. Almost nothing is preserved to us from the tradition of the Gaulish Druids, for they were not allowed to put down their teaching in writing. It was otherwise in Ireland. The author of the Yellow Book of Lecan tells us that St. Patrick burnt a hundred and eighty books of the Druids, and that after his example all Christians did the same, till all Druidical books were destroyed.

The Druids were also soothsayers and assisted at sacrifices.

Every year they met in the territory of the Carnutes, and many cases were brought to them for decision. The most severe punishment they could inflict was exclusion from the sacrifices. Those so punished were cut off from all human society and treated as outlaws. At the head of the Gaulish Druids stood an Arch-Druid, who was elected by the vote of his fellow-Druids on the death of his predecessor.

Caesar seems to include under the name 'Druides' the bards and seers (vātis), who were treated by later writers as separate.

[1] Schrader, *Reallexikon der idg. Altertumskunde*, ii. p. 643.

The similarity of the Druidical doctrine to that of Pythagoras led to many fables. That the Druids did not live like monks (a theory set forth by Alexander Bertrand) is already clear, as we are told that the Druid Divitiacus, Caesar's friend, had a wife and children, and that the Irish Druids were mostly married.

Criminals were sacrificed to the gods, but also innocent persons. Large figures made of wickerwork were filled with living men and then burned.

The Romans soon prohibited Druidism; but it continued secretly, and Mela tells us (45 A.D.) that the noblest youths of Gaul followed their teachers into secret forests.

Thirty-five years later Pliny the Elder gives us quite another picture of the Druids. He shows them as priests of the oak, as physicians and magicians, as nothing better than common charlatans. They compose the mystic serpent's egg out of snake venom, which assures the success of every action.

How shall we account for this seeming change? Did suppression cause them to set aside their noble teaching in order to earn their livelihood in a less worthy manner? I shall soon have to show that the Druids were already magicians in the earlier times. But how does it happen that they are occupied with mean sorcery as well as with an earnest science? In the meantime we may notice that the most prudent men are often the greatest charlatans, because they know that the great crowd is more easily led by cunning, juggling tricks than by high wisdom.

As to the Druidical belief in the immortality, and their doctrine of the transmigration of souls, D'Arbois de Jubainville quotes many examples of the belief of the Celts in a life in the other world, but he thinks the report of their doctrine of rebirth an error, which had risen owing to the Greeks having heard from the Druids tales of transformations which they misunderstood, and so thought that the Druids taught the transmigration of souls after the doctrine of Pythagoras.

Here I venture to make a conjecture. Have we not in this doctrine a survival of the belief of the pre-Celtic

aborigines? It is possible that already the men of the Stone Age believed in metempsychosis, as they often buried their dead in a cowering position. We can detect the belief in metempsychosis chiefly among peoples of a low culture. The next step is the belief in rebirth, of which we have also some examples in Irish mythology.

De Jubainville has shown that the Druids originally had been the priests of only one Celtic tribe—that which conquered Britain first. It is very strange that between brother-nations, whose customs and language differed not very widely, such a fundamental distinction should have existed. For nothing is so characteristic of a people as its religious beliefs. But, as we shall see, Druidism has many features quite alien to the character of an Indo-European religion. There is but one way to account for such a strange and almost fundamental difference as is said to have existed between Gaels and Gauls before the occupation of Gaul by Caesar.

The Gauls certainly took Druidism from their brethren in Britain, but the latter were not yet acquainted with that institution when they crossed the Channel.

For the Druids were the priests of the pre-Celtic aborigines of the British Islands, and it is from them only that the Celts received them.

As the Gaels, the one great nation of the Celts, conquered the British Isles about 1000 B.C., they had already attained a high degree of culture. They brought with them the knowledge of bronze and burnt their dead.'[1]

I suppose that they were ruled by priestly kings, whom we find about the same time among the Greeks, Latins, and Germans, who have, in common with the Celts, other characteristics of Indo-European origin. We have no cause whatever to assume that the Celts had differed widely in customs and religion in that early time from the neighbouring Indo-European brother-nations, which we would have to assume if the institution of Druidism had existed among them from

[1] Munro, *Prehistoric Scotland*, p. 480: London, 1899.

the earliest times. Yet in historical times we find among the Irish *kings* traces of the former priestship which had originated in the furthest past ages from the divine adoration of mighty magicians.

For the Indo-European peoples once believed what savages of the present time believe that their divine[1] ruler was the centre of the universe, that he could disturb the course of nature by merely moving his hand; and therefore saved their king from the perils which surrounded him, even after every common mortal had been rendered harmless through numberless taboos' (prohibitions). The Indo-European races had given up these beliefs, however, before they had left the common native home.

We detect such traces of the former divinity of the kings, not only in Homer, when he speaks (*Od.* xix. 109) of a ruler who honours the gods and reigns powerfully, so that the earth is fertile and the wealth of the people grows—because of the virtues of the king—but also in Ireland and Wales.

The Celts believed that there would be bad crops as a punishment for bad rulers. In the Book of Leinster we read that under Cairbre Cinnchait, who won the kingdom of Ireland by violence and killed mercilessly the children of the nobles, every ear of corn bore only one grain, and every oak only one acorn. But when the old dynasty came again to the throne, Ireland recovered its fertility. To every new king the Ollamh, the head-bard, sang some verses, wherein he admonished him to reign well, or else famine and disease would spoil the land; and in a Welsh poem of the twelfth century it is said: 'We shall have bad years and [long] days with false kings and failed crops' (The Black Book of Carmarthen).

We hear besides of many taboos which the Irish kings were obliged to observe even in historical times in order not to ruin their land.[2]

[1] Cf. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, i. pp. 233, 234: London, 1900.
[2] *Ibid.*, i. p. 240.

Thus, for example, the sun might not rise on the King of Ireland in his bed at Tara, the old capital of Erin; he was forbidden to alight on Wednesday at Magh Breagh, to traverse Magh Cuillinn after sunset, to incite his horse at Fan Chomair, to go in a ship upon the water the Monday after Bealltaine, and to leave the track of his army upon Ath Maighne the Tuesday after All-Hallows.

The King of Leinster might not go round Tuath Laighean left-hand-wise on Wednesday, nor sleep between the Dothair and the Duibhlinn on Monday, nor ride a dirty, black-heeled horse across Magh Maistean.

The King of Munster was prohibited from enjoying the feast of Loch Lein from one Monday to another; from banqueting by night in the beginning of harvest before Geim at Leitracha; from encamping for nine days upon the Siuir; and from holding a border meeting at Gabhran.

The King of Connacht might not conclude a treaty respecting his ancient palace of Cruachan after making peace on All-Hallows Day, nor go in a speckled garment on a grey-speckled steed to the heath of Dal Chais, nor repair to an assembly of women at Seaghais, nor sit in autumn on the sepulchral mounds of the wife of Maine, nor contend in running with the rider of a grey, one-eyed horse at Ath Gallta between two posts.

The King of Ulster was forbidden to attend the horse fair at Rath Line among the youths of Dal Araidhe; to listen to the fluttering of the flock of birds of Linn Saileach after sunset; to celebrate the feast of the bull of Daire-mic-Daire; to go into Magh Cobha in the month of March, and to drink of the water of Bo-Neimhidh between two darknesses.

Hence it follows, that the kings of the Gaels, like those of other Indo-European peoples, originated in priests and we may conclude, especially as we find the survivals so fresh and vivid in Ireland, that the kings of the Gaels when they conquered the British Islands were at the same time their priests.

In the British Islands the Gaels had found an aboriginal race which had come over from the Continent in early neolithic times when Ireland and England were still connected with the Continent (?). These immigrants were of a small stature, muscular, with dark hair and dark eyes. They were religious, for they buried their dead; and for the nobler ones they erected great stone monuments. Their culture was that of the Stone Age. Tacitus thinks them from their appearance Iberians, and it is at least noteworthy that the skulls which have been discovered resemble strongly those of the Basques, though it is impossible to prove anything from that fact.[1]

Their race is still preserved in the dark-eyed, brown-and-black-haired population in the west of Ireland, in South Wales, in Scotland, in the Isles of Mull and Arran, in Argyll and Inverness, and also in Cornwall.

But if we assume that this race was not wholly crushed out by the invading Celts and that they transmitted their magicians too, then their nationality must have been very strong, as indeed it was, for it has left its traces till to-day on the British Isles. I shall not speak here of the linguistic remains preserved in the topography and in the Celtic languages, nor of the numberless Fetish-stones that are to be met with in the British Isles, where they are worshipped even in our times. I shall only take a few interesting points out of the rich material.

The testimonies of Diodorus and Strabo concerning cannibalism among the Irish is strengthened by St. Hieronymus, who says in his writing, 'Adversus Iovinianum': 'Quid loquar de ceteris nationibus, *cum ipse* adolescentulus in Gallia *viderim* Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus? Et cum per silvas porcorum greges et armentorum pecudumque reperirent, pastorum nates et feminarum et papillas solere abscindere et eas solas ciborum delicias arbitrari?' Nobody will contend that we can ascribe such customs to Indo-Europeans. An obscure memory of these times survives

[1] Cf. Munro, *Prehist. Scotland*, pp. 460, 480.

still among the Celtic people, and we find in Wales and Scotland tales of giants and ghosts who ate their captives and drank their blood. Also the custom quoted by Strabo, that the old Irish devoured the corpses of their fathers we can hardly ascribe to the Celts. Even to-day we can trace the remains of this custom.

Wood-Martin tells us that the custom, existing still in Ireland, of taking some food in presence of the dead body is but a form of the old custom of consuming food which had been laid on the corpse with the intention of transmitting to those doing so certain faculties of the departed one. I think it to be a survival of the old, barbaric custom of consuming the corpse itself.

Schrader has proved that the idea of family must have been throughout an agnatic one in the primitive ages of the Indo-European people—the principle of relationship in the male line prevailed already in the common past of the Indo-Europeans. Therefore, if we can detect traces of matriarchy in the British Isles we must ascribe them to a pre-Celtic population.

It has been fully proved by Zimmer that even in historic times matriarchy prevailed among the Picts of Scotland. At any rate the Picts possessed a large substratum of pre-Celtic blood. I think them to have been a non-Aryan race, soon however Celticised, first by the Gaels and then—but in a lesser degree—by the Britons.

In Wales we can detect in the families of the Mabinogion traces of matriarchy, and many may also be found in Ireland. While among the Indo-European peoples it was the father who gave the first food to his child (what for India, the Grihya-Sutras of Apastamba and Hiranyakesin prove[1] and Speijer has proved in Yatakarma (p. 103 ff.) for the other Indo-European peoples), Solinus tells us that in Ireland it was the mother who gave to the new-born the first food, on the point of her husband's sword, with the wish that he might die only in battle.

[1] M. Muller, *Sacred Books of the East*, xix. pp. 213, 281.

A. Potter ('Description of West-Meath,' 1819) tells us that all married women are called by their maiden names, a custom still extant in Ulster. According to Wood-Martin, women in many English-speaking districts retain their maiden names and follow rather their mother's relations.

The couvade, too, surely a non-Indo-European custom, is to be found all over the British Isles. In Ulster it was known in very olden times, for we read in the Book of Leinster that all men, with the exception of Cuchulainn, lay in their beds unable to fight when Queen Meave of Connacht made a progress to Ulster with her army. A pregnant wife had cursed them, to suffer once a year the throes of women.

In England also the couvade once existed, for in Yorkshire the mother of a girl who has borne an illegitimate child goes out to seek the seducer, and the first man she finds in his bed is held to be the child's father.[1]

Already for the Iberians matriarchy is not only proved, but also the couvade, which we find also among their descendants (?), the Basques. That would make it possible that there was some connection between the aborigines of the British Isles and the Iberians. Moreover we find this custom in Southern India, China, Borneo, Kamtchatka, Greenland, and among many tribes of North and South America.

We have seen now, that the race of the aborigines of the British Islands had not been exterminated by the conquering Celts. It is also certain that it was not wholly suppressed, but that the conquerors intermarried very closely with their subjects. For even in the oldest times we find in Ireland no miserable plebs as in other countries conquered by Indo-Europeans. There were no castes, only different stages of society, and a family could easily, by acquiring fortune, rise from the lowest to the highest rank.

There was perhaps rather an infiltration of the Celts than a real conquest, but perhaps we shall not be astray in

[1] *The Academy*, xxv. p. 112.

seeking the reason of that fact in the great beauty and uncommon loveliness of the women of the aborigines. The beauty of Celtic women is well known, as also the fact that they mostly have dark hair, which indicates apparently a non-Aryan origin.

Among no other people is the 'feminine' of such importance as among the Celts. Their literature is given to the service of women. No literature has so many sweet love-stories as the Irish.

'The absence of feminine interest in the earlier chansons de geste has often been noted. The case is different with Teutonic heroic literature, in which woman's rôle is always great, sometimes pre-eminently so. The love of man, and immortal, or, if mortal, semi-divine maid is a "constant" of heroic tradition. Teuton and Celt have handled this theme, however, in a very different spirit. In the legends of the former the man plays the chief part; he woos, sometimes he forces the fairy maiden to become the mistress of his hearth. As a rule, overmastered by the prowess and beauty of the hero, she is nothing loth.

'It is otherwise with the fairy mistress of the Celtic hero; they abide in their own place, and they allure or compel the mortal lover to resort to them. Connla and Bran and Oisin must all leave this earth and sail across ocean or lake before they can rejoin their lady-love; even Cuchulainn, mightiest of all heroes, is constrained, struggle as he may, to go and dwell with the fairy queen Faud, who has wooed him. Throughout, the immortal mistress retains her superiority; when the mortal tires and returns to earth she remains, ever wise and fair, ready to welcome and enchant a hero of a new generation. She chooses whom she will and is no man's slave; herself she offers freely, but she abandons neither her liberty nor her divine nature. Even where the love-story passes wholly among mortals, the woman's rôle is more accentuated than in the Teutonic sagas. She is no mere lay figure upon a fire-bound rock, like Brunhild or Merglad, ready, when the destined hero appears, to fall straightway into his arms. The Celtic woman takes her fate in her own hand, and chooses herself the husband or makes him accept her conditions.'[1]

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[1] A. Nutt, *Studies in the Legend of the Holy Grail*, pp. 231-233: London, 1887.

In one of the most ancient Gaelic chronicles we read :—

'But the fairest of the women who came into Erin with the sons of Milidh was Feale, the wife of Luaidh, who had lived alone in the western regions of Spain, in an inland valley, until she was wooed by Luaidh . . . and men said concerning Feale, that she was too beautiful to live.'

But the Irish historians called by the name 'Milesians,' or 'Sons of Milidh,' the non-Aryan, dark-haired and dark-eyed Irish race, which on account of their complexion they thought to be immigrants from Spain.

All this makes it possible that the aborigines had influenced the Gaels very strongly, but before we can assume with probability such a great religious influence we must try to find out some analogy for such a fact.

The aborigines of the British Isles stood, as we have seen, on a very low level of culture—they were savages. We shall first investigate what ideas one savage people receives from another.

'Everything new is apt to excite the awe and dread of the savage. So the unusually heavy rains, which happened to follow the English survey of the Nicobar Islands in the winter of 1886-1887 were imputed by the alarmed natives to the wrath of the spirits at the theodolites, dumpy-levellers, and other strange instruments which had been set up in so many of their favourite haunts.'[1]

Naturally the savage thinks foreign land to be enchanted too.

'Among the Ovambo of South-Western Africa in time of war the chief names a general who leads the army to battle. Next to the general the highest place in the army is occupied by the "omunene u oshikuni,' that is, the owner of the firewood, who carries a burning brand before the army on the march. If the brand goes out, it is an evil omen, and the army returns. In that case the fire borne at the head of the army may have been intended to dissipate the evil influences, whether magical or spiritual, with which the air of the enemy's country might be conceived to teem.'[2]

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[1] *The Golden Bough*, i. p. 347.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 305.

All the more the savage believes the inhabitants of another country to be sorcerers, especially if these are of an alien and less civilised race. We not only detect the same fear among savages but also among peoples of a higher culture. In the Ongtong Java Islands strangers, when they land on the islands, are first of all received by the sorcerers, sprinkled with water, anointed with oil, etc. Only after they have been 'disenchanted' can they be introduced to the chief.[1]

It is also known that the Hindus despise the non-Aryan aborigines as unclean, but that they fear them on the other hand, as they consider the Parias to be in possession of secret magic arts and to be associated with the old gods of the country.

It is then very probable that the conquering Gaels thought the aborigines were beings endowed with supernatural powers, who possessed great knowledge of the secrets of nature.

How many superstitions are connected with the so-called fairy-arrows (the arrow-heads of flint which the pre-Celtic aborigines used during the Stone Age) among the Celtic population of Great Britain and Ireland. Perhaps these superstitions go back to the time when the Celts were fighting with a people who used flint-weapons and were then already feared as endowed with supernatural powers. Another belief connected with iron may also be quoted.

Iron is said to possess the power of keeping off bad spirits. In the north-east of Scotland after the death of an inmate of the house a bit of iron is put into all victuals, in order that the 'death may not enter them.'[2] In many Welsh fairy-tales a fairy abandons her lover in the moment when he touches her with iron.[3] On the Western Isles of Scotland it is said that every one who enters a knoll where the fairies are dancing must leave a bit of iron on the threshold, for only in this way is he able to prevent the fairies from closing the door and keeping him as a prisoner for ever.

[1] *The Golden Bough*, p. 303.
[2] W. Gregor, *Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 206.
[3] *Transactions of the Hon. Society of Cymmrodar*, vi. p. 2.

This fear of ghosts seems to be a heritage of the aborigines, who did not know metals, and may often have yielded to the better weapons of the Celts. The savage aborigines of a country appear very often in the later popular superstitions as ghosts, giants, or dwarfs.

Of course the Celts felt especial reverence for the medicine-men of the aborigines, the Druids, for they observed how these were dreaded by their countrymen. Among savage tribes the king develops mostly out of the sorcerer, who can, as they believe, inflict misfortune and death. The Gaels, full of admiration, called these magicians 'Druides,' the very wise ones.

The true character of the Druids was that of mighty sorcerers, and entirely contradicts that of an Indo-European priest. In Ireland, which was least exposed to foreign influence, we can most probably hope to find Druidism in its original form. They appear to us there chiefly as magicians and sorcerers. They change the day into night, wind and wave obey their orders, they pour down fire and blood. Such ideas, that man has power over the elements, we only find among savage peoples who do not possess the idea of the 'supernatural.' That the Druids were physicians is closely connected with their profession as sorcerers, as is also their prophetic faculty. So strong is their power that even St. Patrick prays to God that He may protect him against the incantations of the Druids. In the old Irish literature the word 'drui' is always used synonymously with 'magus,' and in the neo-Celtic languages the word for Druid signifies 'sorcerer.'

'The Druids are sorcerers and rain-doctors, who pretend to call down the storm and the snow, and frighten the people with the fluttering wisp and other childish charms. They divined by the observation of sneezing and omens, by their dreams after holding a bull-feast or chewing raw horseflesh in front of their idols, by the croaking of their ravens and chirping of tame wrens, or by the ceremony of licking the hot edge of bronze taken out of the rowan-tree faggot. They are like the Red Indian medicine men, or the Angekoks

of the Eskimo, dressed up in bull's-hide coats and bird caps with waving wings.'[1]

It was probably in the Highlands of Scotland north of the Grampians that the aborigines maintained their independence the longest time, and therefore preserved best the institution of the Druids as sorcerers, for we read that all who wish to learn very exactly the wicked art of sorcery set out for Scotland. Also Pliny the Elder tells us that Britain was ill-famed on account of its magic, and from the report of Tacitus of the destruction of the isle of Mona we perceive clearly that the Druids were sorcerers.

But how does it happen that they are painted by the writers of the antiquity as also philosophers, as teachers of pure ethics?

In Gaul Druidism was not founded upon birth, but upon the engagement and training of novices. Also in Ireland we find the Druids as teachers of the youth, and of the Druid Cathbad it is expressly stated that he taught his pupils the Druidic science (druidecht). From that we assume as certain that among the aborigines a transference of the magic art also took place by initiation and instruction.

Where the Gaels came into friendly terms with them they certainly were anxious to partake of that instruction, and we find in Ireland no distinct Druidic caste; but we know of poets who were Druids, also of some kings—*e.g.* the grandfather of the famous Irish national hero Finn and the father of King Connor were members of that priesthood. So the Druids grew by time to be a Gaelic institution, and the priestly power of the king was transferred to them, so that they had finally the highest rank after him; there was even a rule that the king should not speak in the presence of his Druid before the latter had spoken.

An obscure memory of the time when the Druids were the magicians of a hostile race can be detected in the Celtic myths which tell us that the magic power of the Druids had been so great that they won even the victory over the gods

[1] *Lectures*, O'Curry, who gives also another explanation.

—a notion that on the one side reminds us of the 'Schaman,' on the other side can be easily understood if we take into consideration that the Druids originally, as sorcerers of the aborigines, were hostile not only to the Celts but also to their gods. We have also often a curious antagonism to note between the Druids and the Celtic gods which is easily explained in such a way (cf. 'Echtra Condla').

No wonder that the Gaelic poet-prophets (for the Celts had also their own prophets) looked at the new rivals with jealous eyes—a jealousy ending finally with the abolition of the Druids in Ireland, for when St. Patrick introduced Christianity into Ireland he found in the Druids his greatest enemies whom he could only vanquish by uniting himself with the 'filid' (637, Battle of Moyrath).

It is not strange that the more highly civilised Celts deemed the priests of the aborigines great sorcerers; we find among the Germans something analogous.

'The Finns, who occupied in the past ages a great part of the Scandinavian peninsula, were deemed by the conquering Germans as endowed with magical powers, so that the old Norse finngerð (literally, a Finn's work) is used for "sorcery," and also in their own religion the priest-sorcerer, the "Schaman," who is the mediator between men and gods, and even by his arts compels the latter to serve him, occupies the foremost place.'[1]

Is it too rash to assume that the aborigines of the British Isles had a culture similar to that of the Finnic-Lappic tribes? Similar primitive conditions produce similar cultures, and J. F. Campbell, a prominent connoisseur of Finnic antiquity, was so struck by the surprising similarity of many ancient Scottish dwellings with those of the Finns that he did not hesitate to declare that the aborigines of the British Isles were a people related to the Finns; and, though a primitive Iberian population seems very possible, I have come to the opinion that there may have been also a Finnish race on British soil.

When the Gaels sent their sons to be initiated into the

[1] R. Much, *Deutsche Stammeskunde*, p. 31.

teaching of the Druids, they did not forget their own Indo-European religion, and the same thing took place among the Gauls, who conquered Britain several hundred years later, and adopted Druidism from the inhabitants of the country as the Gaels had taken it from the aborigines. In such a way we can easily explain the strange contrast of noble and mean doctrines which we detect among the Druids. If Pliny the Elder painted the Druids only as magicians and priests of the oak, he therewith told to his contemporaries something new: their noble doctrines had been well known long before.

We have also elsewhere sufficient examples of a noble religion tolerating the old, crude faith. We can observe till to-day, in Catholic countries, the feast of Adonis; and the Church tolerates the old, pagan midsummer and harvest customs, and we may safely assume that in the British Isles the pre-Celtic faith existed under the dominion of the Celts.

Andrew Lang quotes, in his *Custom and Myth*, an example of a similar toleration which is related to us by Gercilasso de Vega, the son of a Spanish conqueror and an Inka princess:—

> 'In the pre-Inca period an Indian was not accounted honourable unless he was descended from a fountain, river, or lake, or from a wild animal; but there was not an animal, how vile and filthy soever, that they did not worship as a god. But when the Inca appeared and sun-worship became the established religion, worship of the animal was still tolerated, and the sun-temples also contained images of the beasts which the Indians had venerated.'

But I think I have found a sure argument that Druidism took its origin in the British Islands, and was not brought thither by the Celts.

Pliny the Elder describes the Gaulish Druids as priests of the oak-worship, wherein also the mistletoe plays a prominent part. The worship of the oak can be certainly proved to be of Indo-European origin. This is so well known that it is unnecessary to prove it specially. Max. Tyrius says, moreover, that the Celts worshipped Zeus under the image of an

oak. In a word, we find the Druids as priests of an Indo-European religion.

But if the Celts had had Druids who were already priests of the oak before the occupation of the British Islands, they certainly would have brought that worship with them to Ireland. For in ancient times Ireland was very rich in oak woods, and we can trace yet over thirteen hundred place-names which begin with 'doire, daire' (oakwood), Anglicised 'derry,' not to speak of the other compositions. The name of the oak occurs in many more names of places than that of any other tree.[1]

How strange must it seem to us, then, that we so seldom hear of the oak in the rich, traditional literature of the Irish. I know no Irish superstition connected with the oak, and *the Irish Druids are never mentioned in connection with the oak.* Their holy tree is the yew, and they bear in their hands wands made of that wood. Also the Druidic fire is kindled with the wood of the yew.

That strange fact, that the oak plays no part in the life of the Irish Druid and a very small one in the popular superstition can be explained only if we assume that the Druids were originally the priests of a people who did not know the oak worship.

The Gauls who had remained in their own country were much less influenced by the pre-Celtic population of Britain than the Gaels, and retained, therefore, besides the new Druidical faith, the old customs of their Indo-European ancestors.

We perceive, then, that the Druids must have been once the priests of a people who did not know the worship of the oak. But the oak-worship of the Celts is vouched for several times, therefore the Druids cannot have been originally a Celtic priesthood. We know also that Druidism took its origin in the British Islands, and it can only have originated among the people who occupied those countries before the Celts. We have seen that such a people existed on the

[1] Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, 3rd ed., p. 487.

British Islands and that they were a people powerful enough to influence strongly the conquering Celts; we know also that it is possible, and it has often happened, that a people of a lower stage of culture has influenced the religious beliefs of a more highly civilised one.

Besides, Druidism shows so many non-Indo-European features that we must for that reason alone seek the origin of its priesthood among a non-Indo-European people.

We can, therefore, assert with somewhat of certainty that Druidism originated in a people who inhabited the British Islands before the Celts, and who were probably related to those great races who occupied Western and Southern (or Northern?) Europe long before the first Indo-European set his foot there.[1]

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD (MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASTAIR)

Professor Mackinnon

II. *Poems hitherto unpublished.*

(*Continued from* vol. iv. p. 305)

The following poems, now printed for the first time, are all, with the exception of the last, political poems and satires. They are of like character with those of the same class published by the author in 1751. Whether the poet, had he himself printed them, would have changed these in any way, as he changed, *e.g.*, 'The Ark' and *A Thearlaich Mhic Sheumais*, it would be bootless to inquire. There is no heading or title to any of them, but the stanzas are for the most part consecutively numbered. The Satires, it will be observed, are fierce denunciations of Hanoverians in general, but especially of the Campbells who devastated the forfeited lands of Moydart and the neighbourhood, and of a lady of the

[1] A recent stay in Ireland has confirmed my opinion as to the pre-Celtic population. I found traces of two distinct pre-Celtic races; the one with beautiful European features, probably Iberian, the other similar in appearance to the Samojeds, perhaps cognate with the Finnic-Lappic races. Druidism originated first, probably, among the latter.

clan, the daughter of Black Duncan Campbell, a well-known Notary of the time.

This lady composed, in 1745, a poem which has not survived, but which, as we gather from these Satires, called in question the legitimacy of Prince Charles Stuart, referred contemptuously to his followers as *Prasgan nan Garbh-chrioch*, and spoke disparagingly of the gentle Lochiel. The composition naturally gave great offence to the Jacobites, and Macdonald again and again attacks the authoress in the same scurrilous manner in which he vilified the *Aigeannach*, whom he links with this lady in one of his verses. Miss Campbell, it appears, wrote to the poet, who replied in filthy quatrains, which the editor of the Glasgow edition of 1839 got hold of somehow, and printed. These verses are not now in this MS. if they ever were. Miss Campbell at this time kept an inn in Oban, locally known as *Tigh Clach a' Gheòidh*, of which Mr. Duncan M'Isaac, who remembers the quaint building before it was pulled down some fifty years ago, has supplied me with interesting references. She afterwards married and lived for a time at *Bàrr* in Morvern, and subsequently in Craignish, where she died, about the age of seventy.

Duncan Kennedy, schoolmaster of Kilmelford, but better known as a collector of Ossianic Ballads, published in 1786 a collection of Hymns, now a very rare volume, which was reprinted about 1834. Kennedy gives six hymns by *Bean a' Bharra*, as he calls this lady, in his collection, which show a gift of smooth versification and apt imagery. According to him, Macdonald's unworthy attack silenced the authoress's secular muse for ever; otherwise we should have had another Gaelic poetess fit to rank with, if not even to excel, Mary Macleod of Skye, or *Mairi Seud*, as *Mairi Nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh* was, Kennedy says, frequently called.

It is perhaps worthy of mention that in connection with this lady Macdonald added a word to the Gaelic vocabulary. In 'The Ark' he speaks of her as *Osdag mhì-narach an Obain*. In the MS. version the original epithet was *beadag*, but the word was deleted, and *òsdag* written on the margin. In the

old Gaelic monasteries the doorkeeper or caretaker was called *òsdair*, a loan from the Latin *ostiarius*. A tradition has come to us that this functionary in Columba's day somehow offended the saint, who cursed him, and as a consequence the *Clann-an-Osdair* in Iona were fated never to exceed eight in number at any one time. The name disappeared in Iona long ago. In course of time *òsdair* came to mean 'hotel-keeper,' and from this word Macdonald formed the feminine diminutive *òsdag* which he applied to Miss Campbell. It was evidently considered somewhat unbecoming for the notary's daughter to keep an inn, for while the poet always harps upon the fact, Kennedy does not allude to this episode in the lady's life.

Several words and clauses in the MS., especially at the ends of lines, and in one or two cases at the beginning of lines, are now illegible, and are of necessity omitted. In other cases whole lines, and even whole quatrains, are suppressed for quite a different reason. It is unfortunately the case that this truly great poet wrote and published much that ought never to have been composed, much less printed. Vulgar, even coarse, words and figures of speech may be tolerated, but the obscene must be excluded. In a few instances where from the semi-phonetic orthography a word was not quite clear to me, a transliteration of the MS. is given.

As formerly stated, the MS. opens abruptly on p. 118 in the middle of *Agus ho Mhòrag*. The opening quatrains of *Ho ro, mo bhobug an dram* follow on pp. 120-1. Then there is a gap, pp. 122-30 being awanting. Thereafter, on p. 131, comes the concluding portion of a fine patriotic poem as follows:—

Nach goirid bho 'n a ghabh sinn air
Eoin Cop am Prestonpans,
Le ceithir mile coisiche
'S na bha de mharc-shluagh ann;
Le ochd ceud deug *militia*
De smior nan Gaidheal mòr,
Gu'n mharbh sinn is gu'n ghlac sinn iad
Le basgar[1] chlaidhimh mhòir.

[1] Cf. *Poems*, p. 38: basgar shionnsair.

'San Eaglais Bhric gu'n theich iad bhuainn
Le maoim a bha ro mhòr;
An *infantri* 's na h-eich a bh' ann
Le geilt nach biodh iad beò;
Ghlac teasach gharbh is *panic* iad
Ro 'r lannan a bha geur;
Thilg iad an airm 's an anam bhuath',
'S na h-airm dh' anacladh iad fein.

Och! 's iomadh blàr an àirmhinn-sa
A ghràisg ud a bhi fann,
Na'n cunntamaid a suas air n-ais
An seana chleachdadh bh' ann;
Gur h-ann diubh là Bhanocburn,
An d' thug sinn deannal cruaidh;
'S latha Choille-chragaidh sin
'N do chnag sinn iad d'an uaigh.

O reisimeidean Thearlaich sin!
Dlùth thàrlamaid 'n ar *ranc*;
Gu claidhmheach, sgiathach, caismeachdach,
'S ar brataichean ri 'r crann:
Ar crochadh is ar creachannan,
'S cur dhinn air *bhloc* nan ceann,
Thugmaid mach ar n-aichemheil,
So an cleachdadh riamh a bh'ann!

O fuigheall arm tha maireann dinn!
Dlùth-charaicheamaid suas,
Le misnich mhòir 's le barantas,
Ar n-earraig thugmaid bhuainn:
La rùn nach tionndaidh sinn ar cùl
Ri 'r biudhannan gu bràth.
O! togamaid le oighre chrùin,
So 'n aon uair gu bheil dà.

Nach nàr dhuit fein mar thachair dhuit,
O Albainn bhochd tha truagh?
Gann làn an dùirn de Ghàidhealaibh
Fhagail ri h-uchd buailt'!
Nach sumain thu do chruadal mòr,
Shliochd Scòta sin nan lann?
'S dioghlamaid air muinntir Dhèors',
Fuil phrionnsail mhòr nan Clann!

O ! 'n adhlaic sibh an dì-chuimhne
'N seana chruadal mòr a bhà
An dualchas dhuibh bho'r sinnsearachd,
Le 'n d'fhuair sibh riamh na blàir ?
O ! togaibh suas gu h-ìnnsgineach
'Ur n-inntinnean gu h-àrd,
Nach sinn air bheagan mhìltean leinn
A thug leinn fhìn Harlà ?[1]

Nach d'fhairtlich air na Caèsaraibh
Buaidh gheur-lann fhaotainn òirnn ?
'S am maith sinn do na béistibh ud
Gu leag iad fein ar stròn ?
O ! éiribh suas neo-éislinneach,
Le 'r geur-lannaibh 'n 'ur dòrn,
Sgriosaibh as gach reubalach,
A dh' éireas le Righ Dèors' !

O Ghaidhealtachd ! ma's cadal duit,
Na fuirich fad' ad shuain ;
Guidheam ort, na lagadh ort,
'S do chliù 'ga shladadh bhuait.
Och ! mosgail suas gu h-aigeantach,
Le fearg ad lasair ruaidh ;
'S còmhdaich an aon bhaiteal daibh,
Nach do bhogaich dad de d' chruaidh.

FINID.

There follows, immediately after, on p. 134, the following fragment of a waulking song, with its swinging chorus, a fit companion to the famous *Agus ho Mhòrag* :—

Oganaich ùir a' chuil teudaich !
'S oil leam eudach a bhi dhìth ort.

Hùg air clò Mhic Gille-Mhìcheil !
O hùgaibh hùg-a-ri-hùg !
Hùg air clò Mhic Gille-Mhìcheil !

Gu'n chuir Albainn clò am beairt duit,
'S 'nuair thig e aist'[2] cha bi an t-sìth i !
Hùg, etc., etc.

Bidh e fighte, cumta, luaidhte,
Ma's tig oirnn buain na Feille-Mìcheil !
Hùg, etc., etc.

[1] Usually *Cath Gaireach*, 'The Battle of Garioch,' in Gaelic poetry. [2] MS. *as*.

Gheibh mise culaidh gu shuathadh,
Ma tha gruagaichean 's an rìoghachd.
Hùg, etc., etc.

Gu'm bi do chlo ruadh-sa luaidhte,
Le gaorr, fuil, is fual 'ga stìopadh?
Hùg, etc., etc.

Here comes the second gap in the MS. On p. 143 the text opens abruptly with the concluding part of another poem, as follows :—

An t-aodach bòidheach, bòsdail, dreachmhor
A thoirt bhuainn air son mùtan casaig;
'S bochd 's is truagh a' chùis ma thachras,
A bhi 'n ar tràillibh aig fearaibh Shasuinn.

Na na mhealadh mise casag,
No mo chòta gearr de'n tartan,
Mur h-'eil mi toileach a dhol 'g an sracadh,
Chartadh Dheòrsa Hanobher dhachaidh.

Na na mhealadh mi mo léine,
Gad 's i 's blàithe th' orm de m' éideadh,
Mur h-'eil mi sanntach a dhol 'g an spéiceadh,
A dh' fhògradh Dheòrsa, 's a chrùnadh Sheumais.

Na na mhealadh mi mo bhreacan,
M'uile mhaoin, mar sin 's mo phearsa,
Mur h-'eil mi toileach an ìobradh 'n ceart uair,
An aobhar an rìgh 's a' cheartais.

Na na mhealadh mi mo ghòirseid,
'N daga, bhiodag, 's an claidheamh mòr-sa,
Mur h-'eil mi toileach a dhol leo chòmhrag,
A dh' fhuadach Uilleam gu grunnd Hanobher.

An t-anam fein ge geur ri ràdh e,
Na na mhealadh mise ràith e,
Mur h-'eil mi toileach le rùn chàirdean,
A dhol 'g a sgiachdadh an aobhar Thearlaich.

Och mo dhéideag a dh' fhearaibh saoghalta!
Freasdail oirnne is tog a' chaonnag;
'S na dean fàrdal teachd le d' dhaoine,
Mu'n toirear dhinne an t-arm 's an t-aodach.

'S éiridh sinne gu sunndach, gleusda,
Mùirneach, lùthmhor, rùnach, leumnach,
Gu foirmeil gasda, gu tartar feuma,
Le 'r lannaibh sgaiteach gu sracadh *rebels*.

Eiridh sinne le combaigh leòmhann,
'N uair bhiodh acras geur gu feòil orr';
Sinn cho sgairteil gu sgrios nan Deòrsach,
'S lasair bhras nam fraoch-chnoc mòinteach.

Eiridh sinne le fìor-rùn cosgair,
An comhlan gleusda nach euradh[1] prosdaidh,
Ri h-uchd feuma na tréin nach closadh,
Ri lanna bheumnadh gu deanamh chorp dhiubh.

Eiridh sinne le feum-chrith feargach,
Mar mhiol-choin shanntach ar chonn-taod sealgair;
Sinn gu prionnsail, mùirneach, fearrdha,
Gu cuirp a ghearradh is cinn a spealgadh.

Bidh sinn cruaidh mar bhalla pràise,
Nach dean ruadh-shluagh a chaoidh ar sgànradh;
'S anns gach ruaig le'r bualadh chlài'ean
Bidh gach buaidh le Clanna Ghàidheal.

Och! thig a ghraidh, mu'n cinn sinn miota,
Seal mu'n caill sinn gu léir ar misneach;
Fheadh 's a bhitheas ar crì' 'n ar crioslaich,
'S leatsa, ghaoil, ar fios gun fhios sinn.

FINID.

Immediately follows on pp. 145-6 six unworthy quatrains addressed to the Oban poetess, of which the only quotable one is the second last :—

Chladh thu t' fhuil is t' fheòil is t' ìgh riu,
Le d' dhiombais, a dhearg bhana-bheist,
An coltolas *memento mori*,
Ceann gun fheòil, gun eanaraich.

Then comes (pp. 146-8) this rousing appeal :—

'S eutrom, uallach, mear,
Eirigh nan uile fhear,
Eibhinn, aigeannach, sunndach;
'S gleusda gach Gaidheal glan,
Éileadh 's cocàd geal,

[1] MS. *hérigh*.

A' màrsal gun airsneal le 'm Prionnsa ;
Le 'n claidheamh 's le 'n sgiathaibh
Air am breacadh gu ciatach,
Le 'n dagachaibh iaruinn 's le 'n cuinnsear ;
Mise chathadh n' an aodainn,
Roinn, falluinn, is faobhar,
Gu claignean a sgaoileadh is rumpuill.

O ! togaibh gu sgairteil grad ;
Sguiribh d'ur sìomh mar ghad,[1]
Fògraibh bhuaibh fadal is lunndachd ;
Ullamh mar pheileir dag,
No fùdar do theine snaip,
Tàirnibh 'n 'ur feachdannan grunndail ;
'S air Uilleam chinn chlodaich,[2]
A ghineadh le cocuill,
Air dioghaltas cogail nach brùchd sibh ?
'S cuiribh àr na sheasas
De reubalaibh leis-san,
'Gan tolladh, g' an leadairt, 's 'g strumpadh.

O ! 's truagh an car,
Bhi d' ur n-éileadh 's d' ur n-ar,[3]
D' ur armaibh 'g 'ur faileadh 's 'g 'ur rùsgadh.
Ma mhaitheas sinn so,
Cho luaithe ri roth,
Nitear tràilleagan uile d' ar dùthaich :
Gu'n lomar mar ghiadh sinn
A spìonar 's a' chistinn,
'S gu'n sparrar oirnn brigis mar mhùtan ;
Gach aodach is tartan,
Gu feannar sinn asda,
'S gu'n sparrar oirnn casag gu bùirt oirnn.

O ! 's mise gu mol,
Sibh a mhosgladh le toil,
'S as 'ur cadaltachd shomalta dùsgadh ;
Gun fhàrdal le for,[4]
Sibh a dh' éirigh le goil,
Gu dìon 'ur seann sonais 's 'ur dùthchais :
Sin éiridh leibh Albainn
Gu calma 's gu h-uile,

---

[1] Cf. *siomaguad*, 'evasion, subterfuge.'—*Armstrong.* [2] Reading doubtful.
[3] =land (?). [4] ='heed,' 'attention' (Outer Isles).

'S gheibh sibh tàbhachd air n-ais gu fìor-chliùiteach,
Anns gach sgannail fìor-dhosgach
A fhuair sibh 'n Cuilodair,
Bho choltas breun-phoca do Dhùitseach.

O donasan esan!
Cha d'rinn e riamh seasamh,
Bho 'n a rinn ceart dhleasdanas bùidsear
Ach maoim agus teicheadh,
Anns gach laraich 'g a fhreasdal
'Ga bhualadh mar theasach 's a chrun air:
Gu'm bi e mar Chàin
Na gheilt anns gach àite,
'S a choguis toirt plàigh agus sgiùrs' air:
'S mar a thachair do Hérod,
'S d'a dhearbh-bhrathair Néro,
Gu faigh e bàs éitidh bhios brùideil.

O! Chlanna bha bras,
Riamh nach robh tais,
Am maith sibh do rascalaibh bùirt oirbh?
Fhineachan gasda,
Cruinnichibh cas,
'S faighmid air n-ais ar n-ainm cliùiteach:
Cha'n 'eil am Breatann de chuideachd
Na chuireas ruinn cluigean,
Ach deanadh a bhuidrisg ar dùsgadh,
Na tha Ghaidealaibh arrant'
Eadar Gallaibh is Arainn,
'S na tha *Jacobits* Ghallach 's gach dùthaich.

O! fàgaibh na th' ann,
Mnathan is clann,
Air làmhan an Dia dhùilich;
Leanaibh g' a dìon
Standard an Rìgh,
As leth Chrìosda le dùrachd;
'S na tréigibh am feasd' i,
Le *biait*[1] de *dheserta*,
Gus an cuir an t-Ard-easbuig a chrùn air;
'S toillidh sibh beannachd
Dhia, dhaoin', agus aingeal,
'S bheir daoine mor cheannach is cliù dhuibh.

FINID.

[1] Occasionally met with in the older language, 'a blessing,' perhaps here 'a bribe.' From the Latin (*beatus*) *beati*.

The following two short pieces (pp. 149-50) are on the same theme :—

Coma mur an tig thu idir,
Mur an tig thu nis a chlisgeadh ;
Ar call 's ar sgainnir nach fidir,
Thoir a nis a nis an ionnsuidh.

Nach truagh leat fein mar thachras,
Na saoidhean a bh' agad am Preston,
A bhi toirt diubh an arm 's am breacan,
Le prasgan a' bhùidseir.

Ma tha comas duit ar fonn,
Thig a nis 's thoir dhuinn cobh'r ;
Chaoidh cha ghabh sinn tuilleadh souidh[1]
Bho ghleadhar a fùdair.

Dioghlaidh sinn air cuilean Dheòrsa,
Na rinneadh oirnne de dhò-bheairt,
Ma dh' fhoghnas claiginn a stròiceadh,
'S an cuid tòn a sgiùrsadh.

Ma dh' fhoghnas clài'ean a sparradh
Annta gu ruig an smior chailleach ;
Dh' aindeoin buirich an cuid canain,
Bidh cuirp gheala rùisgte.

Ni sinn fuil is gaorr a fhùidreadh,
Ni sinn cogadh le làn dùrachd ;
'S gheibh sinn tuarasdal mar's fiù sinn,
Dh' aindeoin bùrd luchd tùnnsgail.

FINID.

O togamaid òirnn thar uisge 's thar tuinn !
O falbhmaid thairis gu Tearlach !
Na miotaichibh idir an ionad nam bonn,
O seolamaid fonn'or gu Tearlach !

Mur tig thu gu trà 's gu fòirinn thu òirnn,
Le neart, le stòras, 's le clài'ean,
Fannaichidh sinne le foirneart cruaidh Dheòrsa,
'S cha'n fhearr do chlann chòir na na tràillean.

Ged thug iad bhuainn na bh' againn fo sgrìob,
De dh' airgiod, de nì, is de dh' àirneis ;
Cha tug iad fòs dinn ar misneach 's ar clì,
Gu bheil sinn cho rìoghail 's a b' àbhaist !

[1] From the old verb *sóim*, 'I twin' (?).

O ! deanamaid ullamh, a mhuinntir an Rìgh,
Gu'm buaileamaid buillean le Tèarlach ;
'S mur an tig esan gu'n teid sinn a nunn,
'S e thighinn gu sunndach a b' fhèarr leinn !

Mo mhallachd air gealltair a chrùbas le miotachd,
Le gnè de dhì-misnich no fàillinn,
No thréigeas a chreideamh, a dhùthaich, no Rìgh,
'S nach taisbean a dhìlseachd do Theàrlach !

O ! fhuair sibh bhuam bàirlinn is deanaibh dhith feum,
'S theirgibh 'n 'ur n-éideadh gu dàicheil ;
Tha Tearlach a' tighinn le cabhlach garbh, treun,
A bheir air na béistibh *adbhànsa* !

'S ged tha sibh gun airm, gun aodach, gun spréidh,
Gu faigh sibh bhuaith' fhéin gach aon seòrsa,
A dh' fheumas 'ur cuirp 's 'ur n-anam gu feum,
Gus an dean sibh a' bhéist ud fhògradh !

FINID.

(*To be continued.*)

THROUGH WESTERN WINDOWS

SOME CELTIC DREAMS

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT

THE influence of landscape on the mind has much to do with the complexion which the superstitions of a people take upon them,—the histories and struggles of a race fill up the blank, and the natural readiness of the soul to seek for and accept any explanation for events and appearances completes the picture. But, foolish though many of the old things seem to us, they would all be found, I believe, to have an actual origin in some fact, obscure, overgrown, and forgotten now, yet having once a real moulding influence on human life long ago in the mists.

The Celt was especially sad over the terrible superstition which made death in childhood, occurring before baptism, a thing of fear even till this day. The little ghosts were sup-

posed to be homeless and nameless, and when the wind crept moaning through the heath at night, or the leaves came scurrying through the dark, it was the wandering souls of the unchristened seeking the old paths.

O list to the moan of the wind along the street,—
How it sighs by the eaves,
And whirls the leaves
Like listeners, all surprised;
Ah, no! it is only the homeless feet
Of the little ones unbaptized.

They whimper and wail by the darkened door of home.
With sorrow blind,
They cannot find
A rest in all the world,
Like wind-blown birds of the driving foam
Along the darkness hurled.

O list to the cry of the wind along the street!
How the mothers wake,
And fond hearts break,
With longings agonised,
For they hear the beat of the homeless feet,
Of their lost one's unbaptized.

Weeping like wearied pilgrims all the way,
They drift by the door,
And Love grows sore,
To rise, and open free,
And lo! there is only the night-mist gray,
And the sorrowing of the sea.

Many a sore heart was darkened and broken by the cruel thought of such a final separation. Such a superstition was like the bitterness of hell.

The Celt, especially, was always impressed by the unknown and invisible, and his interpretation of the mysterious, silent, and weird has given much of the glamour to the poetry of England. What can appeal to you so much in an old graveyard as the quiet feeling of patient waiting? Silently you sit among the quiet slabs,—the stillness becomes expectancy, and you feel the Celt was not far wrong when he

thought of the last-buried sitting, waiting, and keeping vigil till the next grave is opened in the place. It is only less than a century since, in East Aberdeenshire, this was held as an article of belief. The scene when two funerals were approaching a graveyard was not at all seemly, each hurrying to be in before the other, so that the soul of the dead might have rest. Some must have a long watch. I think of Inishail in Loch Awe. What a vigil the last one must be having there! Or 'cnoc-an-aingeail,' Loch Alsh—there are not many laid to sleep there, in the shelter of the silent hills.

O sweet's the dark, till dawning fair
Bid all the stars grow pale.
But are you not weary waiting there,
O watcher of Inishail?

Last of the dead in the grasses laid,
What shades come wandering by,
Where the low, green graves beside the waves,
In deepening slumber lie?

And while you wait, thro' the crumbling gate
Comes Love with softened tread,
And looks in your face with the saddening grace
Of glad days long since dead.

Around your feet the fair and brave
Sleep softly evermore,
And through your dreams the whispering wave
Sings old songs on the shore.

Does the dim place fill, as night grows still,
Do the sorrows of those that sleep
Awake to be in the dark by thee,
And with thee vigil keep?

What do the sighing waters sing,
As they tremble along the strand?
What messages do the soft winds bring,
Blown from the silent land?

Tired are many by life's sad gate,
Where hopes and dreams grow pale,
Not you alone, by low graves wait—
O watcher of Inishail.

Then the other old Celtic idea of the 'Islands of the Dead' is full of the deepest pathos and poetry. Away over the waters, beyond the mist, out from the bay, lay the islands where the souls of dead men passed when they were done with the body here. The land lay fair and still, and the waters were placid and restful as a slumber-song—and none of the mists and the sorrows trailed over those souls liberated, dwelling there. And often the voices on the low, dim, misty shore called the boatmen, and made them ferry shades unseen across the Dead Man's Ferry to the Islands of the Blessed, out beyond earth's sorrow, under the still night skies.

Hark, how the lapping waves are falling,
Falling, falling, with never a rest,
And the night is full of voices calling,
Calling over the ocean's breast.

Nay, 'tis the voice of the seabirds crying,
Wearily, drearily, thro' the night,
And the waves and the winds with sleepless sighing,
Yearn for the glimmer of morning's light.

Never a seabird moaned so sadly,
Never a sea-wind wailed so deep,
Rise and follow the dead folks' holloa—
Ferry them over to Islands of Sleep.

We rise and go forth while the world is sleeping,
We push the boat from the weary land;
But I hear by my side a voice of weeping,
And a tear falls cold on my toiling hand.

And the winds are hushed, not a wave is crooning,
And there's never a light in the heaven o'erhead,
And the waters with wonder are dimly swooning,
As we silently ferry the souls of the dead.

Dim as a dream they rise before us—
Islands of stillness, out in the night;
And awe, like the awe of the grave, steals o'er us,
As we draw to the shore and the boat grows light.

But who is it, passing me, bends above me,
And lays on my brow a long, sorrowing kiss?
Oh, who now is wailing that seems to love me,
Whose face when dawn wakens from earth I'll miss?

O thou far away, whom I left on my pillow,
When the fire burned low, and the dark was deep,
O heart of me, say, when night lay on the billow,
Did I ferry you over to Islands of Sleep?

Life and love, sorrow and hope, and their chances, made the darkness and the mystery full of dreams like these. All the sounds of Nature had a meaning and a portent for the Celt. When spring came, and you heard the cuckoo's call, it was a long journey that lay before you in the way you were then looking towards.

Did the cuckoo's call ring o'er us,
O brothers mine, most dear—
Were we gazing all before us,
And we did not hear?

For there 's you across the ocean,
And myself must wait and weep,
And there 's you in quiet slumber,
Where the grass grows deep.

Sure there was a white ship sailing,
Out across the sunny bay;
We could hear faint voices hailing,
Where we stood that day.

When the bird of spring was crying,
You were looking to the West,
Where the dear old dead were lying,
In the glens at rest.

And myself—what was I dreaming,
That I now am left the last,
Of the three who heard Spring calling,
In the day long past?

This lay at the root of the matter—reminiscence, the power of the Gael, for above all men does his glance lie over his shoulder. The glamour and wonder of Celtic poesy are from dreams like these, till lonely places rise before him in crowded towns, with music of waters crooning on shores remote.

It 's back then, back—no matter where we be,
Till the soul beholds the low, long shore, and hears the Western Sea.

I will plat a roof of rashes
For the low place of my sleeping,
Where the wistful water plashes,
Crooning, croodling, laughing, weeping;
And the winds from Cruachan sweeping,
  Join their gladness and their wail,
Till the angels' glory blinds me,
And the long sleep comes and finds me,
In the tangled grasses finds me,
  By the graves of Inishail.

It is not easy to get away from these things, if the music of the West be in your blood.

Far away in the mountains—far where the fathers lie,
Who shall blame us if ever our hearts must roam,
Hearing in towns the song of the waves that wash on the shores of Skye—
Far away, where the West is waiting her children turning home!

A SKETCH OF WELSH LITERATURE

Arthur Hughes

(*Continued from* vol. iv. p. 313)

The whole of this poetry, except perhaps a few imperfect stanzas, and words in stanzas, has, like the Laws, come down to us in the Welsh of a period later than that in which it claims to have been originally composed. It may be that it is mostly the work of this later period—the mediæval—while it is also possible that in a different form a good deal of it, and certainly some of the basis of it, may have come down from an early period, being recast from time to time in the current Welsh by editors who wished to try and render it intelligible to their own day. The stanzas mentioned as exceptions to this rule of editing show that the art of poetry exemplified in the compositions which have survived to us must be far older than the twelfth century. These obscure stanzas have been printed and translated several times. They are contained in the Iuuencus Codex at Cambridge, and

are in the script of the Glosses of the ninth century, the spelling being perhaps that in use a little earlier. The easiest of them, which must suffice here as an example, runs thus in the spelling of the manuscript :—

'Ni canu ni guardam ni cusam—henoid
Cet iben med nouel
Mi am franc dam an patel.'

('I will not sing, I will not laugh, I will not sleep to-night, though we should drink new mead, I and my frank around our pan.')

In modern Welsh spelling :—

'Ni chanaf, ni chwarddaf, ni chysgaf—heno
Cyd yfem fedd neuell,
Mi a'm ffranc am ein padell.'

What it refers to must be left to conjecture.

Aneirin.

The most famous poem of our period is the 'Gododin,' attributed to Aneirin Gwawdrydd or 'Aneirin of the Flowing Song.' It is an heroic poem, which has to do with the battle of Catraeth—a place unknown, but somewhere in the southern half of Scotland—and the incidents connected therewith, purposing to relate, apparently, the adventures of the Uotadini[1] or Guotodin, a tribe of Brythons or Welsh who occupied territory on the East Coast, south of the Firth of Forth. Turner describes this poem as so many 'poetic memoranda of a disastrous conflict, penned by a friend who had witnessed its events, in all the confusion in which they had occurred,' rather 'than a well-conceived and artfully-arranged series of individual conflicts like the poems of Homer.' In its original form, part at least of it probably reaches a good way back, a nucleus possibly even to the sixth century, to which time, in common with other poems,

[1] If 'Gododin' is derived from Uotadini it should be written Gododdin in modern Welsh, or Godothin in English, the *th* sounded as in *thee*. Both *d* and *dd* are written *d* in mediæval Welsh MSS.; the proper sound has to be guessed. Hence arises confusion.

it is referred by tradition. This is rendered more likely when we remember that the sixth century was just such a time as would favour an outburst of national literature—a stirring time of war against the encroaching Saxons, when Welshmen banded together for defence, and first began to call themselves by the name 'Cymry' or Compatriots. In any case, whatever the date of composition of the 'Gododin,' it must have been before the twelfth century. 'Its language retains ancient forms of words which, by comparison with the Glosses, carry us back to the ninth century. But whether the poem, as a whole, is a mediæval version of a really old composition, or partly old, partly altered, and partly added to, is a subject too debatable, and too full of pitfalls to be pursued here. All that can be said with safety is that the composition is decidedly older than the manuscript, and that the meaning is often uncertain, not to say elusive.'[1] In fact, both the bard himself and his subject are extremely shadowy; but apparently, in addition to what has been mentioned, he is trying to tell us that the Welsh of the North lost the battle through having the previous night indulged too freely in the 'new mead' we heard about just now, and mourns

'The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain,'

as Pope has it, so that the poem becomes one long elegy. Still, one wishes that Aneirin of the Flowing Song had himself indulged less in that which 'maketh glad the heart of man'; he might then have been able to express himself somewhat more clearly. In justice, however, it should be said that scientific study of the old Welsh poetry—or indeed of anything Welsh—is only beginning; we have not yet had the chance of understanding it. 'The concentrated force, the vigour, the brevity, and the rushing impetuosity of a warlike poem like the "Gododin" can scarcely appeal to the reader until the difficulties of the language and the subject-matter have been cleared up.'[2] Hitherto this has not by any

[1] Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans. [2] Professor Anwyl.

means been done; and some of what has been done tends rather to darkness than to light—indeed, perhaps, there is little in literature about which so much nonsense has been talked as the older Welsh poetry.

Texts and translations of the 'Gododin' will be found in the *Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales*, and the editions of the Rev. John Williams (ab Ithel), Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, Stephens's work (Cymmrodorion Society, 1888), and Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans's *Autotype Facsimile* (Oxford, 1900). The 'Gododin' poems are contained in the 'Book of Aneirin,' a manuscript written about 1250, now in the Free Library at Cardiff.

The opening lines describe a warrior youth whose might was in advance of his years—'greddf gwr oedd gwas'—'of a man's disposition was the youth,' reminding us of Vergil's

'pulcher Iulus
Ante annos animumque gerens curamque uirilem.'

('Fair Iulus, who had a soul beyond his years, and the thoughts of a man.')

'Beneath the thigh of the majestic youth,' says our poem, 'were steeds fleet and thick-maned':—

'Ysgwyd ysgafn llydan
Ar bedrain main fuan,
Cleddyfawr glas glân,
Ethy aur a phân,'

('On the flank of the slender-swift steed swung a broad, light shield. With bright blue sword the warrior rode, with golden spur and ermine.')

These lines have been put into English verse:—

'Of years though brief, the youthful chief
Was nerved and armed for manly deed;
And for the field, his broad, light shield
Hung on his swift and slender steed.
Oh! he was graceful to behold,
With bright blue sword and spurs of gold.'

Then comes the valour and the glory of the champions, while here and there leaks out the cause of defeat :—

'Gwŷr a aeth Gatraeth oedd ffraeth eu llu,
Glasfedd eu hancwyn a'u gwenwyn fu;
Trichant trwy beiriant yn catäu,
A gwedi elwch tawelwch fu.'

('The men who went to Catraeth were an eager host; the blue mead was their feast, and also their bane. Three hundred with weapons went forth to the war; but after joyful mirth there was silence.')

Two are next named as having made too free with the mead horn :—

'Bu tru o dynghedfen angen gywir
A dyngwyd i Dudfwlch a Chyfwlch Hir;
Cyd yfen fedd gloyw wrth leu babir,
Cyd fai da ei flas, ei gas bu hir.'

('Sad was the fate of just necessity
Decreed to Tudfwlch and Cyfwlch the Tall;
Though they drank bright mead by lighted rushes,
Though its taste was good, its evil stayed long.')

And so we hurry forward into the fight; fiery descriptions, now of conflicts, now of chieftains :—

'Rhagorai, tyllai trwy fyddinawr,
Cwyddai bum pymwnt rhag ei lafnawr;
Rhufawn Hir ef roddai aur i allawr,
A ched a choelfain cain i gerddawr.'

('He would rush forward, he would bore his way through the host; a myriad fell before his blade. Roman the Tall was he, who gave gold to the altar, and gifts and fair rewards to the minstrel.')

Now and then we have a touch of pathos :—

'Llawer mam a' i deigr ar ei hamrant.'

('Many a mother with her tear upon her eyelid.')

Later we are told how the bard was saved from prison by a friend, Ceneu, the son of Llywarch—perhaps Llywarch Hên,

Aneirin's fellow-bard. 'Gorfoled Gogledd gŵr a' i gorug,' says he, 'Let the North give praise to the man who did it':—

'O nerth ei gleddyf claer e'm hamug,
O garchar anwar daear e' m dug,
O gyfle angeu, o angar dud,
Ceneu fab Llywarch, ddihafarch ddrud.'

('By the strength of his own bright sword he saved me,
From the cruel prison of earth he brought me;
From the place of death, from a hostile horde,
Ceneu fab Llywarch, undaunted lord.')

Cynon 'of the gentle breast,' too, was there, a mighty warrior in his day:—

'Ef lladdai oswydd â llafn llymaf,
Mal brwyn yd gwyddynt rhag ei adaf.'

('He smote enemies with the keenest blade; like rushes they fell before his hand.')

And him the bard can hardly praise sufficiently:—

'Mab Clydno glod hir, canaf—i ti
O'r clod heb ôr heb eithaf.'

('Son of Clydno of enduring fame, I will sing to thee praise without limit, without bounds.')

Parts of the 'Gododin' have been paraphrased by Thomas Gray:—

'To Catraeth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn,
But none from Catraeth's vale return
Save Aeron brave and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.'

Llywarch Hên.

The works of Llywarch Hên are full of pathos. A stern old warrior, he chafes against his old age, and mourns his sons

fallen in battle and the chieftains of the day, singing sadly of winter and the storm, and his own long lost youth. Of all the early Welsh poets it is to the song of Llywarch Hên, perhaps, that the modern reader feels he can respond most readily. 'His chief power lies in pathetic lamentation, and his elegies have many fine sentiments.'[1] 'It is not the sentimental and lachrymose melancholy supposed by some to be a peculiar attribute of the Celt that we find in these poems, but the deep and almost fierce lament of one to whom fair weather, youth, health, and good fortune were everything.'[2] By many the poetry bearing his name is regarded as late, but the same vein runs through the whole, and it is evidently the work of the same person. It is also significant that so far as we know the forms of stanza employed—namely, the 'Warrior's Englyn' or 'Warrior's Triplet,' appropriate to the song of the warrior bard—had become obsolete by the twelfth century. But these poems could not have been composed in the Old Welsh Period as they stand; if composed in that period, they have been edited, and perhaps reconstructed, on their way down to us.

Texts and translations of the works of Llywarch Hên will be found in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, and in Skene's *Four Ancient Books*, the text mostly taken from the 'Red Book of Hergest,' a manuscript written in the last quarter of the fourteenth and the first quarter of the fifteenth century, now at Oxford. It received its name from having been bound in red, and from its former home, Hergest, in Herefordshire.

One of the best known of the elegies attributed to Llywarch Hên is that after his prince, Cynddylan, the seat of whose power seems to have been at Pen Gwern, or Uriconium, which was stormed by the West Saxons about 584, and Cynddylan slain.

'Stafell Gynddylan ys tywyll—heno,
Heb dân, heb wely;
Wylaf wers, tawaf wedy.

---

[1] Thomas Stephens.

[2] Professor Lewis Jones.

'Stafell Gynddylan ys tywyll—heno,
Heb dân, heb gerddau;
Dygystudd deurudd dagran.

'Stafell Gynddylan a'm gwân—ei gweled,
Heb döed, heb dân;
Marw fy nglyw, byw fy hunan.

'Stafell Gynddylan neud athwyd—heb wedd,
Mae ym medd dy ysgwyd;
Hyd tra fu, ni bu doll glwyd.'

('The Hall of Cynddylan is dark to-night, without fire, without bed; I shall weep a while, I shall then be silent.

'The Hall of Cynddylan is dark to-night, without fire, without songs; tears afflict the cheeks.

'The Hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it, without roof, without fire; dead is my chief, myself alive.

'The Hall of Cynddylan, thou art become without form, thy shield is in the grave; while he was, he was no broken shelter.')

Part of this elegy has been put into English verse by Mrs. Hemans :—

'The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night;
I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light;
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more.'

And by Mr. Ernest Rhys :—

'The Hall of Cynddylan 's dark to-night,
The hearth is cold that burnt so bright,
My tears fall down in the ashes white.

'Ah, Hall of Cynddylan, it pierces me,
Where once was thy hearth's warm courtesy,
To-night thy sombre walls to see.'

Another well-known poem of Llywarch's is his 'Song to his Old Age and to his Sons' :—

'Y mae henaint yn cymwedd—â mi
O'm gwallt i'm dannedd,
A'r cloyn a gerynt y gwragedd.

'Fy mhedwar prif gas ermoed
Ymgyferfyddynt yn unoed,
Pas a henaint, haint a hoed.

'Wyf hen, wyf unig, wyf anelwig—oer,
Gwedi gwely ceinmyg;
Wyf truan, wyf tri dyblyg.

'Wyf tri dyblyg hen, wyf anwadal—ddrud,
Wyf ehud, wyf anwar;
Y sawl a'm carodd ni'm câr.

'Truan o dynged a dyngwyd—i Lywarch
Er y nos y' i ganed,—
Hir gnif heb esgor lludded.'

('Old age is making sport of me, from my hair to my teeth, and my eyes, which the women loved.

'The four things I have all my life most hated have met together with one accord,—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

'I am old, I am lonely, I am without shape, and cold, after the sumptuous bed of honour; I am miserable, I am triply bent.

'I am a triply bent old man, I am a fickle proud one, I am foolish, I am peevish; those that loved me love me not.

'Miserable has been the fate decreed to Llywarch, since the night that he was born—endless toil, with no deliverance from his weariness.')

Some of these verses have been paraphrased by Mrs. Hemans:—

'Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping;
O grave, why refuse to the aged thy bed,
When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,
When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead?'

And Englished thus by Mr. Ernest Rhys:—

'Old crutch, whose burden I am grown,
What of my youth this long while flown,—
That marched with shouldered spear, alone?

'Alas! is not the harvest here,
When the rush grows yellow, the bracken sere?
What I hated once,—the fall of the year!

'This leaf the wind drives down in the mould,—
(Woe, woe to the leaf, when the wind grows cold),
This year it was born, this year it is old.'

Quoting from this poem of Llywarch's, Matthew Arnold says, 'There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact.'

Though this is perhaps not a saying which applies to the Celt in particular, we shall have cause to keep it in mind more than once later on in our sketch.

Of all his four-and-twenty sons, Gwen was by far the father's favourite. 'Because he was a son of mine he fled not,' 'because he was a son of mine he skulked not,'—

'Pedwar meib ar hugain a'm bu,
Eurdorchog dywysog llu,
Oedd Gwen goreu onaddu.'

('Four and twenty sons had I, golden torqued leader of hosts; of them Gwen was the best.')

And again :—

'Gwen was the best son of his father,' 'compared to Gwen they were but striplings.'

Other not unknown works of our bard are the Elegy to Urien, Prince of Rheged :—

'A fydd fyth Urien arall?'

('Will there ever be another Urien?')

and the Song or Elegy to Geraint the son of Erbin :—

'There was a neighing host under Geraint's thigh, long-legged like the stag, with the noise of the fire on the desolation of the mountain.'

Taliesin.

This, the last of our 'primary bards,' has so many compositions over his name which are admittedly spurious that it will be safest not to meddle too much with him in a brief sketch like the present. Most of what were formerly supposed to be the works of Taliesin are now known to be productions of the mediæval period. Yet he, like Aneirin and Llywarch Hên, seems to have been a real person, and if tradition is to be believed, to have been in his day no mean poet—he is called 'Taliesin Ben Beirdd,' or 'Head of the Bards.' Whether this be true or not cannot now be determined, but if it is, then it is not difficult to account for a large number of spurious compositions being attributed to one the prestige

of whose name was so great. In most of what is called Taliesin's work, however, there is little of interest in a literary sense. Urien of Rheged[1] is eulogised :—

'Urien yr Echwydd,
Haelaf dyn Bedydd.'

('Urien of the West, the most generous of the men of Christendom.')

And we are told of his deeds against the English :—

'Angeu a gawsant
A mynych goddiant,
Heb gaffel gwared,
Rhag Urien Rheged.'

('Death they received, and frequent vexation, without obtaining deliverance, before Urien of Rheged.')

He was the bard's patron :—

'Urien a gyrchaf,
Iddo yd ganaf.'

('To Urien will I go, to him will I sing.')

And in one of the several elegies we are told that

'there is a city of God which crumbles not nor trembles, and blessed is the soul that deserves it.'

Taliesin, also, is the reputed author of the well-known lines which 'prophesy' the fate of the Cymry, 'Their lord they will praise,' etc., but that is a *uaticinium post euentum*, long after Taliesin's days.

The 'Book of Taliesin,' containing most of these Taliesin poems, is described as a manuscript of the early part of the fourteenth century, and is now at Peniarth.

Other Bards.

To this period are assigned some other bardic names, among them that of the very shadowy Myrddin, known outside of Wales as Merlin. The productions attributed to these appear in the *Myvyrian*, and Skene, and in the 'Black

[1] Where Rheged was is unknown : some say in Scotland, but it may have been in Wales.

Book of Carmarthen,' edited by Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans. The 'Black Book' is a manuscript of poetry belonging to the middle of the twelfth century, and is now at Peniarth, forming, with the prose manuscript of the Venedotian Version of the Laws, the earliest of our Welsh manuscripts. 'No manuscript appears to be extant in Welsh dating before the Norman Conquest' of England, 'which among its other effects on Wales brought about a great change in Welsh handwriting and spelling. The old orthography was discontinued, and another introduced more in harmony with English and French ideas; it had also the advantage of being more nearly phonetic than the old historical spelling which was displaced by it.'

Here and there in the 'Black Book'—some of the contents of which belong to a time earlier than that in which the manuscript was written—are little bits of literary interest:—

'Ym mryn, yn nhyno, yn ynysedd—môr,
Ymhob ffordd ydd eler,
Rhag Crist Gwyn nid oes anialedd.'

('On hill, in vale, in the isles of the sea, whithersoever a man may go, there is no desert to escape from Christ the Blessed.')

And the wicked shall not go

'Man y mae meillion a gwlith ar dirion,
Man y mae cerddorion yn gywair gyson.'

('Where the clover grows and the dew is on the land, where the minstrels are true and in harmony.')

Close of the Old Welsh Period.

From what has been said in regard to the period we are now leaving, it will be clear that though we have no Welsh manuscript dating from the actual period itself, there is abundant proof that at the close of the eleventh century the Cymry must have possessed a literature, some at least of which was old even then. In the Laws we read of Legislation in regard to bards and minstrels; in the poems there is continual mention of bards, minstrels, and songs. The state

of society implied could not be of recent growth; some hundreds of years must have been required for its development, and for the perfecting of the language into the form in which we find it in the literature of the time. 'The bard had, in fact, become a necessary element in Welsh society, and, as we learn from the Laws of Howel Dda, had obtained an eminent social position.' To the Cymry the bards were much what the prophets were to the Israelites, and the poets and rhapsodists to the Greeks: the teachers and recorders of the nation. They eulogised their patrons, and sang elegies after them; and in their care was the noble language which they perfected so beautifully. There were three grades of bards: the Pencerdd, or Chief bard; the Bardd Teulu, or Bard of the Troops; and the Clerwr. The Pencerdd was the chief bard of a district, often holding the lordship of that district. He had jurisdiction over the clerwyr, and held the chair of authority, which was contended for: in his own authority he was independent of the prince. The Bardd Teulu was a court official: his duties included those of attending the forces in battle, and exhorting them to the fight. The Clerwr was the ordinary bard who had no status.

It was evidently of old, as it still is among the Cymry, the boast of the bards that they cultivated their own native speech and national literature. The Welsh ecclesiastic often wrote in Latin; in that tongue, which later became the bane of Europe, are the histories of Gildas and 'Nennius,' and of Asser, the Welsh friend of Saxon Aelfred. But the Welsh bard wrote in his own tongue, and this gives the clue to his importance and influence among his own people.

Lastly, to the facts briefly summarised here, add 'intelligent princes, a people of subtle genius, an educated priesthood, and an intimate intercourse with Ireland, the then favourite seat of learning, and some preparation will have been made to appreciate the facts and intellectual phenomena which' manifested themselves so strikingly in the next period.

(*To be continued.*)

HIGHLAND MYTHOLOGY

E. C. Watson

Celtic mythology and its mysteries afford a very wide field for investigation, and a field as yet almost untouched; but surmise must play an important part in any account of such mythology for the fragments remaining of ancient Celtic literature throw but a feeble light on the subject. The mythology of the Celt is in its very nature more abstruse than that of the ancient Greeks and Romans for example. The mysticism of the Celt has obscured the lineaments of his ancient beliefs. He has not committed his creeds to writing, nor has he carved the image of his gods in stone or wood.[1] Indeed one of the articles of the Druid faith was that nothing relating to it should be written. A misty veil hangs over the deities, good and bad alike, and probably much of what is only mediæval has been appropriated to mythology, while, on the other hand, it is certain that many features of ancient and prehistoric mythology appear in customs and beliefs continued to the present day.

The early Celtic missionaries, 'wise in their day and generation,' did not seek to eradicate the old beliefs and habits of the people to leave room for the doctrines of Christianity, but grafted the new cult on to the old, making the transference of faith easier.

To this we owe what remains to us of the old ways and customs, and let the scoffer say what he will of 'superstitious ignorance,' he cannot with truth say that these 'superstitions' interfere in any way with the Celt's Christianity. For who can deny to the Celt strong religiousness? 'Pagan or Christian religion, or both, permeate everything. The Celt is synthetic and sympathetic, unable to see and careless to know where the secular begins and the religious ends—an admirable union of elements in life, and for those who have lived it as truly and intensely as the Celt races everywhere

[1] I do not here speak of the Gaul, who did carve the image of his gods in stone.

have done, and none more truly or more intensely than our own Scottish Highlanders.'[1]

Yet notwithstanding what we owe to the leniency of our early missionaries comparatively little remains to us of the ancient beliefs and customs of our fathers. In some cases we have little more than the names of the deities and we find it difficult to be certain of their attributes, as their cult is being gradually forgotten and the deities and their attributes become confused.

The greater personages of Celtic mythology have been treated of by Rhys, d'Arbois de Jubainville, Gaidoz, and others. I do not propose to deal with the deities written of by these learned gentlemen, but shall confine myself to the lesser divinities of the Highlands, corresponding rather to nymphs, naïads, fauns, and satyrs.

I should say here that most of my information is got from my father. Some of the material I have used is taken from his *Carmina Gadelica*. I am also much indebted to Mr. Kenneth Macleod, whose name is familiar to readers of the *Celtic Review*.

Water-spirits bulk largely in the minor mythology of the Celts. Of these some are pleasant in appearance, and some more or less repulsive, but often with the power of changing their appearance and pleasing the beholder—generally for evil purposes. The mermaid, who is sometimes seen seated on a rock combing her hair, is perhaps hardly to be classed among the divinities of the Celts. The 'bean-nighe,' washer is widely known. She is the nymph who presides over those about to die and washes their shrouds on the edge of a lake, the banks of a stream, or the stepping-stones of a ford. While washing the shroud the water-nymph sings the dirge and bewails the fate of the doomed. The 'nigheag' is so absorbed in her washing and singing that she is sometimes captured. When this occurs she will grant her captor three requests. Hence when a man is specially successful in life it is said of him, 'Mary! the man got the

[1] *Carmina Gadelica.*

better of the "nigheag," and she gave him his three choice desires.'

On a certain night, a handsome young man was going to visit his sweetheart at Houghgeary, near Uist, and, as was his usual custom, he took all the shortest cuts. When he was nearing the house, he saw a lovely woman whom he did not recognise. Immediately he turned and took a winding path amongst the houses in order to avoid her, but however he might keep out of the way, she was always before him. At last he stopped, and she came face to face with him, and said she, 'I know very well where you are going, but it is much better for you to turn, the day will not come when you will marry her. Before a year is out, you will be drowned, when it is half-tide at Sgeir Ròis.' Almost before the words were out of her mouth, she shrieked, and went to the stream with the shroud. The lad went on his way sick at heart, but, on thinking over the matter, he said to himself he need not be at all afraid, as the washer had said that he would be drowned at half-tide, and why should he not avoid the place at that time? He thought no more about it. A few weeks afterwards the lad, with three or four others, went to a wedding, and as a short cut took to the ford. A mist came on, and one of them was lost. It need not be said that at that time it was half-tide at Sgeir Ròis, and that the lost one was he who had seen the washer.

The 'caoineag' is sometimes confused with the 'bean-nighe.' The 'caoineag,' however, foretells the death of and weeps for those slain in battle, and cannot be approached or questioned. She is seldom seen, but is often heard in hill and glen, or in the corrie, by the lake, by the stream, and the waterfall. Her mourning causes much alarm to wayfarers and to relatives of those at the war. The sorrowful cry of the 'caoineag' was much feared before a foray or a battle. It is said that she was heard for several nights before the Massacre of Glencoe. This roused the suspicions of the people, and notwithstanding the assurance of the peace and friendship of the soldiery many of the people left the glen, and thus

escaped the fate of those who remained. The following is a verse of a song current there :—

'Tha caoineag bheag a bhroin
A taomadh deoir a sula,
A gul 's a caoidh cor Clann Domhuill
Fath mo leoin ! nach d'eisd an cumha.'

Little caoineag of the sorrow
Is pouring the tears of her eyes,
Weeping and wailing the fate of Clan Donald,
Alas my grief ! that ye did not heed her cries.

When a sorrowful cry is heard, and the question is asked, 'Co tha sid ? Who is that ?' the answer was often, 'Co ach caoineachag bheag a bhroin, Who but little caoinag of the sorrow.'

'Peallaidh' is a mysterious being, with long, untidy hair, haunting streams. It does not seem to be specially uncanny, nor to have been of an interfering disposition, but very little can be learned about it. At least one of its favourite spots is now called after this mythological personage—namely, Aberfeldy, which in Gaelic is Aber Pheallaidh, the confluence of the Peallaidh. From the ragged, untidy appearance of this spirit we get several words—as 'peallach,' 'peallag,' 'pealltag.'

Not unlike the 'peallaidh' apparently is the 'uraisg,' which frequents glens, corries, reedy lakes, and sylvan streams. He is represented as a monster, half man, half goat, with abnormally long hair, long teeth, and long claws. He is not, however, unfriendly to those who do not annoy him beyond showing them scenes and telling them of events above and upon and below the world that fill them with terror. Strong men avoided the haunts of the 'uraisg' at night.

Many places are called after the 'uraisg.' In the Coolin Hills in Skye there is a place called 'Coire nan Uraisg,' and another adjoining it called 'Bealach nan Uraisg.' A glen in Kilninver, Argyll, is called 'Gleann Uraisg.' Many stories are told of the 'uraisg' possessing this glen—the appearance, action, and speech of the supernatural creature being graphically described.

So far as I am able to judge, the 'each-uisge,' 'tarbh-uisge' and 'tarbh baoidhre' represent the same imaginary person. The 'each-uisge' is perhaps the most widely known and the most strongly individualised of these supernatural beings. The stories of him are very numerous and circumstantial. He is pictured when in his natural shape as a huge, black, hairy monster, apparently something like a hippopotamus, at other times like a splendid horse in appearance, but able at will to change his shape and become a most handsome and attractive young man—generally for the purpose of deluding an equally attractive young woman and inducing her to accompany him to his submarine abode. He resorts to this trick especially in summer and near the shielings, when the women spend the long days tending the cattle and making butter and cheese for winter use, away from the protection of the men of their families. Stories of the 'each-uisge' are very numerous, and there are few districts in the Highlands where several such are not to be had.

In Eigg the 'each-uisge' dwells in a small, deep loch near the Scuir. It often appears in the form of a handsome young man, and has more than once succeeded in carrying off a young woman. On one occasion he appeared as a strapping young fellow with golden hair and met 'Nighean Fear Ghrùdh-lainn' near the Scuir. They sat down and chatted away for a while, but the sun was hot, and by-and-by the young man fell asleep with his head resting on the girl's knee. While he was asleep the girl had time to notice that his hair was full of sand, and that he had the queerest feet she had ever seen. Then it dawned upon her that she was being tricked, and that her companion was no other than the 'each-uisge.' She wished to get away, but he had her long, black hair so firmly gripped in his hand that she could not. She sat in a cold agony, unable to move, feeling that her end was near, and thinking of the terrible stories she had heard of young women similarly entrapped and carried off, and whose lungs and hearts were afterwards found floating on the loch, indicating all too surely what their fate had been. She did not

faint, however, nor cry out—Highland girls are made of better stuff—but considered how she could get away without disturbing the slumbers of her now much detested companion. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a very sharp stone, and, gently reaching for it, she patiently cut her hair free from his grasp, cautiously raised his head from her knee and escaped.

On another occasion the 'each-uisge' was more successful—he carried off a girl, and actually married her in his 'talla fo'n loch.' She lived with him for a year and a day and then managed to escape, leaving her baby behind. The 'each-uisge' found nursing 'gey ill wark,' and composed a most touching lullaby full of appeals to his wife to come back and to the child to stop its howls and shrieks. The lullaby begins 'A Mhor, a Mhor, till ri d' mhacan.' It is claimed by several places.

In many districts of the Highlands the 'each-uisge' is not by any means extinct. In many others the account of how the last water-horse was killed may be heard.

In Ireland and the Isle of Man the water-horse is equally well known, while the Norse have also the 'Myks' or 'Vatna Hestr,' river sprite or water-horse, which is entirely similar to the Highland one. The 'Vatna Hestr' is supposed to live in either salt or fresh water.

The people of Glen Meay in Man tell how the glen was haunted by the spirit of a man who had met the 'Capull (Cabbyl) Ushtey,' and, thinking it was an ordinary horse, got upon its back, when it ran off and disappeared into the sea and its rider was drowned.

Campbell of Islay says: 'I have been told of English sportsmen who went in pursuit of them, so circumstantial were the accounts of those who believed they had seen the "each-uisge." The witnesses are so numerous, and their testimony agrees so well, that there must be some old, deeply-rooted Celtic belief which clothes every dark object in the dreaded form of the "each-uisge." . . . These tales and beliefs have led me to think that the old Celts must have had a

destroying water-god to whom the horse was sacred, or who had the form of a horse.'

Sea-cows are also known in Gaelic mythology. They are represented as having red ears, one or both of which are notched, and probably are a tradition of the old Caledonian cattle.

Several sea-cows came ashore at Struth, Obbe, Harris. The sea-maiden was tending the cows, and singing as she sent them back to the sea and away through the sound of Harris :—

'Chualas nuall an cuan Canach,
Bo a Tiriodh, bo a Barraidh,
Bo a Ile, 's bo a Arrain,
'S a Cinntire mhin a bharraich.
. . . . . .
Theid mi, theid mi, theid mi Mhuile,
Theid mi dh' Eire nam fear fuileach,
Theid mi Mhanain bheag nan culaidh,
'S theid mi ceum dh'an Fhraing 's cha chunnart.'

A low is heard in the sea of Canna.
A cow from Tiree, a cow from Barra,
A cow from Islay, a cow from Arran,
And from Green Kintyre of birches.
. . . . . .
I will go, I will go, I will go to Mull,
I will go to Eirin of the bloody men,
I will go to little Man of the wherries,
And I will go to France and no mishap.

'Loireag' is a water-sprite who presides over the warping, weaving, waulking, and washing of the web. If the women omit any of the traditional usages and ceremonies of these occasions she resents their neglect in various ways. If a song is sung twice at a waulking the 'loireag' will come and render the web as thin as before, and all the work of the women of no avail. If a woman sings out of tune the 'loireag' is especially wrathful. A libation of milk is given to this creature. If this is not done she sucks the goats, sheep, and cows of the townland, placing a spell upon them so that they cannot move. The following story is from

Benbecula: 'Benmore was always eerie because of the "loireag" dwelling there. She is a small mite of womanhood, who does not belong to this world but to the world beyond. She used to drive the people distracted with fear when I first remember. But there is now no one in Benmore whom she can frighten unless the big sheep. She is a plaintive little thing but stubborn and cunning. There was once a little cross carle in Benmore, and the "loireag" was sucking his cow. His daughter tried to drive her away, but could not. So she went in and told her father that neither the "loireag" nor the cow heeded her. The little carle leapt out at the door in a red rage. He threw a boulder at the "loireag," but struck the cow and nearly killed her. He then seized the point of the cow's horn in the name of Columba, and immediately the cow leaped away from the "loireag," and she leaped away from the cow. The "loireag" betook herself to the corrie of Coradale, mocking the cross-grained carle, and singing as she went:—

'Bhodaich bhig a Bhun a Choire,
Bhodaich bhig a chota ghioire,
Bhodaich bhig a Bhun a Bhealaich,
Mealam dhut do lamhach!'

Little carle of Corrie-foot,
Little carle of the short coat,
Little carle of the Foot of the Pass
Much I praise your aim.

One deity at least we Celts have borrowed from the Norse. This is Eigir, who in Norse mythology is king of the sea, while in Celtic he is god of tides, having to watch the tidal currents and see that ebb and flow occur at the right times and in the proper way. He is also king of the dwarfs and of the misers. The Norse root of the word is *eki* fear, dread.

In some places Eigir is appropriated to mean anything dwarfish or miserly 'iasg eigir,' a small fish; 'iasgach eigir,' a poor fishing; 'tiodhlachd eigir,' a miserly donation. It is also used in place names as 'Leac Eigir,' 'Loch Eigir,'

'Sgeir Eigir.' Carlyle in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship* tells how when the Ouse is in flood the Yorkshire boatmen hurry for the shore shouting 'Eager is coming, Eager is coming.' So also do the boatmen on the Severn. The phenomenon which they called 'Eager,' and represent as a deity to be dreaded is what is commonly known as a 'bore.' Probably the 'Eager' was known wherever the Norsemen had gained a hold—though its meaning is now lost sight of. Some years ago the German Emperor composed a 'Hymn to Eigir'—preliminary to increasing his navy. A deity called 'Eigir' is also god of the muses in Celtic mythology, but little is now to be learnt of him.

Fairies are the most widely known of all mythical creatures. I do not suppose there is a race which does not have fairies, and there are few people who could not tell some tale of them. Many surmises have been hazarded as to the origin of the idea of the existence of the 'little people' —that which gains most favour is that there really lived in these islands a small race similar to the Lapps, and that the underground houses so common in many parts of the country were their dwellings, hence the fairy 'bruth' or bower. The following tale told to my father and Mr. Campbell of Islay in Minglay, Barra, accounts for their origin in another way :—

'The Proud Angel fomented a rebellion among the angels of heaven where he had been a leading light. He declared that he would go and found a kingdom of his own. When going out at the door of heaven the Proud Angel brought "dealanaich dheilgnich agus beithir bheumnaich," prickly lightning and biting lightning, out of the door-step with his heels. Many angels followed him—so many that at last the Son called out, "Father! Father! the city is being emptied!" whereupon the Father ordered that the gates of heaven and of hell should be closed. This was instantly done; and those who were in were in, and those who were out were out; while the hosts who had left heaven and had not reached hell, flew into the holes of the earth "mar na famhlagan," like the stormy petrels.

'These are the fairy folks—ever since doomed to live under the ground, and only permitted to emerge when and where the King permits. They are never allowed abroad on Thursday, that being Columba's day, nor on Friday, that being the Son's day, nor on Saturday, that being Mary's day, nor on Sunday, that being the Lord's day.

'Dia eadar mi 's gach siodha,
Gach mi-run 's gach druidheachas,
An diugh an Daorn air muir 's air tir,
M' earbs a Righ nach cluinn iad mi.'

God be between me and every fay,
Every ill wish and every druidism,
To-day is Thursday on sea and land,
I trust in the King that they do not hear me.

'On certain nights when their "bruthain," bowers, are open and their lamps are lit, and the song and the dance are moving merrily, the fairies may be heard singing light-heartedly :—

'Cha 'n ann a shiol Adhamh sinn,
'S cha 'n Abram ar n-athair,
Ach shiol an ainghil uabharaich,
Chaidh fhuadach a flathas.'

Not of the seed of Adam are we,
And Abraham is not our father,
But of the seed of the Proud Angel,
Driven forth from heaven.

Fairies and human beings seem to have always been on intimate terms.

On a certain night a nurse was going home late, and when she was going past the fairy hill near the township, the hillocks opened and she was drawn in. While she was there some of the fairies carried away a fairy child, and after a short absence returned with a human child in its stead—as beautiful a child as ever the eye of man saw.

'My little treasure! my little treasure!' said every fairy woman in the 'sithean' when they saw the child, but he would not look at any one till at last he saw the nurse, and

then he lifted his little hands towards her and laughed and crowed. 'One would think,' said one of the fairy folk, 'that the child knew you.' 'And indeed,' said the nurse, 'it is no wonder if he does. I nursed him young for he is my own grandchild—the only grandchild I have. You must not keep him here. You must send him back where you got him.' 'Well,' said those who had brought him in, 'we travelled every corner in hill and townland and we did not get one child which had not been blessed by his mother before he slept but your own grandson, and as we had no power to bring one who had been blessed we brought him. But if we had known that he was your grandson we would not have interfered with him, and without more ado we will return him at once.' They did this, and they were not long away when they returned with a beautiful big cow, on which they meant to feast till morning. As soon as she saw it the woman recognised her own brown Bridein, the only cow she had. But she said nothing and the cow was killed and cooked. When it was ready the nurse got the best part of the shoulder and, as was the custom, she made a verse about it. When she was done the fairies said: 'One would almost think that you knew the cow we killed.' 'It were a wonder if I had not,' she said. 'She was young when I first put a shackle upon her and sent her to grass in the morning and to the fold at night. You have killed my only cow.' 'And was it not very stupid of you not to tell us that before we killed the cow and we would have returned it,' said the fairies. 'We searched six townships and we did not find a cow without a charm and a blessing, without a shackle but your cow, and we brought it with us.'

By way of compensation the woman got several lumps of gold, and was sent away happy. During her life her grandchild was never again meddled with by fairies, but on her death he was stolen again.

There is a proverb—'Na diult lamh sithiche,' 'Do not refuse the hand of a fairy'—the value of which is proved by the following story from Skye. Two men were once working

near a sithean and between the heat of the day and the hardness of the work they were nearly dead with thirst. Suddenly they heard a sound of churning from the hillock. Said one of them, 'I wish that I could get some of that buttermilk to drink.' No sooner said than the sithean opened and out came the little woman of the green kirtle and offered a drink of buttermilk to the man who had spoken. But he was afraid, and he did not take it from her hand. She turned to the other man and offered the drink to him. He took it politely from her hand and drank it. Turning again to the first man she said: 'Man who asked a drink and did not take it, a year from to-day you shall not drink a drop of either water or buttermilk.' Then to the second man: 'Man who did not ask a drink and who took it, you shall get from me any possession you choose.' He chose good seamanship for himself and his seed, and no one has ever heard of any of them being drowned. Perhaps this was from lack of opportunity, for Mr. Macleod, from whom I got this tale, adds a note—'I lodged with a descendant of the lucky man and he was the most timid seaman I ever met.' It is needless to say that the other man died within a year.

'"Sluagh," "hosts," the spirit-world. The "hosts" are the spirits of mortals who have died. There are many curious stories on this subject. According to one informant, the spirits fly about "n'an sgrioslaich mhor, a sios agus a suas air uachdar an domhain mar na truidean"—in great clouds, up and down the face of the world like the starlings, and come back to the scenes of their earthly transgressions. No soul of them is without the clouds of earth, dimming the brightness of the works of God, nor can any win heaven till satisfaction is made for the sins of earth. In bad nights, the hosts shelter themselves, "fo sgath chuiseaga bheaga ruadha agus bhua-ghallain bheaga bhuidhe"—behind little russet docken stems and little yellow ragwort stalks. They fight battles in the air as men do on the earth. They may be heard and seen on clear frosty nights, advancing and retreating, retreating and advancing, against one another. After a battle their

crimson blood may be seen staining rocks and stones. "Fuil nan sluagh," the blood of the hosts, is the beautiful red "crotal" of the rocks melted by the frost. These spirits used to kill cats and dogs, sheep and cattle, with their unerring venomous darts. They commanded men to follow them, and men obeyed, having no alternative.'

'It was these men of earth who slew and maimed at the bidding of their spirit-masters, who in return ill-treated them in a most pitiless manner. "Bhiodh iad ga'n loireadh agus ga'n loineadh agus ga'n luidreadh anns gach lod, lud agus lon,"—They would be rolling and dragging and trouncing them in mud and mire and pools. "There is less faith now, and people see less, for seeing is of faith. God grant to thee and to me, my dear, the faith of the great Son of the lovely Mary." There are men to whom the spirits are partial, and who have been carried off by them more than once. A man in Benbecula was taken up several times. His friends assured me that night became a terror to this man, and that ultimately he would on no account cross the threshold after dusk. He died, they said, from the extreme exhaustion consequent on these excursions. When the spirits flew past his house the man would wince as if undergoing a great mental struggle, and fighting against forces unseen of those around him. A man in Lismore suffered under precisely similar conditions. More than once he disappeared mysteriously from the midst of his companions, and as mysteriously reappeared utterly exhausted and prostrate. He was under vows not to reveal what had occurred on these aërial travels.'

'The "sluagh" are supposed to come from the west; and therefore, when a person is dying, the door and the windows on the west side of the house are secured to keep out the malicious spirits. In parts of Ross-shire, the door and windows of a house in which a person is dying are opened, in order that the liberated soul may escape to heaven.'

Another half water, half land sprite is the 'glastic,' 'glaisnig, glaisric or glaislid,' called in Man 'glashtin.' It is a creature half woman, half goat, frequenting lonely lakes and

rivers. Harmless and loveable as a rule—especially in the older stories, in a few of the later stories she is represented as irritable, and once at any rate to have made an attempt on a man's life.

The 'glaistic's' greatest feat was an attempt to build a bridge across the Sound of Mull. She gathered a huge creel-ful of stones among the hills to the North of Morven and walked down to the Sound with her burden. When near her destination, however, the creel-rope snapped, and down fell the stones. They are still lying there, the heap being known as Carn-na-Caillich. The glaistic herself has related the incident in rhyme :—

'An aithne dhuibh Carn-na-Caillich
Air an leacainn ghlais ud thall?
'S mise chruinnich sid le cliabh,
A' h-uile spitheag riamh a th'ann.
Drochaid a chuir air Caol Muile,
'S bha i' furasd' a chuir ann.
'S mur briseadh an iris mhuineil
Bha i nis gun teagamh ann.'

The glaistic was rather fond of expressing herself in rhyme. In Glenborrodale where she usually appeared at twilight, the old folk invariably greeted her with the remark : 'An tus' tha sin, a ghlaistid ghlais, a chreutair ?' to which the glaistic as invariably replied :—

'Tha is bithidh mi 'n Innis-na-Feoraig
Innis nam feadag 's an goireadh an smeorach.'[1]

On one occasion she came to the Glenborrodale shore to be ferried across to the other side. As she reached the boat was leaving, and to her demand : 'A Mhic-a-Phi, thoir dhomh-s' an t-aisig' : the ferryman replied that he was in a hurry and could not possibly put back. At once the glaistic began to coax him—ending up with the flattering appeal :—

'A Mhic-a-phi nan srol 's nam bratach
Cha 'n fhàg thu air a' chladach mi.'

[1] Innis-na-Feoraig is a Glenborrodale place-name.

'Fagaidh an trath so, a ghlaistid,' said the ferryman, and the glaistid swore an ugly oath!

On another occasion, however, the glaistic was more successful in getting the ferry. She was on her way to Lismore from Morven, and while crossing Ardtornish Bay saw a man all alone in a boat. She at once joined him, caught an oar, and shouted out to him: 'Hùgan oirre, Mhic-Ealathaich.'

'Hùgan eil' oirre, a ghalathead,' shouted the boatman in return—and so they rowed and shouted all the way to Lismore—a pull and a shout from the glaistic: 'Hùgan oirre, Mhic-Ealathaich': and a counter pull and shout from the boatman: 'Hùgan eil' oirre, a ghalathid.'

A pretty feature in the glaistic's character was her love for children. While the township women milked their cattle in the *Buaile*, the glaistic would play hide-and-seek with the children. 'A ghlaistic duibh cha bheir thu oirnn,' said the little ones, as they hid behind stones and bushes, and then the glaistic would pretend to be angry and would shower twigs and daisies on the imps.

In many of the stories the glaistic is associated with the famous pirates, Gilleasluig MacIain Ghìorr and his brother Ranald. She invariably found her way to their haunts after a successful raid and claimed a share of the spoil. When asked how she had discovered their whereabouts her reply usually was: 'Bha mi air Sgùrr Eige'—a phrase which is often used now as a proverb in the Western Isles. Once indeed, the pirate brothers flattered themselves they had got beyond the reach even of the glaistic. This was when they invaded Barra to make good their threat against the Macneill chief: 'Ge fad a mach Barraidh ruigear e.' The glaistic, however, was as adventurous as themselves, and no sooner had Mic Iain Ghìorr encamped for the night with all their booty around them than the glaistic suddenly appeared on the scene and congratulated them on the success of their raid. Evidently the lady was hungry after the flight across the Minch, for she began at once to nibble away at a carcass

which was being broiled on the camp fire. This so annoyed Raothull Mac Iain Ghìorr that he struck her across the knuckles with his wand, whereupon the glaistic appealed to Gilleasluig: 'A 'Laisbig (tradition has given the lady a childish lisp) nach caisg thu Raothull.' The end of it all, however, was that the glaistic got her usual share of the booty.

The people of each district are usually able to give the reason why the glaistic came to forsake that particular district. She had to leave Glenborrodale, it seems, because of her own love of mischief. There was a worthy blacksmith in the place whom she delighted to tease and bother on every possible occasion. At last she took to hammering away at his anvil during the night, and thus time after time disturbed the rest of the whole township. One night, however, the smith managed to enter the smithy unawares, and so caught the culprit. She had her 'isean' along with her (the only case in which I have heard the 'isean' mentioned, says Mr. Macleod), and the smith, seizing the little imp, thrust its right hand into the fire and threatened something worse still unless the glaistic swore to stop all her mad pranks. This she promised, and then she and her 'isean' disappeared for good from Glenborrodale, the 'isean,' while disappearing, crying out lustily: 'A mhathair, 's e Logaid a th'ann, 's e Logaid a th'ann.'

The glaistic forsook the township of Ach-na-Creige in Mull owing to a herdboy's trick. In the township cattle-fold there was a big stone with a round hole in it, and into this hole the milkmaid poured the glaistic's portion of the milk each evening. In return for this the glaistic looked after the cattle through the night—'a' buachailleachd na buaile.' One evening the herdboy poured boiling milk into the hole, with the result that the glaistic got her tongue burnt. So bitterly did she resent this trick that she has never since been seen at Ach-na-Criege.[1]

A cup of tea is said to have chased the glaistic from

[1] The glaistic is called Caristiona in Mull.

Morven. One day she called at some house near Eignig and the goodwife, anxious to be as hospitable as possible, offered her a cup of tea. The glaistic considered the act a deadly insult, and at once decided to leave for ever the tea-country.

The more recent stories about the glaistic are rather unpleasant. She no longer plays with the children or sings rhymes—she has degenerated into a kind of female ruffian. Probably it would be nearer the truth to say that the change has been in the Highlands rather than in the glaistic.

The 'gruagach' was a supernatural female who presided over cattle, and took a kindly interest in all that pertained to them. In return she was offered a libation of milk when the women milked the cows in the evening. If the oblation were neglected, the cattle, notwithstanding all precautions, were found broken loose and in the corn, and if still omitted, the best cow in the fold was found dead in the morning. The offering was poured on 'clach na gruagaich,' the 'gruagach' stone. There is hardly a district in the Highlands which does not possess 'leac a gruagaich'—a 'gruagich' stone, a flagstone—whereon the milk libation was poured. All these oblation stones are erratic ice blocks. Some of them have a slight cavity into which the milk was poured, others have none, the libation being simply poured on the stone. In making the oblation the woman intoned a rune.

'There is probably no district in the Highlands where the "gruagach" could not be fully described. A woman living in the remote island of Heisgeir described her so graphically and picturesquely that her interested listener could almost see moving about in the silvery light of the kindly moon the "gruagach" with her tall conical hat, her rich golden hair falling about her like a mantle of shimmering gold, while with a slight swish of her wand she gracefully turned on her heel to admonish an unseen cow. At intervals he seemed to hear her mellow voice in snatches of eerie song as she moved about among the grassy ruins of the old nunnery—all silent now of the holy orisons of gentle sisters.'

'Connal' is represented as the Celtic Cupid and the

guardian deity of childhood. His protection is ever near the little ones, howsoever they may be in danger. As illustrating this, it is told in Skye that a child had got lost in the mist and was benighted on the wild moor when a storm came on. But the good Connal took the child by the hand and led him to safety. A poem composed to this protecting spirit is known in Skye, but I regret I have not yet got the words.

'Cairbre' is the name of the deity who carried the souls of those slain in battle to 'flathanas.' Gaelic usage seems to have closely resembled that of other countries in this, as it was customary to place a wax candle, a gold coin, a small hammer, and a pair of scales in the grave with the body. The candle was to light the pilgrim across the dark river of death, the coin to pay the services of the ferryman, the hammer to knock at the door of heaven, and the scales to weigh the soul, which last was done by St. Michael, while the chief of the nether regions endeavoured to weigh down his side of the balance.

'Cailleach' is a supernatural or malign influence dwelling in dark caves, woods and corries.

'Cailleach uisg,' water-woman, water-carlin; akin to the 'bean nigh,' 'uraisg,' 'peallaidh.' According to some people, 'cailleach' as a period of time is the first week of April, and is represented as a wild hag with a venomous temper, hurrying about with a magic wand in her withered hand switching the grass and keeping down vegetation, to the detriment of man and beast. When, however, the grass, upborne by the warm sun, the gentle dew and the fragrant rain, overcomes the 'cailleach,' she flies into a terrible temper, and throwing away her wand into the root of a whin bush, she disappears in a whirling cloud of angry passion till the beginning of April comes in again, saying, as she goes :—

'Dh' fhag e mhan mi, dh' fhag e 'n ard mi
Dh' fhag e eadar mo dha lamh mi,
Dh' fhag e bial mi, dh' fhag e cul mi,
Dh' fha e eadar mo dha shul mi.

Dh' fhag e shios mi, dh' fhag e shuas mi,
Dh' fhag e eadar mo dha chluas mi,
Dh' fhag e thall mi, dh' fhag e bhos mi,
Dh' fhag e eadar mo dha chos mi.

Thilg mi 'n slacan druidh donai,
Am bun preis crin cruaidh conuis,
Far nach fas fionn no foinnidh,
Ach fracan froinnidh feurach.'

It escaped me below, it escaped me above,
It escaped me between my two hands,
It escaped me before, it escaped me behind,
It escaped me between my two eyes.

It escaped me down, it escaped me up,
It escaped me between my two ears,
It escaped me thither, it escaped me hither,
It escaped me between my two feet.

I threw my druidic evil wand,
Into the base of a withered hard whin bush,
Where shall not grow 'fionn' nor 'fionnidh,'
But fragments of grassy 'froinnidh.'

Faoilleach, Faoilteach, Foiltheachd, wolf-month, is the last month of winter, from 'faol,' wolf. During this proverbially hard period the wolf, driven from wood and mountain, approached dwellings. There are many sayings about this pressing period of the year :—

'Mi Faoillich,	Month of 'Faoilleach,'	[sharp, ravenous, tearing wind.
Naoi la Gearrain,	Nine days of 'Gearran,'	[galloping wind, like a garron.
Seachdain Feadaig,	A week of 'Feadag,'	[sharp, piping wind.
Seachdain Caillich,	A week of 'Cailleach,'	[a few semi-calm days.
Tri la Sguabaig,	Three days of 'Sguabag,'	[the soughing blast which
Suas an t-earrach!'	Up with the Spring!	ushers in the spring.

These lines personify the weather under the names of animals and other figures. Here we see myths in the making.

'Tri la Iuchar 's an Fhaoilleach,
Tri la Faoilleach 's an Iuchar.'

Three days of Dog-days in Wolf-month,
Three days of Wolf-month in Dog-days.

'Thubhairt an Gearran ris an Fhaoilleach,
"C'ait, a ghaoil, an gamhuinn bochd?"
"Fhir a chuir mi chon an t-saoghail,
Chuir mi mhaodal air an stochd."
"Och mo leireadh," ors an Ceitein.
"'S truagh an eirig a thig ort,
Na 'n d' fhuair mise bogadh chluas dheth,
Chuir mi suas e ris a chnoc."'

The 'Gearran' said to the 'Faoilleach,'
'Where, love, is the lean stirk?'
'Thou who didst send me into the world,
I placed his paunch upon the stake.'
'O! my grief,' said the 'Ceitein,'
'Great the ransom upon thee,
Had I at all got hold of his ears,
I would have sent him up the hill.'

The 'Gobag,' voracious one, began the day before the 'Faoilleach,' and is on this account called the mother of the 'Faoilleach':—

'Gobag, Gobag, mathair Faoillich fuair,
A mharbh a chaor agus a chaol-uan,
A mharbh a ghobhar ghlas ri dha,
Agus an gamhuinn breac ri aon trath.'

'Gobag!' Gobag! mother of the Wolf-month cold,
That didst kill the sheep and the lean lamb,
That didst kill the grey goat in two watches,
And the speckled stirk in one.

There were further several beings of whom little or nothing is preserved except their names, such as 'Ceasg,' who was a creature of great beauty, half woman, half grilse, a sort of fresh water mermaid, with long flossy hair.

'Stic' was a fairy imp somewhat resembling the Puck of Shakspeare.

'Fuath' frequently occurs in the tales, and seems to have been rather a terrorising being.

The 'gobhar bacach,' lame goat, was also rather ill-omened. It travelled the country, and lay down on the best land Several places are pointed out as having been lain upon by the 'gobhar bacach,' and it is still held to be a sign that a particular croft or farm is a good one.

'Beithir' was a venomous and destructive creature, who lived in dark caves and corries in the mountains. 'Beithir' is the lightning and also serpent, and probably the mythological legends have risen from the destructive characters of the element and the beast.

'Tacharan' was a water kelpie of very diminutive size even for a sprite. Several places are called after him, and many tales are told.

The 'cu sith,' fairy dog, had apparently the evil eye, but more information I have not been able to get.

'Frid, fride,' gnome, pigmy, elf, rock elfin. The people apply the term 'fride,' and its derivatives 'fridean,' 'frideag,' 'fridich,' to creatures which they allege dwell in the internal rocks and in the innermost parts of the earth. They say that these gnomes eat and drink like men, and that it is not right to deprive them of the crumbs that fall to the ground. When crumbs of food or drops of milk fall on the floor, the old people deprecate removing them, saying, 'gabh ealla ris, is ioma bial feumach tha feitheamh air'—'let it be, many are the needy mouths awaiting it.' 'Macmhuirich Mor' of Staoligearry was losing his cattle through 'dosgaidh,' mischance. As he sat on a rock musing over his losses he heard a gnome mother singing to her child :—

'Uist a lurain, uist a luaidh,
Uist a chuilean nan cas luath,
'D uair a shuidhichear clar Mhicmhuirich,
Gheobh mo luran iodh is uachdar.'

Hush, thou dearie, hush, thou pet,
Hush, thou darling of the rapid feet,
When Macvuirich's board is set,
My darling will get corn and cream.

'Macmhuirich Mor' went home, and though he never went into his kitchen before, he went in that day. His baking woman was making bread, and bits of dough and grains of meal were falling from her in the process. She took no notice of these till a piece fell from the bannock on her palm, and then she stooped down and lifted it. Macvuirich

noticed her, and he went over and gave her a tap on the back of the hand with the switch he had, saying, 'Gabh ealla ris, a mhuirneag, is ioma bial feumach tha feitheamh air'—'Leave it alone, maiden, many a needful mouth is waiting for it. And as long as thou shalt stand in my house never again remove the fragments of food from the floor, they are the rightful dues of "fridich nan creag," the gnomes of the rocks.' And as long as Macvuirich lived he went daily to the knoll with an offering of crumbs of bread and drops of milk to the gnomes. Never again did 'Macmhuirich Mor' lose his kine or his sheep or his horses. 'We must remember the smallest of God's creatures if we are to thrive in this world below and to live in the world beyond,' and the aged narrator had acted on her belief throughout her long life, though she had never once seen nor heard the recipients of her bounty.'

Glen Liadail in South Uist was much inhabited by gnomes who, while friendly to the people of the glen, resented the intrusion of strangers. It was necessary for a wayfarer to sing a propitiatory song before entering the glen. On one occasion the young wife of a crofter in the adjoining glen was left alone with her child when she felt the house becoming oppressively full of people. She knew that these were the 'fridich' who go about in clouds like midges, but invisible to mortal eyes. The woman was sore afraid, but retaining her presence of mind, she sang an extempore song in which she highly praised the gnomes. They, being intensely sensitive to flattery, did no harm to the lonely woman nor to the helpless child, but before the song was ended, had left the house as silently as they had come.

Such is some of the minor mythology of the Highlands. Many stories might be added, and instances of customs and ceremonies might be adduced, showing belief in, and, if not always worship, at least reverence for the supernatural creatures with which the Celts peopled every corner of the land. These creatures were characteristic of the country and

of its people, and they took, as will be seen even from this brief account, a large part in the life of the Highland people, whose minds are the poorer by the loss of their ancient tales and customs. Where the older people still retain some faith in the beings of whom their fathers have told them, they are for the most part careful to keep such to themselves, and so avoid laying themselves open to the scoffing of the younger generation and of incomers.

THE CLAN CAMERON

Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair

The ancestors of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel and their approximate dates of birth were as follows:—

John, . . .	1600.	Millony, . .	1285.
Allan, . . .	1565.	Paul, . . .	1255.
John Dubh, .	1535.	Patrick, . .	1225.
Donald, . .	1500.	Martin, . .	1190.
Ewen, . . .	1470.	Paul, . . .	1160.
Allan, . . .	1440.	Millony, . .	1125.
Donald Dubh, .	1410.	Gillaroth, . .	1095.
Ewen, . . .	1380.	Martin Og, . .	1065.
Donald Dubh, .	1350.	Gillacamsroin, .	1035.
Allan, . . .	1315.	Martin Mor, .	1000.

In dealing with a long list of names it is necessary, as a general rule, to allow thirty-two years for a generation. Skene has Gillaganiorgan in place of Gillacamsroin. As Gillaganiorgan is a meaningless and unknown name, it is clearly a misreading. It is certain that there was a Gillacamsroin, and it is altogether probable that he was either the son and successor of Martin Mor or the eldest son of Gillaroth. As it was extremely difficult to read the MS. in which Skene found the pedigree of the Camerons and Macgillouies *msr* could easily be mistaken for *nior*. By counting *ni* as *m* we find the same number of letters in Gillaganiorgan as in Gillacamsroin. In his first version of the genealogy Skene omits all the names between Paul and Mor. In the

second version he gives Gilla——, son of Martin Mor. It is in the third version that we find Gillaganiorgan, and it is given with a note of interrogation after it. It is evident then that the part of the name after Gilla was to a large extent illegible.

Gillacamsron means the young man with the crooked nose. It is possible that his real name was Ewen. He was a brave warrior, and in course of time came to be known among friends and foes as Gillacamsroin. His descendants were proud of him and long after he had left the world gladly adopted the name by which he was popularly known as their surname. Gillony and Millony are the same name, and mean servants of the storm or of the raging sea.

The Macmartins

The Macmartins derived their name from Martin Mor, and were an older branch of his descendants than the Camerons. They lived east of the Lochy and occupied the lands of Letterfinlay, Invergloy, Dochanassie, Stronaba, Miccomer, and others. Of their history prior to the year 1400 we know nothing.

In 1492 Alexander of Lochalsh, Celestine son of Ewen, and Martin son of Duncan, appear as witnesses to a charter granted by John, Lord of the Isles. Martin son of Duncan, was undoubtedly either the chief of the Macmartins or the son and heir of their chief.

Duncan Macmartin was born probably about 1425. Martin, his son, had at least two children, Duncan and a daughter, who became the wife of Donald Dubh Maclean of Treshnish, Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil. Duncan son of Martin was in possession of Letterfinlay and the other Macmartin lands in 1513. He had two sons, Duncan and Donald, Duncan was chief of the Macmartins from 1598 to 1636. Duncan Og, his son and successor, appears on record in 1642. Duncan Og had two sons, Martin Mor and John Roy. Martin Mor placed himself, in 1663, under the protection of Angus of Glengarry, Lord MacDonell and Aros. He had four children, Duncan,

Martin Og, Mary, and another daughter Mary was married to Gillespick MacDonald of Keppoch. The other daughter was married to John Mor Macsorlie of Glen Nevis. Duncan, son and successor of Martin, fought at Mulroy in support of Coll of Keppoch in 1688, and fought at Killiecrankie in 1689. He died without issue, and was succeeded by George, son of Martin Og, son of Martin Mor. George died about 1736, and was succeeded by his son, Captain Cosmo Gordon Cameron, who died without issue. Captain Cosmo was succeeded by a distant relative, George Macmartin Cameron. It was generally believed that the lawful heir was not George but John Cameron in Glenroy. George died in 1829, leaving three sons, all of whom died without issue. The estate of Letterfinlay was sold in 1851 to a man named Baillie. As the Macmartins have made Camerons of themselves they have ceased to exist as a distinct clan, and can have no chief except Lochiel. But they can have a chieftain, and should have one.

The Camerons

Some of the descendants of Martin Mor crossed the Lochy at an early period and settled in Glenlui and Locharkaig. In course of time they became more numerous than their brethren east of the Lochy. The date of their migration we do not know. It is probable, however, that it began about 1150. The new settlers became divided into two branches, the Camerons proper and the Macgillonies. The former were descended from the eldest son of Gillaroth, and the latter from Millony, a younger son. Some of the Macgillonies settled at Invermallie and others at Strone.

Although the Camerons were in possession of Glenlui and Locharkaig, they had no title to these lands either from the King or the Lord of the Isles. According to the Clan Chattan historians and others, William MacIntosh, chief of the MacIntoshes, obtained a charter of Glenlui and Locharkaig from John, first Lord of the Isles, in the year 1366. The story about the charter may or may not be true. It is certain, however, that the MacIntoshes held in 1366 that

they had a legal claim to the lands occupied by the Camerons, and it is also certain that in that year or shortly afterwards they began to enforce their claim by the sword. They never succeeded, however, in expelling the Camerons from the lands held by them.

The Macgillonies

Allan, son of Millony, was known as Ailein MacMhaolonfhaidh, which in course of time came to be pronounced Ailein MacOlonai. The name as thus pronounced would become in English Allan MacOlony. By the blundering of some scribe Allan MacOlony was converted to Allan MacOchtry, a name which never existed among the Macgillonies or any other Highland clan.

About 1380 the Camerons and the Macgillonies, and probably the Macmartins also, made a raid into Badenoch, and carried off all the cattle, sheep, and horses they could find. On their way home they were attacked at Invernahavon by the MacIntoshes, Davidsons, and Clan Vuirich. The battle which took place was long and bloody, and both sides lost heavily. The plunderers had to leave their booty at Invernahavon, but their assailants were not in a position to pursue and conquer them. The Macgillonies were led by their chief, Donald Dubh MacAllan. Ewen, son and successor of Donald Dubh, may have witnessed the furious combat on the North Inch of Perth in 1396. He was in all probability the commander of the Camerons at the Battle of Harlaw in 1411. According to the Ardgour MS., he was known as Eoghann nan Creach or Ewen of the Forays. He married a daughter of Allan MacRanald, second of Moydart, and by her had Donald Dubh, his successor, and a daughter who was married about 1435 to Donald Maclean, first of Ardgour, and had by him Ewen, second of Ardgour.

As the wife of Donald of Ardgour was one of my remote grandmothers, I can claim descent from such expert plunderers as the Macleans of Ardgour, the Camerons of Lochiel, and the Clanranald of Moydart. Yes, they were plunderers in the days when plundering was fashionable, but

they were not sly, whining, degraded grafters. If they took what did not belong to them, they took it openly and risked their lives to get it.

Donald Dubh MacEwen supported King James in his attack upon Alexander of the Isles in 1429, and fought against Donald Balloch at Innerlochy in 1431. He was married, and had two sons, Allan and Ewen. It has been stated over and over that he commanded the Camerons at the battle of Harlaw. For this statement there is no authority except the semi-fictitious history of Hugh MacDonald of Sleat. It is not true; at any rate it is not in agreement with known facts.

Alexander, third Lord of the Isles, married Elizabeth Seton, by whom he had John, his successor. He had a natural son, named Celestine, or Gillespick, by a daughter of Macphee of Glenpean. He had also a natural son, named Hugh, by a daughter of Patrick, son of Rory, son of the Green Abbot. In 1463 Celestine received from his brother John a charter of the lands of Lochalsh, Lochcarron and Lochbroom. Celestine married Fingula, daughter of Lachlan Bronnach Maclean of Duart, and had by her Alexander, Fingula, and Margaret. Fingula was married in 1467 to Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath, Margaret was married about 1472 to Ewen, second son of Donald Dubh, and by her had Celestine, who appears as a witness in 1492.

Allan, son and successor of Donald Dubh, married Mariot, daughter of Angus Macdonald, second of Keppoch, and had two sons; Ewen, his heir, and John, ancestor of the Camerons of Culchennie and Callart. He became a vassal of Celestine of Lochalsh in 1472. Celestine granted him a charter of the lands of Kishorn in Loch Carron, and also appointed him constable of the Castle of Strome. Immediately after becoming a vassal of Celestine, he slew John of Coll, who was living at Corpach, seized his charters and burnt them. He was killed a few years afterwards in a fight with the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Mackintoshes. He was known as Ailein nan Creach, or Allan of the Forays.

He is described in the charter of 1472 as Captain of the Clan Cameron.

Ewen, son and successor of Allan, received from Alexander of Lochalsh in 1492 a charter of Lochiel and other lands in Lochaber. He fought at Blar Leine in 1544 in support of John Muideartach, or at any rate sent his followers to fight there. He married Marjory, daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh —Lachainn Baideanach—by his wife, Catherine, daughter of Duncan Grant of Freuchie, and had three sons, Donald, his heir, Ewen of Erracht, and John of Kinlochiel. He was executed at Elgin in 1547. Donald, his eldest son, handfasted in 1520 with Agnes, daughter of James Grant of Freuchie, grandson of Duncan of Freuchie, and came under obligation to marry her in the church as soon as a dispensation could be obtained from Rome. Donald had three sons by his wife, Ewen Beag, Donald Dubh, and John Dubh of Drimnadaille. He died before his father. Ewen Beag, his eldest son, was born about 1522, and had, about 1542, by a daughter of Macdougald of Dunolly, a natural son named Donald. He succeeded his grandfather as captain of the Clan Cameron in 1547. He was slain, probably at Inchconnel, about 1553. Donald, his natural son, was a distinguished warrior, and is known to the traditional history of the Highlands as Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe, or the Black Tailor of the Battle-axe. In fact the man or boy who has never heard of Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe knows very little about the history of the Highlands, and nothing at all about the history of the Camerons. Donald Dubh succeeded his brother Ewen Beag. He married about 1555 Una, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean of Duart, but had no issue by her. He obtained in 1564 a charter of Letterfinlay and other lands. He was murdered by ambitious relations about 1565. He was succeeded by his nephew, Allan, son of John Dubh of Drunnadaille.

Allan, son of John Dubh, was born about 1565, and was taken away for safety, shortly after his birth, either to Kilmun or to Duart, or, probably, first to Kilmun, and after-

wards to Duart. He returned to Lochaber about 1582, but found it necessary in the course of a year or two to remove to Appin. He lived there with John Stewart, Laird of Appin, who had married, as his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Hector Mor of Duart. Whilst in Appin he married a daughter of John Stewart by his first wife. It is not known who his mother was. He fought under the Earl of Huntly at the battle of Glenlivet in 1594, and had the pleasure of attacking and routing the Mackintoshes. He assisted the Macleans of Duart in avenging the death of Lachlan Mor at the battle of Benvigory in 1598. He slew, in 1613, twenty of his principal followers for having consented to become immediate vassals of the Earl of Huntly in lands which had formerly belonged to him. He had by his wife John, Donald, Jean, Catherine, and other daughters. John, his eldest son, married in 1626 Margaret, daughter of Robert Campbell of Glenfalloch, and had two sons by her, Ewen and Allan. Donald, second son of Allan of Lochiel, was the progenitor of the Camerons of Glendessary. Jean, eldest daughter of Allan, was married to Ailean Dearg, eldest son of Donald Macdonald of Glengarry, and had by him Angus, who was created Lord Macdonell and Aros in 1660. Catherine was married to Allan Maclean of Ardgour, and had fourteen children. Allan of Lochiel died about 1647, and was succeeded as chief of the Camerons by his grandson, Ewen, Eoghann Dubh.

Ewen, the famous Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, was one of the greatest men that the Highlands of Scotland have ever produced. He could fight like a Cameron and plan like a Campbell. He was born in February 1629. He was married three times. By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, he had no issue. By his second wife, Isabel, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart, he had three sons, John, Donald, and Allan. By his third wife, Jean, daughter of Colonel David Barclay of Urie, he had one son, Ludovick. He died in February 1719. He was succeeded by his son, John.

The MacSomarlies of Glen-Nevis

According to some writers the MacSomarlies were a branch of the MacIntyres. This view is clearly erroneous. It is possible that the MacIntyres were a branch of the MacSomarlies, but it is certain that the MacSomarlies were not a branch of the MacIntyres. According to other writers the MacSomarlies were MacDonalds. For this supposition there is not a particle of foundation. The MacSomarlies were a distinct clan, just as much as the MacDonalds were. Somarlie or Sorlie is an anglicised form of the Gaelic name Somhairle, or Somerled, but surely we are not to assume that all the Somerleds in the Highlands came from Somerled, thane of Argyll. The MacDonalds are a good clan, but they are numerous enough already without handing over the MacSomarlies to them.

The pedigree of Donald, chief of the MacSomarlies, is given as follows in the *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, p. 56 : Donald, son of Gillespie, son of Angus, son of Donald, son of Sorlie, son of Ferchar, son of Dunslave. That this is the pedigree of the MacSomarlies of Glen-Nevis may be regarded as an unquestionable fact. There were no other MacSomarlies or MacSorlies in the Highlands who possessed lands of their own and constituted a distinct clan.

The name Somerled means summer sailor—probably a sailor who used to plunder a little in fine weather. The Gaelic form of the name is Somhairle, which pronounced in English becomes either Somarlie or Sorlie. Somhairle is still a common name in Gaelic, but when rendered into English, or rather into Hebrew, what we hear is not Somerled but Samuel, a totally different name.

Somarlie, or Sorlie, son of Ferchar, son of Dunslave, was the progenitor of the MacSomarlies, or MacSorlies, of Glen-Nevis. He was known as Somhairle Ruadh, or red-haired Somerled, and must have been born about the year 1225. He was succeeded by his son Donald, who was succeeded by his son Angus, who was succeeded by his son Gillespie.

Donald, son of Gillespie, was born about 1345, and was chief of the Clan Somarlie about 1385.

Somerled, son of Donald, had two sons, John and Duncan. Somerled, son of John, was born at least as early as 1435. In 1456 John, fourth Lord of the Isles, gave him a charter of the lands of Glen-Nevis, with the office of toiseachdair of all the Lochaber lands which belonged to the Lord of the Isles, except those held by his foster child, Lachlan Maclean of Duart.

Somerled had two sons, John and Alexander. John, known as Iain Dileas or faithful John, succeeded his father as chief of the Clan Somarlie. He died without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, Donald son of Alexander. Donald was oppressed by Lochiel, who wanted to bring the MacSomarlies into thorough subjection to himself. Consequently, in September 1552, Donald resigned the lands of Glen-Nevis into the Queen's hands as superior. The lands were then given to the Earl of Huntly, who granted to Donald a new charter of them. The Earl of Huntly now stood as a protector to Donald against Lochiel.

Alexander, son and successor of Donald, had two sons, Alexander and Allan. Alexander, son and successor of Alexander, appears on record in 1598. He was slain by Allan of Lochiel in 1613. He was succeeded by his first cousin, Alexander, son of Allan. This Alexander had two sons, John Mor and Donald Dubh. John Mor was chief of the Clan Somarlie in 1660. 'Allan Cameron,' son of John Mor, received a charter of the lands of Glen-Nevis in 1712. As Allan had ceased to be a MacSorlie, and had made a Cameron of himself, he was not a chief; he was only a chieftain under Lochiel.

Alexander, son of John, son of Allan, was laird of Glen-Nevis in 1745. John, son of Ewen, son of Alexander, sold the estate of Glen-Nevis in 1851.

When the Macgillonies became captains of the Clan Cameron, they ceased to call themselves Macgillonies and adopted Cameron as their surname. As they were Camerons

by blood, and as those who had for some time been calling themselves Camerons were not Macgillonies, it would have been extremely unwise for them to try to force their own name on the whole clan.

It is stated in several works that the Macgillonies of Strone fought against the Camerons at Corpach, when John Og of Coll was slain. There is no ground for this assertion. The Macleans had been in possession of Corpach for several years. The Camerons made an unexpected attack upon them and put them to the sword. There may have been some fighting, but there was no battle. Some of the Macgillonies of Strone—possibly persons who had been living with John Og of Coll—took charge of his son, John Abrach, a boy about two years of age, and went with him to Coll. They acted kindly to John Abrach and his mother—a daughter of Ewen Maclean of Kingerloch—but we are not to assume that they had been fighting against the Macgillonies or Camerons of Lochiel.

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

Rev. C. M. Robertson

(*Continued from* vol. iv. p. 280)

Assimilation

Where a liquid is assimilated to a following liquid or other consonant, the preceding vowel if short, as will be exemplified in some of the instances to be quoted, often becomes long in pronunciation. Thus millse (or milse) sweeter, where *i* is short and *ll* long, may be heard as mìse in West Ross. The vowel in such cases is not infrequently marked long in writing, and certainly where the assimilated liquid is left out in the spelling the marking of this compensatory lengthening of the vowel may be justified; but when the silenced liquid is retained in the spelling it would seem better to leave the vowel without the long mark. Thus, to mark *i* long would be justifiable if we were writing mìse

(cf. sòise *sub*), but would not be correct if we retained the liquid, milse or millse. So also in such a case as mìslean, mentioned under Metathesis for milsean, *ì* is justifiable in the former, but would not be correct in the latter.

l

Slender *l* or *ll* often disappears before *s*, as in milse and milsead, sweeter, in West Ross mìse and mìsead. So in Skye boillsgeadh, gleaming, and soillse, brightness; and in Sutherland soillse and the place-name Goillspidh, Golspie. Deillseag and déiseag, a slap, find a place in most of the dictionaries. MacAlpine gives the latter, and also has a verb déis, to slap. Soisich is more familiar to him, or at least is used in a greater variety of ways than soillsich, enlighten, while his sòise, a bolis or ball of fire in the heavens, unexplained by Dr. MacBain, is obviously for soillse. His aisinn, a dream, may have come, not direct from aisling, but through a form ailsing, which occurs, as we shall see, in Kintyre, and so with éiseach and éisleach, a crupper, given by him as Jura and mainland forms.

In abhsadh, slackening of a sail, and abhsporag, stomach of a cow, both northern forms apparently, written also respectively allsadh and allsporag, *bh* represents the sound of *u*, and the explanation of the forms seems to be first diphthongisation of *a* into *au* before *ll*, and then assimilation of *ll* to the following *s*. Aibhsich, exaggerate, from aibheis, boasting, aibheis, sea, abyss, the deep (?), appears also as aillsich; but the latter form seems to be due to the influence of aillse, a fairy, diminutive creature, pigmy, confused with aibhse, spectre, sprite, apparition, diminutive being. With MacAlpine aibheis has the meaning of a place full of fairies. Comparison may be made with taillse, a spectre or apparition, the pronunciation in some parts of the Highlands of aillse according to Armstrong; it is the current equivalent in Perthshire of taibhse, a ghost, and it is to be accounted for, doubtless, by confusion between taibhse and aillse.

n

In most dialects, if not in all, *n* or *nn* is assimilated in annlan, condiment; coinnle and coinnlean, gen. and plur. of coinneal, candle; coinnlear, candlestick; connlach, straw; crannlach, a teal; cuinnlean, nostril; eunlaith, birds; innleachd, device; Fionnlagh, Finlay; in annrath, distress; canran, wrangling; cunnradh, bargain; ganradh, gander; ganraich, noise; ionraic, upright; onrachd, solitude; sonraich, appoint; Eanruig, Henry; in bainnse, gen. of banais, wedding; coinnseas, conscience; innse, gen. of innis, island; innseadh, telling; oinnseach, foolish woman; sinnsear, ancestor; uinnsean, ash-wood. Puisean (from English 'poison,' so Arran, Kintyre, and Perth—puision, Armstrong)—has *ui* nasalised in many dialects, as North Argyll and West Ross, and consequently, on the analogy of words like uinnseann, is usually written puinsean. Innis, tell, though a vowel stands between *nn* and *s*, is usually pronounced ìs (*ì* nasal), as is also innis, island, often when forming the first part of a place-name. Ministear, a minister, may be heard in some districts, *e.g.*, Arran and Perth, without *n*, 'mi'istear.' 'Coinean,' rabbit, is often coi'an, and ionann, like, 'i'ann.' Domhnall, Donald, is perhaps everywhere 'Dò'all' or 'Dòll' (*o* nasal), and Raonall, Ronald, 'Raoll,' or in Skye 'Ràll.' Coainneal, candle, is caoi'al (*ao* short) in North Argyll, cai'ill (*ai* nasal) in West Ross, and cai'il (*ai* as *ei* and nasal) in Sutherland. Anart, linen, is a'ard in Perth and Strathspey; and arad (first *a* nasal in both) in Sutherland; in Arran, North Argyll, Skye and West Ross *n* is kept.

Mh is sometimes written for *nn*, e.g. by MacAlpine in comhlach for connlach or conlach (which he calls 'Irish pronunciation of comhlach'), coimhseas for coinnseas, comhsaich for connsaich, contend, and comhspaid for connspaid, a quarrel. In Northern Gaelic where *a* and *o* become *au* and *ou* before long *nn*, *mh*, which often has the sound of *u* after *a* or *o*, is liable to be written for *nn* where the letter has been assimilated in pronunciation. The West Ross word 'crannlach,' a tulchan calf, for example, so far as the pro-

nunciation, which is 'craulach' (*au* nasal), shows, might equally well be written cramhlach, or even cnamhlach. Thus are to be explained such alternative spellings as famhsgal and fannsgal, hurry, confusion; gamhlas and gannlas, also ganndas, and in Sutherland gamhaldas, malice. Seamhas and seanns, good luck, with corresponding adjective seamhsail and seannsail, lucky, are derived by Dr. MacBain from English 'chance,' and, *mh* being sounded *v* by MacAlpine, furnish a parallel to damhsa and dannsa, dance (*Celt. Rev.*, iv. 172). Tamhasg, blockhead, and tannas, tannasg (tanas and tannas in MacPherson's *Ossian*), an apparition, ghost, if those usual renderings are considered, would seem to be different words, and are so regarded by MacBain; yet the Highland Society's *Dictionary* gives ghost as one of the meanings of tamhasg; and MacAlpine translates it spectre, apparition, ghost, knows no other meaning, and refers to it for the explanation of tannas.

Annlan, condiment, is ainnleann in Arran ('àilleann'), and in Kintyre 'eileann.' MacAlpine gives 'ainnlean' and under lìon ainleann. In Perthshire it is àlan; in Strathspey, Skye, and West Ross, aulan; in North Argyll, eulann. In the south of Sutherland aultan and in the north ùltan are heard, the vowel sound or sounds of the first syllable being nasal in all cases.

Gràννda, ugly, pronounced so, only with *è* for *à* in North Argyll, in Arran, Kintyre and Islay gràννa, is gràda in Perth, Strathspey, Skye, West Ross and Sutherland. Deargannt, a flea, so Arran and Perth, in Kintyre, Islay and North Argyll deargann, is deargad in West Ross and Sutherland. *N* is assimilated to *t* in West Ross in a few cases like duinte, closed, sgàinte, burst, slàinte, health, and *nn* in Sutherland in cainnt, speech, inntinn, mind, muinntir, people.

r

Assimilation of *r* to *l* is prevalent in Strathspey in such words as atharla, heifer; Beurla, English; comhairle, counsel; earlachadh, preparation of food; meirle, theft;

òirleach, inch; Tearlach, Charles. It is found in part of West Ross and in Lewis in Beurla; dòrlach, handful; and the surname MacPharlain, MacFarlane; in West Ross in addition in atharla and garlach, peevish creature, and in Lewis in fairtlich, baffle, 'faillich,' and in North Sutherland in Beurla. Urlar, floor, which is so pronounced in East Perthshire, is in MacAlpine's opinion properly unnlar, and is ùllar in Arran, Glenlyon, Strathspey, and, with *u* nasal, in West Ross, and iùllar in North Sutherland.

Atharnach, 'red land,' that is land cleared of a crop of potatoes or turnips, is athainneach in Badenoch. The word is popularly thought to be from eòrna, barley—ath-eorna-ach—which is usually sown in 'red land,' and is written also aithearnach and aitheornach.

Assimilation Externally

A final *n* or *m* in proclitics also is assimilated to or disappears before certain initial consonants, especially in the northern dialect. The proclitics in question include the article an, nan, the relative an, the plural possessive pronoun an, the preposition an, the interrogative an, and the conjunctions an and na'n if; gun'n, that; mu'n, before. For example, an la, the day, is a' la, and nan laogh, of the calves is na' laogh. So na tighean aig a' robh e, for na tighean aig an robh e, the houses at which he was; na h-eòin agus a' nid the birds and their nests, for na h-eòin agus an nid; chaidh a' losgadh, they were burnt, for chaidh an losgadh; chaill iad a' saothair, they lost their labour, for an saothair, and so on. This loss or absence of *n* is seen before words beginning with *l*, *n*, *r*, or *s*, and sometimes also before initial *d* or *t*. Before *b*, *f*, and *m*, also this *n*, which appears as *m* where it has not been lost, is often wanting in the north, as a' baile for am baile, the town; chaidh a' bristeadh for chaidh am bristeadh, they were broken; a' fraoch for am fraoch, the heather; ann a' fàsach for ann am fàsach, in a wilderness, a' mac for am mac, the son; tha iad le a' maighstir (for am maighstir), they are with their master.

Such assimilation is of course of old standing in the language. The Book of Deer has, for example, igginn for in cinn, at the head of, and naglerec for nan clerec of the clerics.

Before the verbal particle 'do' *n* is sometimes lost. For example, in West Ross, An do chuir thu e? Did you sow it? is 'Do chuir thu e? so 'Do dhùin thu e? Did you close it? Do ghabh thu e? Did you take it? Also in Thubhairt e gu'n do chuir thu e, he said that you had sowed it, gu'n do is sounded gu'do, and so on. A more frequent occurrence in the North and a distinctive feature of the northern dialect is the loss of *d* in all those positions. Munro in his Gaelic *Grammar* says in a footnote (p. 207): 'In speaking, an do, whether interrogative or relative, is commonly contracted into *na*; as 'Na shil e? for *an do* shil e? Has it begun to rain? Seall na ghoil e, for seall an do ghoil e (see if it has boiled), etc. In writing so violent an elision is hardly admissible. In verse, however, where the poet is obliged at times to reduce the two particles into one syllable, the contraction is allowable; more especially as the other form of it ('ndo) is so difficult of pronunciation, *v.* Ossian, *Comala*, ll. 38, 82, 83). The lines from *Comala.* with their renderings in the version by Peter M'Naughton, Grandtully, are:—

'Na choidil righ Mhòrbheinn an treun?'
('Has the brave King of Morbheinn slept?')

'Na thuit MacChumhail féin 'san t-sliabh?
'Na thuit, a thriath a's duibhe sgeul?'
('Has Cumhal's son fallen on the hill?
Has he fallen, thou chief of sad tale?')

In those instances *na* is for the interrogative particle *an* and *do.* The phrase 'Na thuit?' Did [he] fall, is of constant occurrence in MacPherson's Ossian, e.g. *Fingal*, i. ll. 203, 263, 265. Instances of *na* for *an do* abound in the works of Mary MacPherson, the Skye bardess; and some have been quoted in the paper on Skye Gaelic mentioned at the beginning of these articles. For example:—

'S ann chuir thu onair air do dhùthaich
H uile taobh na thriall thu.'
('You have done credit to your land everywhere you have gone.') P. 72 of *Songs*.

'B'e chiad ni air na chrom e
Bhi plùcadh sios nam bantrach.'
('The first thing that he began (*lit.* bent) to was to oppress the widows.') P. 121.

''San dòigh na chleachdadh sibh' for anns an dòigh (anns) an do chleachdadh sibh.'
('In the way in which you were accustomed.') P. 223.

'Far na dh' àraicheadh na Gaisgich.'
('Where were reared the heroes.') Pp. 246, 260.

'Far na sheinn mi,' ('where I sang'), p. 166; 'Gus na thionndadh mi,' ('until I turned'). P. 168.

Where do is preceded by conjunctions with final *n* only *n* remains: Gu'n chreach iad sinn for Gu'n do chreach iad sinn, that they plundered us, p. 34. Gu'n [Gu'n do] ghabh mi, that I took, p. 217.

''S gu'n dhearbh thu bhuaidh m'an dhealaich sibh.'

—gu'n for gu'n do, and m'an for mu'n do—And that thou provedest victorious ere you parted, p. 287. Na'n [Na'n do] chum thu, if you had kept, p. 253.

So in the Hymns of Donald Matheson, Kildonan, Sutherland, we meet with Far na [Far an do] thog thu, where you have built. Ris na [ris an do] chleachd thu, to whom you were wont. Gu'n [Gu'n do] dhìbir, that [it] has forsaken.

Aspiration

The prepositions do, to, and de, of, in positions in which they have not been worn down to a mere vowel 'a' are aspirated initially in the Northern, but not in the Southern dialect. Mary MacPherson has:—

'Is ionnsaichibh dha'n oigridh i,'
('And teach it [Gaelic] to the children.') P. 38.

And again :—

'S iomadh car a chaidh dhe'n t-saoghal.'
('Many a change the world has seen.') P. 54.

In Matheson's Hymns the aspirated and the unaspirated forms are met with sometimes within a single stanza. Where the prepositions are reduced to 'a,' North and South do not differ; as Chaidh e a Lunainn, or even Chaidh e Lunainn, he went to—*do*—London; Am beagan a fhuair thu a ghliocas, the little you have got of—*de*—wisdom.

Variations in sound of certain aspirated consonants in different forms of the same word occur in Northern Gaelic. In Skye *mh* sounds *v* in cnàimh, bone, and *u* or *w* in the plural cnàmhan; *bh* is *v* in the imperatives eubh, call; gabh, take; falbh, go; leubh, read; sàbh, saw; but is silent in the subjunctive eubhadh, the Future Indicatives gabhaidh, falbhaidh, and the infinitives leubhadh, sàbhadh, and *dh* is sounded in biadh, feed, but is silent in biadhadh, feeding.

In West Ross *mh* is *v* in sgiamh, squeal, and *u* or *w* in sgiamhail, squealing; *bh* is *v* in sgrìobh, write, sàbh, a saw, leubh, eubh, but *u* (*w*) in sgrìobhadh, writing, in the verb 'sàbhaig,' saw, and is silent in leubhadh, reading, eubhachd, calling; and *dh* is sounded *dh* in luadh, full, but *h* in luadhadh, fulling.

Conversely in other cases the consonant has the more degraded pronunciation where it is final. In Easter Ross *gh* in truagh, wretched, has the sound of *u*, but in truaghan, a wretch, it has that of *v*. So in Sutherland *bh* is *u* in eubh, but *v* in eubhachd, and *mh* which is *u* in cnàimh and is silent in làimh, hand, is sounded *v* in the plurals cnàmhan and làmhan.

Eclipsis

Traces of eclipsis are found more or less in most dialects. As a prominent feature it is met with in Skye and Lewis, and also, it is said, in the west of Sutherlandshire. Tìr nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach, land of the bens, the glens, and the heroes, usually pronounced Tìr nam beann nang gleann 's nang gaisgeach, is in Skye, and presumably in

Lewis, Tìr nam 'eann, nang 'leann 's nang 'aisgeach. *N* of the article, etc., is changed in sound to *ng* before *g*, and also before *c* in Scottish Gaelic generally. Thus an guth, the voice, is pronounced 'ang guth,' and an cù, the dog, 'ang cù.' 'Whether you go or not?' is in Lewis Gaelic 'Eadar gu'n 'éid no nach téid thu?' Téid, go, is itself eclipsed after an, gu'n, cha'n, nach, etc., in Scottish Gaelic generally *i.e.* it is pronounced 'déid' not 'téid.' In Skye the following cases of eclipsis have been observed:—

b after the article, *e.g.* am baile, the town, 'am 'aile,' nam baile of the towns 'nam 'aile.' So am bard, the poet, nam bard, of the poets, etc.

d after the article, as an duine, the man, 'an 'uine'; after the preposition 'an' in the phrase an deaghaidh, after, and after the numeral aon, one.

g after the article, as an geamhradh, the winter, 'an 'eamhradh.'

The change does not take place regularly and is not carried out consistently. An exceptional instance is the name Ben Jianabhaig not far from Portree, written Beinn Dìonabhaig in Mary MacPherson's *Songs* (p. 23), and heard locally as Beinn ianabhaig. The neighbouring township is called in Gaelic Camus Jianabhaig, written Camstinvag by Martin, but *D* may have been changed to *J* after final *s* of Camus.

In Badenoch such a pronunciation may sometimes be heard as Am bosgail e? for Am fosgail e? Will it open?

The change of initial *b* to *m* sometimes in words and in place-names is explained by eclipsis. For example bealaidh, broom, a word thought to have come to us from the Pictish language, is mealaich with MacAlpine, and mealaidh in Skye; binid, rennet, is minid in North Argyll, and Moness, a place-name near Aberfeldy, was of old Buness.

Metathesis

'Metathesis,' Mr. Quiggin says, 'is a frequent phenomenon in Gaelic dialects, as will be patent to any one turning over

the leaves of Dinneen's *Dictionary*.' Among the examples he gives from Donegal are clupaide, wrinkle in cloth, etc.; Middle Irish culpait; craorac, light red, for caor-dhearg; tligean, vomiting, for teilgean, from teilgim, throw, Scottish Gaelic tilg; ruball, tail, for earball; Cnochar for Conchar, Connor, Middle Irish Conchobar. According to Dinneen comhluadar, conversation, is cluadar in Derry and cruadal in East Ulster and Omagh. Many of the examples are common to Scottish Gaelic also, as éisteacht, listening, Old Irish éitsecht, our éisdeachd; altughadh, grace at meat, Old Irish attlugud, our altachhadh; fuasclaim, release, our fuasgail, Early Irish fuaslaicim; réalt, star, Early Irish rétla, our reul and reult; coisreacadh, consecration, Scottish coisrigeadh, Book of Deer consecrad, Old Irish coisecrad, from Latin consecratio. The Middle Irish comairce, protection, appears in Modern Irish as coimirce, comraighe, and coimrighe, and in Scottish Gaelic as comraich, with coimric, coimirc, etc., in dictionaries. The comparative of fagus, near, Irish fogus, is with us faisge for faigse, in Irish foigse and foisce. The Old Irish foráil is fuláir in Modern Irish and fuilear in Scottish Gaelic except in West Ross and Sutherland; Cha'n fhuilear dhomh, I had better, it is time for me, etc., is in West Ross sometimes and in Sutherland usually Cha'n fhuireal.

Latin axilla, Irish ascall, oscaill, ocsal, Middle Irish ochsal, usually achlais in Scottish Gaelic, is asgaill in Arran and aslaic in Perthshire, while asgall, asgailt, and asgnaill are given in dictionaries and aslaich in the margin of Proverbs xix. 24. Sasunn, England, for old Sagsunn, is in Arran Sasgunn, though the adjective is there Sasunnach. Féile, kilt, in North Argyll éile, is eibhle (*bh* sounded *v*) in Arran; Shaw gives ebhladh, and the Highland Society's *Dictionary* has éibhleadh from Gillies. Éibhleag, live coal, is eilbheag, and earball, tail, generally urball, but sometimes ulabar, all in Arran. Diordaoin, Thursday, is Di-daoirn in Arran, Islay, and Jura. Aonghas, Angus, is Naoghas in Arran, Kintyre, Islay, and Skye, and seangan, an ant, is sneaghan in Arran, Kintyre (pronounced 'sneagan' in those two districts), Islay,

Perth, and West Ross, snioghan in Badenoch, and snioghag in Sutherland.

Barail, opinion, is balair in Perth, Badenoch, and Strathspey, and is written ballir in the Book of the Dean of Lismore. Coinneal, candle, is coilinn in Perth and coillinn in Badenoch; fairtlich, baffle, is faltraich in Badenoch and Strathspey, and earball, tail, is ealabar in the Laggan division of Badenoch.

Slender *ls* or *lls* sometimes becomes *sl*. Foillsich, reveal, from follus, may be heard as foislich; and soillsich, brighten, from solus, as soislich, *e.g.* in North Argyll, West Ross, and Lewis. Mìslean, sweet meadow grass, a form used by Duncan Ban Macintyre, is for milsean, from milis, sweet, and soislean, phosphorescence, in West Ross, is for soillsean. Drisleach for drìlseach, glittering, occurs in dictionaries. MacAlpine has disle and dillse as comparative of dileas, faithful, etc., and Armstrong's duisleag for duileasg, dulse, may be noted.

Sometimes the reverse takes place. In Kintyre ailsing for aisling, vision, and cuilse for cuisle, pulse, may be heard. In Perth and Strathspey, where the forms foillsich, soillsich, dillse are retained, there seems to be a preference for *ls* or *lls*. Isle, lower, comparative of iosal, is there illse, and so with the related forms ìslean, inferiors, 'illsean,' and ìslich, to lower, 'illsich.' Similarly uaisle, nobler, nobility, from uasal, noble, is uaillse, a form occurring also in Badenoch, and so 'uaillsean,' gentry; 'daoine uaillse,' gentlemen. Armstrong gives illse, illsich, uaillse and uaillsean; and MacAlpine writes uaisle, but pronounces uaillse.

In all these forms except the two from Kintyre *l* or *ll* when standing before *s* is long, but when *s* precedes *l* the vowel, if short, is lengthened. (Drìlseach is properly drillseach with long *ll*.) In ìsle, for example, *i* is long while in illse it is short, and *ll* is long. So with foislich (*oi* lengthened), etc. In uaisle, uaillse, etc., the vowel—diphthong—is already long and does not change, but *ll* is long in the latter form.

In Northern Gaelic, or at all events in several of the northern dialects, *m* often changes places with a following *l* or

r. Imleag, navel, is 'ilimeag,' and imlich, to lick 'ilimich' in Badenoch, Strathspey, North Argyll, West Ross, North Sutherland and Lewis; and imrich, removal, is irimich in all except Lewis. Iomraidh or imridh, must, is irimidh in Badenoch and firimidh in North Argyll and North Sutherland. Lomradh, a fleece, fleecing, is luramadh in Badenoch and loramadh in Sutherland. Iomradh, report, is uramadh in North Argyll, and ioramadh in West Ross and Lewis, while iomradh or iomramh, rowing, also uramadh in North Argyll, is ioramag in West Ross and ioramadh in North Sutherland. The word iorram, a boat-song, rowing-song, explained by MacBain as air-rám, 'at-oar,' seems rather to be a metathesis of the imperative 'iomair' of the latter verb used as a noun. Iomair is heard as ioraim in West Ross. In West Ross and North Sutherland iomlaid, exchange, is iolamaid, and iomrall, error, is ioramall in West Ross and Lewis. Lomnochd, naked, in West Ross and South Sutherland luramachd, and in both North and South Sutherland and in Lewis loramachd, shows dissimilation combined with metathesis. Seamrag, clover, is siormag, 'siuramag,' in North Argyll, and both searamag and silimeag in West Ross. Arcas for acras, hunger, and arcach for acrach, hungry, occur in Strathspey and in West Ross. The English word 'cork' has become crocas, and deisciobul is 'deisbigil,' both in West Ross. The English cumber borrowed into Gaelic as cumraich, cuimrig and coimrig, occurs in the south of Sutherland as cumraig and cuirmaig, and in the north as coirmig. According to the new dictionary by MacDonald, fuaidne, peg of a warping-frame, is in Uist fuaidhne, and is also written fuaithne, and has plurals fuaintean and fuaircean. The Sutherlandshire word iolaman, a covering of skin for the mouth of a milk-pail, is probably to be explained as iomallan, a remainder or piece of a skin used for the purpose. The word is used by Rob Donn. Dùdlachd, dùldachd, dùdlach so North Argyll, dùbhlachd so West Ross, Dùlach so Glenlyon, all mean the depth or darkest part of the wintre, 'dark December.'

ORAN LUATHADH

(Waulking Song)

Hill-in hill-ò horo-éile
Hill-in hill-ò hill-in ra bhò
Hill-in hill-ò horo-éile.

Dhirich mi mach a bheinn ghruamaich
Thearnaich mi lag an fhraoich uaine.

Shuidh mi air a chnoc bu bhuaidhche
Shil mi na deoir chruinne chruaidhe.

Chìr mi mo cheann, dh' fhag mi ghruaig ann,
Thuit i air mo ghluin na dualaibh.

Suil dh' an d'thug mi thar mo ghuaillinn
Chunna mi tighinn na h-uaislean.

Coltas Dhomhnuill bhàin is Ruaraidh
Is Somhairle buidhe a' chuil dualaich.

Ged a bha, cha robh mo luaidhs' ann
Cha robh, a ghaoil, b'fhada uam thu.

'S aithne dhomh fhin na chuir uam thu
Meud mo ghaoil is lughad m' fhuath ort.

'S gun mo chrodh laoigh bhi air buaile
'S gun mo ghearrain òg' air chruadhlach.

'S gun mo bhraithrean òg mun cuairt domh
'S iad air chùl nan tonnan fhuaraidh.

'S m' athair a bhì marbh fo'n fhuar-lìc
'S mo mhathair bhi na laidhe suas ris.

O mile mollachd air na chuir uam thu
'S a chuir thu an luib te fhuadaich!

Chaidil thu raoir air a cluasaig
'S gun d' fhag sid mo chadal-s' luaineach.

Ach ged is ise 's motha buaile
Gur a mìse 's pailte dh' uaisle.

Cruinnichidh mo bhraithrean mun cuairt domh
Luchd na leadan 's nan cul dualach.

'Dhireadh a mach ris na fuar-bheann
Dol a shealg na h-earba ruadha.

Leagta damh dubh is damh ruadh leo
Leagta 'n eilid is an ruadh-chearc.

THE LATE MR. DONALD MACKECHNIE

Our readers have heard with much concern of the death of one of our most esteemed contributors, as well as a foremost Gaelic author, which took place at Edinburgh on the 18th of May last. Mr. MacKechnie was born on the 25th of December 1836, in Glengarisdale, an almost inaccessible spot on the shore of Corryvreckan, in the north end of the island of Jura. There were only two families living in the lonely glen, and there was of course no school. But his maternal grandfather lived some miles away in the neighbourhood of a small side school, and thither the boy was sent betimes, and was taught to read and write. While a growing lad he had an active country life, ever on the hill or on the sea, shooting and fishing—an experience which had no small share in moulding his character. He found his way to Glasgow at an early age, where he managed to improve his education by attending evening classes, and by private reading. Thereafter he migrated to Edinburgh, where, with one or two short intermissions, he made his home. After some experience in various offices he engaged in business on his own account. He was fairly successful, but his health, for many years precarious, broke down. He retired from business and lived on a modest competency a quiet life in the city until the end came.

It is not an uncommon thing for pushing Highland lads brought up in out-of-the-way localities, by their own exertions, backed, not infrequently, by great self-denial on the part of their parents, to overcome the defective education of

their boyhood, and make their way in the world. All of us can count up scores who went through much the same experience as Mr. MacKechnie in this respect. The more common outlet for lads of 'parts' has been among us to aim at one or other of the learned professions, the ministry being hitherto the favourite. Mr. MacKechnie does not seem to have had any ambition or 'call' in that direction. Had the choice been left to him he would probably have selected literature as his vocation. But meanwhile he must live; and poet though he was he was possessed of robust common sense. So, as he would say himself, he pulled the nearest oar, with the firm resolve, however, that when opportunity offered, he would exchange it for his favourite one.

His first experience in authorship was, as was natural, in Gaelic song. There are pieces still floating about which he composed while a young lad in Jura which many of his friends consider well worthy of being printed, but he himself was of a different opinion. In 1875-6 he contributed short poems to the *Gael*, a periodical flourishing at the time, under a favourite designation of his, *Am Bard Luideagach*. The distinctive note of intellectual culture, as well as of imagination, struck in these compositions, combined with their vigorous and terse expression, attracted attention; and henceforward thoughtful Gaelic readers eagerly read every scrap which appeared over the whimsical signature. Meanwhile the poet's mental growth and development proceeded. He made himself well acquainted with the best authors in modern Gaelic literature. But neither his intellect nor his imagination could be satisfied with the scanty fare which Gaelic literature, good of its kind, provided. The poet read and made himself master of the great English authors in prose and verse. He knew, as few Gaelic poets do, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, while among his favourite prose authors were Carlyle, Huxley, and Spencer. In later years he was much attracted by the Persian poet, Omar Khayyám, and rendered many of that author's pieces into Gaelic verse. Mr. MacKechnie, though not

what one would call an omnivorous reader, was all along an ardent student. His intellectual force and literary judgment led him to the best authors. These and these alone he studied, and their influence is manifest in his writings. No one can read 'The Brook,' 'The Voice of the Sea,' 'The Dialogue between the Bard and the Shepherds,' which is an eloquent and characteristic commentary on the text, 'What mean ye by these stones?' without tracing an echo of Wordsworth, for example, almost in every quatrain. 'And what for no?' If we can assimilate and make our very own the spirit and best thoughts of the highest minds, the more we read and reproduce of them the better for all concerned. So worked Dugald Buchanan and Donald MacKechnie, and all Gaelic readers have benefited thereby. The only regret is that both authors wrote so little.

A word must be said about the author's prose writings. In melody and rhythm several Gaelic poets, dead and living, reached to higher perfection than can justly be claimed for MacKechnie's verse. I do not know that any Gaelic writer, of modern times at any rate, excels him in prose. I have said elsewhere that there were only three men known to me who could as stylists be fitly compared with him—the two Macleods, for to judge from the few specimens which Dr. John Macleod of Morvern was prevailed upon to write, he may justly be named along with his elder but hardly more gifted brother, and Lachlan Maclean of Coll, a very different man, but with a gift of diction and idiom all his own. It will be admitted that the dialogues in which *Caraid nan Gaidheal* gives expression to the ideas of the Highland crofters and fishermen of his day are inimitable, and worthy of even Dickens, while the ecclesiastical flavour which surrounds them detracts little, if anything, from their value. Mr. MacKechnie's monologues are in their ideas and setting as different from these as can well be imagined. Here the highly trained intellect of a very capable man gives his own views of men and things, with a probing and questioning almost Socratic in its patience and persistence, and with a

terseness and crispness of phrase more akin to French than to Gaelic prose, but with the result that the monologue is read to the very end by the thoughtful student with equal if not even greater interest than the dialogue. The achievement is the more remarkable when one remembers that MacKechnie wrote these papers frequently on a sickbed; that he left the Highlands at a very early age; and that during his whole life his visits to his native district were comparatively rare, while his connection with Highland life in the city was intermittent. And yet his command of Gaelic diction and idiom was as correct and easy as though he had never left Jura. A mild-mannered, high-spirited gentleman, he possessed the gift of forcible and apt expression in an unusual degree. It was probably inherited. He used to say that he never met a man whose conversation in Gaelic equalled his father's in directness and point. And as long as he lived he wrote regularly to his mother regarding a word or an idiom upon which he felt any doubt. The Gaelic-speaking people are eminently conservative in many of their ways. Still we have made some progress, forward, backward, or crab-like, since the Macleods and Maclean wrote Gaelic, seventy to eighty years ago. Maclean and MacKechnie were both men of humour, each in his way; and perhaps as good an example as any by which to compare them is to be found in the prefaces to their respective books. As is well known, Maclean printed in 1837 a volume entitled *Adam and Eve*, the object being to prove that Gaelic, not Hebrew, was the language of our first parents. In order to fit him to write such a work Maclean did honestly acquire some knowledge of Hebrew. Still he seems to have felt that the reader on seeing such a display of Celtic and Semitic philology might suspect that the author received some assistance from friendly Hebraists. So he concluded his preface with the following sentence: 'Aon fhacal, agus 's e so e,—Gabh lethsgeul mearachdan a' chlò bhruthaidh, tha iad lionmhor; Gabh lethsgeul laigse an ughdair, tha i mor; agus O! cuir air an athair cheart i, oir cha robh lamh riamh no corrag mu'n

obair a leanas ach an làmh so.' When Mr. MacKechnie, four years ago, published the *Fear-ciùil* he was deeply anxious as to the success of the book (who would not be?), but he affected an air of indifference which deceived no one, but which sat well upon him, a sturdy independence being a prominent feature of his character, and addressed the reader thus: 'Tha mise cur a mach an leabhair so, cha'n ann a chionn gu bheil moran iarraidh aig an t-saoghal air, ach a chionn gur e mo thoil fhéin sin a dheanamh . . . Mo bhean, aig nach 'eil facal Gaidhlig, an déigh dhi aon de na duilleagan a sgrùdadh gu poncail 's an ceann cèarr rithe, thuirt i nach deanadh e feum; gu'm b' fheàrr dhomh mo phìob a lasadh le m' leabhar na daoine bhi gàircachdaich mhagaidh orm. Thuirt mi rithe na'm pàigheadh iad air son mo leabhair, gu robh mi coma co dhiù ghaireadh no chaoineadh iad. 'Ma tha,' arsa mise, 'duin' ann as lugha mo chiataich dheth na gach duin' eile, 's e am fear nach urrainn gàire cridheil a dheanamh; agus, 'na dhéighsan, am fear, ma's fhìor e fhéin, nach teid aig' air breug innseadh. Fhaic thu, thig an dà nì sin, an gàire 's a' bhreug, cho nàdurra do dhuine ri tarruing analach, 's ciod a th' ann dà ach a bhi breabadh an aghaidh nan dealg, 's a' buaireadh an fhreasdail, a bhi cur an aghaidh naduir.' It is satisfactory to know that the book has been sold out, and that there is a prospect of a new and much enlarged edition being issued shortly.

Readers of Gaelic scattered over the world will miss for many a day the delightful productions of this capable man, while his many personal friends, together with the inhabitants of 'Diùra chreagach chiar' deeply sympathise with his sorrowing widow and family in the loss of a man of great talent, high character, gentle manner, and kind heart.

DON. MACKINNON.

THE CELTIC REVIEW

OCTOBER 15, 1908

THE LIFE OF ADAMNAN

(Translated from the *Betha Adamnáin*, printed in *Anecdota from Irish MSS.*, No. II., from MS. No. 4190-4200, fol. 29-33, Bibliothèque Royale, Brussels.)

M. JOYNT

CAP. 1. *Accinge sicut vir lumbos tuos.*—The Holy Spirit, the Spirit which excels all other spirits, the Spirit which hath illumined the Church of the two-fold Covenant [1] with the grace of wisdom and prophecy, that Spirit it is which hath inspired these words through a man of the grace of God, even Job the afflicted, saying: *Accinge*, etc.; that is, it was to praise that holy man that God spake to the devil: *Numquid considerasti servum meum Job*, etc.

Many holy and righteous men, both of the Old and the New Covenant, have fulfilled this teaching; to wit, they have subdued and restrained their flesh and have shown many examples in well-doing to peoples and to churches; even as it was fulfilled by the ray, the flame, the precious stone, the shining lamp, whose festival and commemoration fall at this time and season, namely Sanctus Adamnanus, the holy arch-presbyter Adamnan.

CAP. 2. It is, then, at this time that we are told how Adamnan was addressed by the devil, who came to him in human form [2] to assail him, because the men of Munster had

[1] *Lit.* 'the two-fold Church.'

[2] *Lit.* 'countenance.'

forcibly constrained him to go to Adamnan; and so he came with many questions. One of the questions was whether the devil had sinned in [his original angelic] form or in [his fallen] deformity, and whether Adam had transgressed wittingly or through ignorance. 'Tis [a] daring [question],' said Adamnan. 'Marvel not,' quoth the warrior. 'He who addresses thee is one that knoweth; for I was present when it befell.'[1] Adamnan gazes at him wrathfully and straightway makes the sign of the cross in his face. Thereupon the man of tribulations departed from his sight, leaving his stench behind in the assembly; so that the whole multitude (congregation?) recognised that it was the devil in the shape of man who had gone [forth] to deceive the multitudes. And the name of God was magnified through his expulsion by Adamnan.

Cap. 3. Another time Adamnan was in the royal assembly of Conall and Coirbre at Assaroe levying his tribute. There comes the heir to the crown of MacAnmirech, to wit, Flannabra son of Cummascach, [bringing] with him in custody a female prisoner, who had killed another woman, that he might know Adamnan's will concerning her; and he said to the cleric: 'Deliver a righteous judgment on this woman who hath killed the other woman.' *Dixit* Adamnan—and a flush of wrath (?) came over him—'What else seemeth right to thee save to put her to death?' 'Who shall put her to death?' said the warrior. 'One whom no mother hath borne,' said Adamnan. 'Such a one am I,' said the warrior, 'for I was not born at all, but was taken forth through my mother's side after her death.' 'I know not that counter-rule (?),' said Adamnan. 'Nevertheless, God hath delivered the woman; and thou shalt not go without punishment, for thou thyself shalt die speedily, and no descendant of thine shall hold kingship, nor shall any man of thy race ever have a band of soldiers outnumbering five.' Then Adamnan took the kingship from the children of Dungal mac [Elodach for the race of Loegaire son of Fergus son of] Ailell king of

[1] roba-sa hi fiad-naissi in cuta. *cuta*=*chota*, gen. of *cuit*?

the Hy Echach, after they had sworn by[1] the hand of Adamnan.

Cap. 4. Moreover, Adamnan took the kingship from Irgalach, grandson of Conaing and his children, because he had slain Niall mac Cernaig in defiance of Adamnan.

A decree went forth from Finnachta, son of Dunchad, king of Tara, that the land of Columbcille should have [but] equal immunity [from burdens] with the land of Patrick and Findia and Ciarán, to wit, that it [too] should come under bondage. That thing was told to Adamnan, and it seemed not right in his eyes; for the men of Erin had granted to Columbcille, because of the excellence of his race above all other saints in Erin, that his land should be free from burdens. Said Adamnan: 'Short shall be the life of the king by whom this proclamation hath been made; he shall be slain by his own kindred, and there shall be no ruler of his race till Doom, nor shall any man bearing his name be in the kingship of Tara.' And even so it came to pass.

Cap. 5. Conall Oirgnech, son of Congal, king of the race of Maine, said that he would not accept the law of Adamnan. Said his brother Connla: 'Were I the king, I would accept the law.' Then Conall derided his brother's feebleness of spirit. Said Adamnan: 'Short shall be the life of Conall, and a dog's death shall carry him off; and there shall be no ruler of his race over Tethba till Doom. And Connla son of Congal shall be ruler, and by his descendants shall the kingship be held, unless they withstand my successor.' And so it came to pass.

Moreover, Adamnan took the kingship from Cathusach, son of Eochu, king of Dalriada, and from his children for ever. And he took the kingship over the Hy Fidgenti from Flaithbe of the race of the sons of Erc and from his children for ever, and gave it to the race of Laippe of the Hy Echach of Munster, because he had slain Dungal son of Fergus.

Cap. 6. Another time Adamnan went to the province of Leinster to contest the possession of Leix of Telach Bregmon

[1] *Lit.* 'beneath.'

against the community of Glendalough. Cellach son of Gerthide it was who was king of Leinster at the time, and Dubgal[1] was abbot of Glendalough. Adamnan went to them upon the hill. No one rose before him; for the erenagh had said that it behoved him not to rise before Adamnan, for that he was a bishop and Adamnan [only] a priest. But Murchad son of Bran rose before him: a lord of that district he. Then Adamnan said unto them: 'Not humble have ye been towards me, in that ye rose not before us. . . . The bishop, first of all, who rose not in act of humility, he shall rise to commit a shameful sin, and shall persist in that sin to the day of his death; and he shall die in the arms of a harlot and that neither afield nor at home; he shall be a denizen of hell; nor shall it be long ere this befall him. The king, again, out of his kingship shall he rise before the man who hath risen before me, namely, Murchad son of Bran.' And he told Murchad to rise [and come] with him, for that he would be slain if he tarried on the hill. The men of Leinster went to Murchad and made him king; and Cellach went in exile to Congal, son of Fergus, king of Tara. [Then] Congal accompanied Cellach against the men of Leinster, with the hosts of the Hy Néill, until he reached Farnagh. Adamnan went into the provinces of Connacht till he met them at that hill. Adamnan said to Congal that Cellach should not be made king in defiance of the command of God and of Adamnan himself. Congal said that the affairs of the churches would be settled according to the will of Adamnan, but that to himself belonged the disposition of king and people. However, Adamnan declared that Cellach should not be king; and that there should not be a ruler of his race over Leinster for ever, and that each man of his offspring should be worse than those that went before. He said, moreover, to Congal, son of Fergus: 'Thou shalt not be king from this day forth; and thou shalt not reach thy own land alive; a sudden death shall carry thee off, and there shall never be ruler sprung from thee.' And all came to pass as Adamnan said.

[1] Dubhguail MS.

Cap. 7. Once when Adamnan was going round (past?) a graveyard in Tory [Island], the saint gazed at the graveyard and blessed it, and said: 'The body of a woman with child is in the graveyard, and it is an offence to the saints that she should be there. Yonder is her grave, open it and take [the body] to the sea-shore. 'There are,' said Adamnan, 'four men in that graveyard; and if they should pray to God to turn the sea that is between Tory and the mainland into dry land, or to uplift the sky from the earth if it should fall on it, it would be done at their request.'[1]

Cap. 8. The Saxons of the north went to Erin and laid waste Magh Bregh as far as Bealach Dúin, and carried off great spoil of captives, men and women. The men of Erin besought Adamnan to go to the Saxons to ask for their spoils. Adamnan went to ask for the spoils; and he came upon a stretch of sea-coast,[2] long (wide?) was its beach and swift its tide. Such is its swiftness, that the best horse in Saxonland beneath a good rider, with its back to the waves, when the tide is coming in, will scarce bear its rider to land [even] swimming, for the extent of the beach and the swiftness of the tide. The Saxons would not suffer Adamnan to land on the shore. 'Draw your coracles upon the shore,' said Adamnan to his followers, 'for both the sea and the land are subject to the will of God and nought can be done against God.' The clerics did as they were told them. Adamnan with his crozier drew a circle round the coracles, and God made the strand firm beneath the coracles, and made a high wall of the sea around them, so that it was on an island they were; and the sea went past the island to its bounds and no harm befell them. When the Saxons saw that great miracle, trembling laid hold of them for fear of Adamnan, and they granted him his full will. And the will of Adamnan was that the entire spoil should be given to him and that the Saxons should never make another raid on Ireland. And Adamnan brought back the entire spoil.

[1] The translation given of this sentence is conjectural: the text here is probably corrupt.

[2] MS. *tracht rompa*: leg. *t. romra*?

Cap. 9. Another time it happened that Adamnan was on a Sunday in the northern part of Magh Bregh, to wit, in Hy mic Uais. There it was that a hundred cooked sheep were given to him, and amongst them a hound which had been cooked [likewise]. Through the grace of the Holy Spirit, Adamnan discerned the hound among the sheep, and he said to the victuallers, 'Which of you hath given us the hound among the sheep?' Each of them swore severally that it was not he. Then said Adamnan to the hound: 'In the name of the Lord, arise quickly and make known to us thy master.' The hound rose at once at the word of Adamnan and sprang on his master and bore him to the ground. Adamnan asked the man: 'How many of you have had a hand in this deed?' 'Four men of the Hy Cuirb,' said the man. Then spake Adamnan, cursing them:—

'A curse upon[1] them and around them, who are . . .
Out of Uachtar Aird I pronounce it on the Hy Cuirb.'

And he said that their posterity should never outnumber four men.

Cap. 10. It happened on a time that the body of Bruide mac Bili, king of the Picts, was brought to Iona. A sore grief was his death to Adamnan; and he said that the body of Bruide should be brought to his house that night. And he kept watch by the body in the house till morning. On the morrow morning when the body began to move and to open its eyes, then it was that a certain austere devotee came to the door of the house and said: 'If there is likelihood of Adamnan's raising the dead, I declare that no cleric who shall come in his place shall be made abbot unless he [too] raise the dead.' 'There is some justice in that,' said Adamnan. 'If it be more fitting, let us bestow a blessing on the body and on[2] the soul of Bruide.' [Then] Bruide once more sent forth his spirit to heaven, with the blessing of

[1] *Lit.* 'into.'

[2] *Lit.* 'into.'

Adamnan and of the community of Iona. Then it was that Adamnan said :—

'Many wonders worketh the King who was born of Mary :
Life [He giveth] to Scuaban in Mulle, death to Bruide mac Bili.
'Tis strange—after he hath been in the kingship of the people—
A hollow withered oak-stump round the son of the king of
Ail-Cluaithi.'

Cap. 11. Another time Adamnan was in Iona fasting for three days and three nights in his house with closed doors, without coming to the monastery. A few saintly (perfect) [monks] went to the house to see how the cleric fared. They looked through the key-hole and saw a most beautiful little boy on Adamnan's lap. Moreover Adamnan was fondling the child; so that they were sure that it was Jesus who had come in the form of a babe to cheer Adamnan.

Cap. 12. Another time when Adamnan was in Iona a corpse was brought to the island. The bell is rung.[1] All go to meet it save Adamnan. When they reached the sea, the corpse rose from its coracle of hide and said to them: 'Ye should have sought a master of learning to converse with me rather than come to fetch me to my burial. [Thereupon] it propounded many strange (difficult, mysterious) questions to them, which were brought to Adamnan, and he solved them all. 'Ask of Adamnan,' said the corpse, '(for well doth he solve questions) the word which is in the baptismal service, what is meant thereby, namely: *urget te Melthiel.*' They tell that to Adamnan. *Dixit* Adamnan: 'From hell that question was propounded to Columbcille, and no wonder that Amelthiel should be the name of the rank [of the heavenly hierarchy] from which the devil fell by transgression. Open the grave[2] (?) of Columbcille,' said Adamnan. It was done even so, and Adamnan pronounced a blessing in the direction of the corpse. Then was heard the outcry and clamour of Satan as he departed from the corpse to hell.

Cap. 13. Among the special gifts of Adamnan were preaching and instructing. In the last year of his life he

[1] *Lit.* 'struck.' [2] Oslaiccedh in erdam (text): leg. oslaiccidh?

used to preach that about the festival of John tribulation would come upon the men of Erin and Alba. A stranger was wont to visit Colman of Cruachan Aigle (Croaghpatrick), to wit, an anchorite who was in Connacht, and this man used to tell Colman of many wonders: and he told him what Adamnan was prophesying [namely], tribulation to the men of Erin and Alba about the festival of John. 'Verily' (?)[1] quoth Colman. 'It will prove true,' said the man. 'This is the tribulation, that Adamnan shall go to heaven on the festival of John. It is a great happening, and a great sorrow it is in the west of the world. And send thou word to him,' said the man. Colman sent that message to Adamnan. ''Tis likely that will be true,' saith Adamnan, 'that I should go to our [heavenly] home in the name of God and of Columbcille.' *Et postea cecinit :—*

'If death should come to me in Hy,
'Twill be a deliverance[2] (?) of mercy,
I know not beneath blue heaven
A spot[3] which were better for (my)
last hour.'

Cap. 14. A righteous man indeed was this man, with purity of nature like a patriarch; a true pilgrim like Abraham; meek and forgiving of heart, like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist like David; a treasury of knowledge like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming the truth like the Apostle Paul; a man full of the grace and favour of the Holy Spirit like the youth John; a lovely garden, admirable with plants (?); a vine-branch with fruitfulness; a shining fire with flames to give warmth and heat to the sons of life in kindling and zeal of charity; a lion in strength and power; a dove in meekness and simplicity; a serpent in cunning and prudence towards good; meek, lowly and gentle towards the sons of life; very austere and harsh towards the sons of death; a slave in toil and service for Christ; a king in dignity and power for binding and loosening, for delivering

[1] *Tó* text. ('silence'?) [2] *Lit.* 'taking.' [3] *Fottan*, 'sod'?

and imprisoning, for slaying and giving life. When the hour of his death drew nigh, the holy Adamnan sent forth his spirit heavenwards to the Lord whom he served. But his body is still with us in this present world, with honour and reverence, and (working) miracles every day. Great as his glory may be now, it shall be greater on the last (?) day, when he shall shine like the sun, and shall put forth as fruit (?) his preaching and his fair deeds, his pilgrimage, his chastity and his humility to the Lord of the elements. In the unity of the nine orders of heavens who have done no sin; in the unity of (the) saints and holy virgins of this world, of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and disciples of Jesus; in the unity of the Godhead and humanity of the Son of God; in the unity which is higher than all unity else, the Unity of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; I claim (? desire, entreat) the mercy of God through the intercession of Adamnan, that I may reach that unity *in sæcula sæculorum.* Amen.

NOTES ON BETHA ADAMNAIN

Cap. 3

Conail.—Tyrconnell, Co. Donegal.
Coirpre.—Barony of Carbury, Co. Sligo.
Ess Ruaidh.—Assaroe, on R. Erne.

Cap. 4

Iorgalach ua Conaing.—According to the Annals of Ulster, Iorgalach Ua Conaing was killed by the Britons (iugulatus est a Britonibus) on Inis mac Nessan (Ireland's Eye) in 702. He had in the previous year killed Niall mac Cernaig, who (according to MacFirbisig) was under the protection of Adamnan.

Finnachta mac Dunchadha.—Finnachta Fledach (the Festive) mac Dunchadha, grandson of Aed Sláine, was King at Tara from 675 to 695, in which year he was killed by two kinsmen, great-grandsons of Aed Sláine. According to Mac Firbisig, Finnachta had befriended Adamnan when the latter was a schoolboy, and when Finnachta became Ardri, Adamnan was his *anmchara* (confessor). The cause assigned by MacFirbisig for the rupture between Finnachta and Adamnan was the remission of the *Boroimhe Laighean* or Leinster tribute, which Finnachta granted on the intercession of St. Moling, a step of which Adamnan disapproved; Finnachta, however, did penance, and was pardoned by Adamnan. Neither the Annals of Ulster nor Mac F. mention the cause of the dispute in the text—namely, Finnachta's

proposal to levy dues on the Church lands belonging to the brotherhood of Columbcille, which had hitherto been free, exemption having been granted to Columbcille on account of his royal descent. As Adamnan himself claimed kinship with Columbcille, his pride of race, as well the interests of his order, was probably concerned in the issue.

CAP. 5

Conall Oircniuch.—C. Oircnech was King of Coirpre (Carbury, Co. Sligo), and according to A.V. fell in the Battle of Bodbgnu (Slieve Banun, Co. Roscommon) in 680. Why Tethba should be mentioned in connection with him is not apparent.

Ui Fidgenti.—A sept occupying the Barony of Coshma, Co. Limerick.

Ui Eachach M.—Iveagh or Ivahagh, Co. Cork.

CAP. 6

Laighsi T. B.—Laighis or Leix in Queen's County; Bregmon is a hill (*telach, tulach*) in the neighbourhood.

Cellach.—Called also C. Derg (Cáin Adam., § 18) and C. Cualann (A.V.), King of Leinster; one of the subscribers to Adamnan's law; his death is given under 715, A.V.

Dubgal.—According to A.V. Dubgal (not Dubguail), Abbot of Glendalough, died (*periit*) in 712. He was a bishop as well as abbot, hence his assumption of superiority towards Adamnan.

Aircinnech.—An *erenagh* was a manager of Church lands and property, and might be a layman; see *Fis Adamn.*, cap. 25. Dubgal seems to have combined the worldly and the ecclesiastical function.

Murchad mac Brain.—Mentioned in A.V. as raiding Cashel (715) and Magh Breg (721), and as one of the victors in the Battle of Almuin (722); his death is given under 726, where he is called King of Leinster.

Congal mac Fergusa.—Congal Cinninghair (so called from Ceannonaghair, at the head of Mulroy Lough, Co. Donegal) was King of Ireland from 704, and died, according to A.V., in 710, 'subita morte, .i. do bidg' (*i.e.* of a fit). According to Keating, 'This Congall was a cruel persecutor of the Irish Church, and burned the regular and secular clergy at Kildare without mercy or distinction. But the divine vengeance pursued him and punished him with a sudden and unlamented death.'

CAP. 7

Toraig.—Tory Island off Co. Donegal.

CAP. 8

In 695, according to A.V., the Saxons laid waste Magh Breg. In 687, according to the same authority, 'Adamnan brought back sixty captives to Ireland.' The description in the text points to the Solway Firth as the scene of Adamnan's encounter with the Saxons.

Belach Duin.—Castlekieran, barony of Upper Kells, Co. Meath.

CAP. 9

Uaib mic Uais.—A sept of Meath, whose name survives in the barony of Moygoish, Co. Westmeath.

CAP. 10

Bruide m. Bili.—Bruide mac Bile was King of Fortrenn or Pictland in Scotland; his death is given by A.V. under 693.

Ala Cluaithi.—Ail Cluaide, 'Rock of the Clyde,' old name of Dumbarton in Scotland.

CAP. 13

For prophecies relating to the Festival of St. John the Baptist, see O'Curry, *MS. Materials*, pp. 384, 402, 406, 423.

Cruachan Aigle.—Croagh Patrick, Co. Mayo.

CALUM-CILLE AGUS DOBHRAN A BHRATHAIR

From the MSS of the late FATHER ALLAN MACDONALD

THOISICH Calum-cille air togal na h-I. Chruinnich e moran sluagh. Ach na thogadh e air an latha leagte air an oidhche e. Bhuail e sin air daoine a chur a dh'fhaire na h-I. H-uile maduinn bhitheadh iad sin marbh aig bonn na h-I. Cha do lean e fad air daoine a chur ann, ach bho'n a bha e fhein na dhuine naomh chaidh e agus dh'fhan e 'g fhaire na h-I fiach am faiceadh e no am faigheadh e ciod e a bha tighinn cearr oirre. Bha e a coimhead h-uige agus bhuaithe—agus bha iad ag radh gur ann air sgurr na creige faisge air a mhuir a bha i—cha'n fhaca mise i. Chunnaic e biast a tighinn bharr a chladaich 's an dala leth dhi na h-iasg agus an leth eile an coltas boireannaich. Bha i sean le slignich. 'Nuair a chrath i i-fein chuir i crith air an I 's air an talamh. Leig i glig dhith fhein mar gu'm biodh pigeachan[1] 'g an crathadh. Chaidh Calum-cille sios na coinneamh agus bhruidhinn e rithe agus dh'fhaighneachd e dhith am b'fhiosrach i gu de bha marbhadh na daoine bha esan a cur a dh'fhaire na h-I a's an oidhche. Thuirt i ris gu'm b'fhiosrach. 'Ciod a bha'g eiridh dhaibh?' ars' e. Thuirt ise nach robh sian ach an t-eagal a bha iad a gabhail roimpe, nuair a bha i tighinn gu tir gu robh an cridhe leum as a chochull aca. 'An fhiosrach dhuit,' ars' e, 'ciod e a tha leagail na h-I a tha mise togail?' 'Is fhiosrach,' ars ise. 'Bithidh an I a tuitim mar sin gu brath, a Chaluim-chille naoimh. Cha mhise a tha ga leigeil ach na dheighidh sin thathar ga leagadh.' 'An aithne dhuit a nise an aon doigh

[1] Earthenware jars.

air an cuir mi air aghaidh an I?' ''S aithne,' ars' ise. 'A Chaluim-chille naoimhe, am maireach cuiridh tusa ceisd air na bheil a dhaoine 's an obair agad fiach co fear a dheonaicheas e fhein a thiodhlacadh beo fo'n talamh, agus bithidh anam sabhailte ma dheonaicheas e sin a dheanamh, agus cha'n fhaic iad mise so gu brath na dheigh. Theid an I air aghart gun umhail sam bith'. An la-r-na mhaireach chuir e ceisd air an t-sluagh mhor an robh a h-aon sam bith dhiubh a dheonaicheadh a thiodhlacadh beo air chumhnanta gu'm biodh anam sabhailte ann am flathanas. Cha robh gin sam bith deonach gabhail dha 'n t-sloc ged a bha e air innis gu'm bitheadh anam sabhailte le ordadh Dhia. (Dh'innis ise dha cuideachd gu'm feumadh sheachd fhaid dhoimhneachd a bhi 's an t-sloc). Bha Dobhran bochd a bhrathair ann an iomall an t-sluaigh. Thain' e nall agus sheas e air culaibh Chaluim-chille a bhrathair agus thuirt e gun robh esan uile dheonach a bhi air a thiodhlacadh uile bheo fo'n talamh air chumhnanta gu'n gabhadh an I togail do Chaluim-chille a bhrathair naomh, agus e toirt creideas do Chaluim-chille gu'm biodh anam sabhailte le ordadh Dhia.

Arsa Calum-cille, 'ged nach'eil brathair agam ach Dobhran bochd tha mi toilichte gur e a dheonaich a dhol dha'n t-sloc.' Agus nach motha na sin a chite a bhiast a tighinn thun a chladaich gu brath.

Rinneadh an sloc seachd airdead duine. Nuair a chunnaic Dobhran an t-sloc thionndaidh e ri Calum-cille,'s dh'iarr e mar fhabhar ceann a chuir air an t-sloc agus esan fhagail na sheasamh cho fada 's a thogradh Dia fhagail beo.

Fhuair e iarrtas, a chuir sios beo dha'n t-sloc. Dh'fhagadh an so e.

Thainig Calum-cille is thoisich e air an I 's bha e fichead la ag obair 's bha an I a dol air aghaidh uamhasach. Bha e toilichte an ghnothach a bhi dol leis.

Ann an ceann an fhichead latha 'nuair a bha h-uile ni air thuairim a bhi dol air aghart gu math, thuirt e gu'm bu choir sealltain de chrioch a chaidh air Dobhran bochd, agus an sloc fhosgladh.

Bha Dobhran a coiseachd air urlar an t-sluic. 'Nuair a chunnaic Dobhran gu'n do dh'fhosgladh an t-sloc 's a mhuthaich e 'n saoghal gu leir mu choinneamh thug e cruinn leum as gu bial an t-sluic s' chuir e dha bhois air bial an t-sluic gu h-ard. Chroch e e-fhein ris an t-sloc. Bha lianadh mhor reidh suas 'o 'n I agus moran luachrach oirre. Na chunnaic Dobhran dhe'n luachar dh'fhas e ruadh agus tha am barr beag ruadh sin air an luachar riamh.

Dh'eubh Calum-cille 's e thall—'Uir, uir, air suil Dhobhran mu'n faic e'n corr dhe'n t-saoghal 's dhe 'n pheacadh.' Chuir iad an uir air agus thill iad a dh'ionnsaidh an cuid obrach. 'S cha deachaidh car an aghaidh Calum-cille tuilleadh gus an d'fhuair e crioch air an I.

THE FIRST CELTIC EUCHARISTIC HYMN

Circa A.D. 470.

Translated from the Original Latin by Rev. Father ATKINSON, S.J., Wimbledon College.

With Introductory Note by Rev. Father POWER, S.J., Edinburgh.

IN *The Celtic Review*, January 1906, Father Atkinson gave a full translation of St. Sechnall's hymn in praise of St. Patrick, 'Master of the Scoti,' and kinsman and contemporary of the poet. Far more popular than this long-winded, alphabetic poem, the chief interest of which lies in the explicit statement of the teaching and practice of the Apostle of Ireland, is the Eucharistic hymn by the same author, first printed in the original Gallo-Scotish (not *Scottish*) Latin by Muratori from the Antiphonary of Bangor, fol. 102, and reprinted by Canon Warren in the second volume of his splendid edition of that document. The highly-coloured story of the genesis of this hymn is given in the *Lebar Breac* or *Speckled Book*; but as to its antiquity and authorship I think no reasonable doubt can be entertained. The internal evidence points to the conclusion that the author of the 'Praise of St. Patrick'

and the 'Hymn of the Communicating Priests' is one and the same.

With reference to this latter title, 'Quando communicant Sacerdotes,' it may be noted that nowhere in early Christian Scotia (Ireland-Scotland) did the priests celebrate daily. They partook of the *Corp Crist* (the rendering of *Corpus Christi* in the *Book of Armagh* and the *Tripartite Life*) much more frequently than they stood at the altar for the *Sacrabaic* (sacrificium) proper.

The doctrinal elements in the following hymn are clearly the same as those embodied in the long poem which I have referred to, and which cannot be dated later than A.D. 452. The doctrine taught by the early *Scotish* preachers is again identical with that of the earliest versions extant of the Gallic Liturgy as printed by Mabillon. This liturgy was undoubtedly followed by SS. Patrick and Columba.

Several attempts have been made to turn the rude verses of Sechnall into modern English. Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter, in 1880, makes short work of the Eucharistic teaching of the poet by his first line—

Come, take *by faith* the Body of our Lord.[1]

A much more faithful translation was written by Dr. Neale, and set to music by Mr. A. H. Brown. It appears in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (London, 1904), and is numbered 269. It is too bad of the compilers to be satisfied with the scanty note that this production of the first Scoto-Latin poet is 'from the Latin.' A somewhat different and less satisfactory translation by Dr. Neale was given by him to the sisterhood known as the community of St. Margaret, East Grinstead. It was privately printed at Cambridge by these Anglican nuns, who own the famous hymnologist as their founder. In all translations prior to Father Atkinson's there can be discerned, even in the midst of smooth-flowing lines, an uneasy shuffling to evade the full force of Sechnall's confession of faith in the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the

[1] *Hymnal Companion*, No. 383.

Eucharist. The short metre here used admirably reflects the curt and jerky style of the original text.

Christian, come eat, for His
  Flesh is your food,
Think of that ransoming
  Drinking His Blood.

Christ's Blood and Body were
  Offered for you;
Banqueting, let us praise
  God, as is due.

Under this Sacrament
  Flesh and Blood hide,
Mighty to rescue though
  Hell open wide.

Jesus, the Son of God,
  Purpling the tree,
Brings us deliverance,
  Sets the world free.

Christ hath each one of us
  Saved and released,
He is our Sacrifice,
  He is our Priest.

Victims of olden time—
  So the law willed—
Shadowed God's mysteries,
  Now are fulfilled.

All have His gracious gift,
  Soul's light and health,
He hath His holy ones
  Dowered with wealth.

Come ye with faith in Him,
  Come with pure mind;
Safety and endless life
  Here shall ye find.

He doth His holy ones
  Govern and tend,
Granting to faithful hearts
  Life without end.

He to man's hunger gives
Bread from on high,
Here are for all athirst
Wells never dry.

Alpha and Omega,
Jesus, the Lord,
Lo! He comes who shall come
Doom to award.

A NOBLE TRAIT IN THE CHARACTER OF MARSHAL MACDONALD, DUKE OF TARENTUM

K. N. Macdonald, M.D.

The following unpublished letter, copied from the original of one written by John M'Eachin, Greenock, one of the Houghbeag family, to his sister Isabel in South Uist in 1825, illustrates the noble character of the Marshal towards his poorer relations, and his love of his kindred.

The letter was preserved by the late Alexander Cameron, at one time Procurator-Fiscal at Lochmaddy, North Uist, and afterwards at Portree, Isle of Skye, better known as the author of *The History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye.*' It was found among his papers by his daughter, Miss C. R. Cameron, Portree, who lent it to Mr. Ronald MacDonald, of the National Bank, who in turn lent it to the writer of these notes. The history of these MacEachins of Howbeg, or Houghbeag, and Glenuig shows that they were MacDonalds, and descended from Ranald, son of Hector v. of Kilmaleu, and probably a first cousin of the Marshal's. The present writer's father was also of the MacEachin MacDonalds, whose progenitor was Hector, the second son of Roderick iii. of Clanranald—on record as of Kilmaleu—a large estate bestowed upon him by John, Lord of the Isles. He also claimed relationship with the Marshal, and called on him at Armadale,

on board the revenue cruiser, which was placed at his disposal by the British Government in 1825, and had a long conversation with him, in which he gave him some advice about matrimony.

In the *Recollections of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum*, edited by Camille Rousset, a member of the French Academy, there is a long note by our veteran folklorist Mr. Alexander Carmichael, which corroborates in a singular manner John MacEachin's estimate of his character. On his arrival in South Uist, accompanied by Mr. Ranald MacDonald, W.S., Edinburgh (with whom the present writer was intimately acquainted, having been frequently entertained in his house in 1854-55—a fine, genial, clever, and witty gentleman), he walked from the ford at Iochdar to Houghbeag, a distance of ten miles. 'On coming in sight of the river he exclaimed, "That is the river Hough. I know it from my father's description; many a salmon has he caught there." He sent for all his relations in the neighbourhood. When his blind old uncle was brought to him, he embraced him affectionately, saying, "You dear old man, how like you are to my own father!" He addressed his relations in French and broken Gaelic, they answering him in Gaelic, for few of them could speak English. He distributed sums of money varying in value among them, giving to some £20, and to others larger amounts, or fixed annuities. He took earth from the floor of the house where his father was born, and potatoes from the garden, and these he placed in a bag and carried home with him to France. He planted the potatoes in his garden, and gave orders that the earth should be placed in his coffin after his death.'

The British people are changing, and the Highlanders are changing too. Fifty, and one hundred years ago, there were a great many of what one would term a good sort of honest, religious, and straightforward people in this country. Now there are, alas! but few indeed, and none at all like Marshal MacDonald.

Copy Letter from John M'Eachin to Isabel M'Eachin, South Uist.

Greenock, 20th July 1825.

DEAR SISTER,—I intended to have met Marshal MacDonald in Uist when he was there, But the machinery of the steam-Boat in which I took my passage geting deranged and after losing two days could proceed no farther than Tobermory. On Monday the 4th I returned to Lismore knowing that he was to visit the Bishop. I arived there about nine o'clock at night. But to my great astonishment and disapointment he left that place about three hours before my arival for the north of Ireland not having stoped above two or three hours.

The next morning early I returned to Oban accompanied by the Bishop and his niece when I was fortunate enough to find a steam-boat ready for Greenock in which I returned home.

On Monday the 11th I received a letter from Count Coursen in the Marshal's name desiring me to meet him in the Star Inn of Glasgow, on that day, where I proceeded immediately accompanied by my five daughters, my three sons in law and one granddaughter, a child of five years of age (those of them who lived in Glasgow happening to be in Greenock at the time), and after making a little necessary arangements in dresses, etc., in my daughter Margaret's house, we all walked to the Inn, taking my wife who happened to be then in Margaret's house along with us. After sending a card to the Marshal announcing our arival, the Count immediately made his appearance in the room where we were and cordially saluted us all by a hearty shake of the hand, etc., then ushered us into where the Duke was sitting along with Hector MacDonald Buchanan and his brother Staffa. The Duke received us in the most friendly polite and handsomest manner possible.

Being the Marshal's dinner hour we were placed round him the same as a family round their father. He placed my

wife on his right hand, myself on his left, and my daughters down from their mother according to their ages; the men were on the opposite side of table, along with MacDonald Buchanan Staffa, etc. After taking a hearty dinner and some wine after it, the Marshal took the Count and me into an ajacent room, where we remained for half an hour, asking me many questions and aranging some maters which is to take place at a future period. After we returned to the dining room tea was upon the table, and my daughter Marion doing the duty at the head and Margaret the foot. After tea we stopped till half past 10 o'clock (the Marshal's usual time to go to bed), after promising to return to Breakfast next morning at ten. At Breakfast we were placed the same as the preceding evening, and after taking a Breakfast which might well be termed a Highland one, he remained with us alone (the Count and Staffa having gone out upon some business), conversing in the best way we could with his bad English, and taking a snuff round occationally out of his fine massy gold box, till about 1 o'clock when the Count and Staffa returned, and the cariage drawn up to the door. At parting he took leave of us all in the kindest and tenderest manner immaginable, with a promise of returning our visit to us in Greenock in the course of two or three years.

The Count is a compleat Gentleman. At parting he kissed the cheeks of my wife and each of the daughters, as for the little Cumming the Duke kissed her frequently, and at departing gave her a £5 stg. to purchas toys, and one of the silver medals which were distributed at the Coronation of the King of France. He drove off from the Hotel where there was a great multitude waiting to have a sight of him.

The Duke is to place a sum of money in the hands of Bishop MacDonald for John, he proposed that he should go to America, but I advised that it would be better that he should rather begin something in the country for himself, and to draw the money from the Bishop as he required, to which he agreed. However he may chuse for himself with the advice

of his friends. Offer my compliments to my brother and his family, and I am, Dear Sister, yours etc.,

(Signed) JOHN MACEACHIN.

P.S.—I have a letter from son from Quebec, dated 15th of June last, when he was in good health as also his wife and child. The Duke is to provide a better situation for him, although his present one is not bad, £110 stg. p. annum.

J. Mc E.

Fav'd. by Mr. MacLelan.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD (MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASTAIR)

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

III. *Poems hitherto unpublished.*

(*Continued from* vol. v., p. 30)

IN the following long composition (pp. 151-55), the Campbells, and especially Captain Duncan and the poetess, are severely handled :—

Na h-abair, na h-abair,
Na h-abair na's mò ;
Gabh mo chomhairle, stad ort,
'S tuilleadh spagluinn na ròp ;
Chaidh tu moran is fada
Ann an saltrachdainn òirnn,
Gun *respect* thoirt do phearsainnean
Beaga no mòr :
Tha thu nis air do phabadh,
An eangaich glacta o d' dheòin ;
Cha toir eanglann no casbhardachd [1]
Aist' thu ri d' bheò :
Gu meal thu chrabhata
Thoill ascaoin do bheòil,
'S e aoir a' Phrionnsa 's a ghaisgeach,
Ni do thachdadh le còrd.

[1] Is this the *Englyn* of Welsh, with which Sir John Rhys would identify the *Retorics* of old Gaelic editors, and the *runs* of modern reciters? In old Gaelic *cassbairdne* was a certain class of metre. In modern Scottish Gaelic *casbhardachd* is usually restricted to 'satire,' 'invective.'

Och ! mo nàire mar thachair
Do'n mhnaoi leacanda chòir,
Bean is inighin a' phersoin [1]
Bhi do'n pheacadh 'na ròd ;
Dh' earbadh duin' a mnaoi chneasda
'S foghlum aice na's leòir,
Nach biodh mì-mhodh le' blasda,
Ach ciùin staideil 'na seòil :
Ach cha'n amhuil mar thachair,
Caoin air ascaoin tha 'còt ;
Gur h-i 'n *canibal* ceart i
Gu beul-chagnadh nam beò ;
Dh' ith i 'm Prionns' agus *action*
Eadar chraiceann is fheoil ;
Ach ma dhìl'eas i *'brecfast*,
Thuit is lag air mo dhòigh.

'S iomadh gàir' agus gàimed,[2]
A bha 'n campa nam biast,
'Nan crò 'g éisdeachd ri d' champar,
A' cur *angir* air Dia ;
Thug am *poison* bha gnàthach
Do'n aobhar-sa riamh,
Gu'n do shluig iad do ràcadal
Tlàth mar mhil shliabh :
An rud as biadh do dh'aon phàrti
Gu'm bàsaich e ciad ;
Gur h-e leasaich an gràdh air,
'S a rinn àraid an rian,
Gur h-i b' ùghdar do'n sgràl ud
Té dh'àl nam bial fiar,
D' am bu nàdur mar fhàgail
Bhi 'na blà(th)-shlait do'n ria'ch.[3]

Tha 'n fhìrinn ri h-àireamh,
Bho'n 's i dh' àich'eas a' bhreug,
Cha'n 'eil fineach [4] 's an *nàsion*
Chaill 'ur nàir' ach sibh féin ;
Dhruid miar de gach pàrti
Ri'r n-aobhar gun chéir,
Chaidh an onoir an àird orr'
Os cionn gràinnein de spréidh.

---

[1] The reading is clear. Is *inighin* for *nighean* or *aon-ghin* ? And what is the point or force of *person* ? [2] Cf. *gam* 'a gibe,' *O'Reilly*. [3] MS. indistinct.

[4] The common form is *fine*, pl. *fineachan*. But the author frequently uses *fineach* as the singular form.

Cum nach d' rinn sibh mar Ghranndaich
A ghléidh an càirdeas 's an cliù?
Gun sibh a thumadh 'ur spàinne
An aona chàl diubh bho thùs:
Mar sin shaoilteadh nach nàmhaid
Sibh a dh' aobhar a' Phrionns',
Gun chair'-iomchair aig càch oirbh,
Bho nach d' àilich sibh riu.

Ach bha galar an daoilchrì
Riamh an dlighe d'ur pòr,
'S bhiodh am bàs air a dheireadh,
Mu'm biodh deireas air òr;
Dh' fhidir sibhse gu sgoinneil,
Gu'n robh 'n ceirean-s' aig Deòrs',
'S nach robh againn' ach gainne
De gach goireas fo'r sgòd:
Neach as fearr ni 'ur ceannach,
Ni sibh a leanailt mar Rìgh;
Sibh na siuddserich[1] theanna,
'N àm ceannairc no strì;
Na reubalaich cheangailt'
A fhuair Mamon 'n a lìon:
Bheir an saoghal-sa 'n air' oirbh;
Thall is maireann 'ur pian.

Fìobh! fiobh! gur a brùideil,
Bho dhaoine cùirteil, 's iad mòr,
Onoir, creideamh is *consiens*
Thoirt air ionmhas[2] do Dheòrs';
Cha'n 'eil creideas 's an iomlaid,
Ach fior aimhleas[3] is gò;
Tairbh' dhiombuan 's cha'n fhiach i,
Bhi cur cùl ris a' chòir.
Ach nach creid sibhse bhuamsa
Fìrinn chruaidh gun dad bréig',
Dh' aindeoin dilseachd 'ur gluasaid,
Sinne sguabadh d' ar spréidh,
An donas fineach 's an uair-sa
A thuairgneas am feur,
As lugh' air meas no air cruadal
Na 'ur ruadh-chroisean breun.

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[1] I have not met the word elsewhere.
[2] MS. *uintos.* [3] MS. *uimilos.*

Mur bhith cùram nam bòcan,
Lìon'or mhòr bha's 'ur cionn
Chaidh a' chabhraich gu stòl oirbh,
'S bhiodh an dròbh bun os cionn ;
'S e 'ur mìlsean geal sòlais
Aoir ghòrach a' Phrionns',
Bu cho beag oirbh an ceòl sin,
'S sùgh còrcaich a crump' ;
Cha bhiodh 'ur campa cho òrdail,
No cho stòlda 'na phlum :
Gu'm biodh goichd air 'ur sgornan
'G amharc seòlt' os 'ur cionn
Nam bealach 's nam mòr-bheann,
Ard is comhnard gach fuinn ;
Smior na geilte 'g 'ur sgròbadh,
Roimh shlògh sin a' Phrionns'.

'S iomadh deòraidh dall, bacach,
Bodhar, pailseach fo 'leoin,
S e dh' eudach air plaideig,
'S a dhéirc aige 'na còir ;
Gun mhaoin shaoghaltach aige,
Bhiadh, a bheairteas, no dh' òr,
Ach na chruinnich am baigear
'Na aparsaig bhròin,—
A dh' fheann sibhse bho chraiceann,
'S thug sibh aiste chuid lòin ;
E sgreadail m'ur casaibh
'G a acain 'na ghleò ;[1]
Bha na truaghain 'n an airce,
'S an cridhe plapraich fo'n còt,
Iad ri fannaghal le laigse,
'S gun sheòl ac' air bhi beò.

Chaoidh na cuiribh am fiachaibh
Gu'n do striochd sinn duibh féin,
'S ann a fhuair sinn ar cìopadh
Le h-arm tri-fillteach treun ;
Cothrom talmhainn is sìona,
Air sliabh iosal, cruaidh, réidh ;
Eich is canain gu lion'or,
Ri dian-sgrios ar treud ;
Sluagh foghluimte, reachd'or,
Bha riamh cleachdta ri blàir,

[1] MS. *ina gleò.*

Gu teine thoirt seachad,
'S gu casgairt nan àr:
Na 'm bu sibhs', a shluaigh bhrachdaich,
A thachradh 'n ar n-àit',
Cha bhiodh plundruinn no marstachd
Cur oirnn cachdain an dràst.

Bha brath aig gach seòrsa
Chuir eòlas oirbh riamh,
Gu'm b' annsa leibh stòras
Na còmhrag air sliabh;
Smior a' chnàimh a bhrist foirneart,
Arm mòr nan ruadh-bhiast,
Cha d' earb ruibhs' ach a thogail,
Bho'n a thogair sibh triall.
O! nach sibh rinn an tapadh
'S a' ghaisge bha garg,
Dol le mìltean a chreachadh
Dhaoine shnas, 's iad gun arm;
Thugaibh taing do neart Shasuinn,
Rinn 'ur lasan a shearg,
Nach robh ruadh-chroisean claiginn,
Sileadh asda 's iad dearg.

'S i do theanga shliom shleamhainn
Chuir do bhreamas ort suas,
Rinn an drisean do sparradh,
Le d' rabhan lan fuachd;
'Nad chaise-bhùird gearrar[1]
'S gach fearann mu'n cuairt,
A bhana-bhard rinn an ealaidh,
'S garbh alla 's Taobh-tuath.
'S iomadh baintighearna bharrail
Eadar Gallaibh is Cluaidh,
Manainn, Dòbher, is Berbhic,
'S Eirinn thallad ri luaidh,
A ghibhteadh òr agus earras,
'S taing a bharrachd mar luach,
Chionn gu faigheadh iad sealladh
Air an fhear ud fad' bhuath'.

'S beag a bhuineadh nighean t'athar
A bhi labhairt le tàir,
Air Prionns' Tearlach na flatha,
Bha do gha'ail ro àrd,

[1] The reading is fairly clear.

Bhiodh do chairdean a' spraigheadh
Le h-aighir, *hurràh* !
'N uair a chluinnt' thu ri gabhail
T' aoir bhadhail fos n-àird.
Cha'n 'eil fineach am chuimhne,
Saor bho Ghuibhnichibh féin,
Dh' éisdeadh t'ealain làn puinnsinn
Bho chontrachd do bhéil,
Nach troideadh riut grunndail,
Mu d' thunnsgail garbh, breun,
Mar ri achmhusan sgiùrsach,
Fhaotainn dùbailt' bho d' chléir.

Caiptin Dunchadh [1] an trustar,
Am fiòr-ghlutaire mòr,
Thug e urram na musaich'
Air gach muic bha 's an dròbh ;
Cha'n 'eil aon seòrsa sgudail
Nach luidrich le shròin,
Gus an càrnadh 'na bhuideal
Sàth aon tuirc bha 's an Eòrp'.

. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .

An saoil thu féin nach do dh'aomadh
Le daoraich do chiall,
'Nuair a theann thu ri aoireadh
'N fhìor-laoich sin Loch-iall ?
Curaidh gasda nach aomadh
Ann an caonnaig, an triath ;
'S le cruadal do laochrachd
Gu'n sraonadh tu ciad :
Do reisimeid ghasda
'N àm sracadh nam bian ;
Mar shaighdean luath sgaiteach,
Bhiodh do ghasraidh dol sìos ;
Cnamh-smùise 'ga spealtadh
Le 'r bras-bhuillibh dian ;
Gur neo-ghiùigeach do ghaisgich,
Gun taise 'n an gnìomh.

---

[1] Contrast with this the eulogy on Captain Duncan (*Poems*, pp. 137-9).

Iarr do ghiùigirean mìne
Mu Loch-fìona-sa shuas,
'S mu thaobh sin Loch-obha,
Bog odhar [1] a' chuain;
Ma tha [2] iad teom air a' mhaghar,
'S iasg a dhra'adh á cuan,
'S gun chruaidh ann ri taghadh,
Mur am fadhairt thu sluagh.
Cum 'ur fearg nach do las,
Ma (tha) srad innte chruas,
'Nuair a phill sinn a Sasunn,
Do Ghlascho ri'r cluais?
Cum nach d'thug sibh cath sgairteil,
Do'n 'phrasgan' bhochd thruagh?
'S ann a mhaom sibh mar chearcan,
A' tàrsainn as bho'n Fhear ruadh.[3]

FINID.

Another long poem on the same theme follows (pp. 156-160).

O! gu'n tigeadh . . .
Ar cabhlach garbh daoineach,
Le Frangaichibh cuthaich,
Le gleadhar na gaothadh;
Gu falbhadh ar mulad,
'S bhiodh curaids' 'n ar n-aodann,
'S bhiodh armailt Dhiuc Uilleam
'N an cuileagaibh taobh-dhearg.

A Mhùiseagan [4] binne
Nam fil-fhaclan bòidheach,
'S tric a rinn sibh mo thadhall,
Chur laghaid air òran;
Bho'n a leig sibh ar rùn rium,
Sin is dùrachd ar n-eòlais,
Na tréigibh a nis mi,
'S mi tric ann am chlòsaid.

Ach cò rinn an ealain-s',
Thug sgeith air mo chluasaibh?
Cha'n fhaod gu'n do shruth i
O shruthan glan fuarain;
Bho'n bhreun-lòn a bhrùchd i,
Le sgùrdan de thuaileas;

[1] MS. *oughar.* [2] MS. *mad.* [3] Prince Charles. [4] The Muses.

Cha robh 'n a ceud ughdar
Aon driùchd de dh' uaisle.

Am baisteach[1] bochd mìomhail,
'S mi-shìobhalta gluasad,
Ge fàth gàir' anns an tìr ud,
I dhìobhairt a sprùillich;
'S iad na *pileachan* mì-ruin,
So-dhìl'eadh le Iudas,
Thug sgeith air an strìopaich,
A h-inntinn a rùsgadh.

'S ged a rùisg thu mar chranna-mhadadh
Sgaiteach do dheud ruinn,
Dheanamh dichill g'ar gearradh,
'S nach b' urr' thu ar reubadh;
Cha'n 'eil ann am eòlas
Té sheòrsa fo'n ghréin-sa,
Dheanadh tiunnail an òrain-s',
Ach am pòr tha thu féin diubh.

Breun-*mhonster* de dh'ealain,
Gun mhiosar, gun òrdan,
Eanghlais shearbh, shalach,
De bharrasglaich còmhraidh;
'S beag a bhuineadh do chaillich,
Nighean Chailein ri Seònaid,[2]
Dol a chàineadh a' Phrionnsa,
Cha d' ionnsaich i eòlas.

An cluiche-sa *phasadh*,
A chèarrach gun eiribinn,[3]
'S ann a bhéist[4] thu na cairtean,
Le d' bhras-iomairt chealgaich;
Na bhuannaichd thu chliù leis,
Cuir ad phùidse gu staillichdeil,
'S mur 'eil ortsa seun dùbailt',
Gu'n ciùtaichear t' earra-ghloir.

Aig a thainead 's tha 'm pòr ud,
An dràst ann ad dhùthaich,
Gu bheil mios ort an Latharn',
Gur tu rogha nan ùghdar;

---

[1] The reading is quite clear.

[2] Who is this *cailleach*? The poetess's father was Duncan, a notary.

[3] Cf. O.G. *airmitiu*; H. S. D. *airmidinn*, 'honour,' 'reverence.'

[4] The phrase occurs more than once. *Béist* as verb is not in the dictionaries. It means 'make a beast of,' 'corrupt,' 'pollute.'

Ma tha iad le soileas
Sìor-mholadh do bhùrdain,
An dùthaich eile cha b' fhiach e
Thogail cian thar an ùrlair.

A bhana-mhinistear ascaoin
A fhuair blas air an t-searbhaig,
'S i mhìosguin an *texta*
'N do shocraich do shearmoid;
'S e 'n deamhan a las thu,
Chuir gart ort fìor-fheargach,
Le t' aoir dol a chagnadh
Threun-ghaisgeach nan Garbh-chrioch.

A bhan-ròghaire Dheòrsach,
Le h-òrdan bhios sgiùrsta,
'S ann a thoill thu bhi ròiste
Air ròis-bhior am fùirneis;
Tha togradh do sgòrnain
Gu d' ghòigeach bhi rùchdan,
Dol a dheanamh an òrain,
Le h-òrdainean Iudais.

'S nàr do bhean eaglaiseach
Beadachd is tunnsgail,
Le spiorad na beag-nair',
Labhairt sgeigeil air prionnsa;
Do chreideamh cha teagaisg
Dhuit cead thoirt do d' sgiùrsa,
Droch cainnt chur an eagar,
Le t' fheigil[1] a mhùchar.

Dh' aindeoin dìchill do chinnidh,
Anns an iomairt-sa 'n dràsta,
Torradh suas an cuid cillean,
Le gionaich' na sàsdachd;
Gu'n crùnar Righ Seumas,
Le éirigh nan Spàinneach
'S nam Frangach dearg-chreuchdach,
'S comhnadh gleusda nan Gàidheal.

'S ged a bhìodh tu cho caise,
'S clobha daite ann ad earball,
Bidh an gnothach-sa *paiste*,
Le ascall nan Earraghaidheal;

[1] Not in our dictionaries. Cf. *feighil*, Dineen.

Bidh moran de t'aitim,
Air an spadadh le fearra-ghniomh,
'S cuid eile dhiubh 'n glasaibh,
'S cuibhreach rag air an sealbhan.

Chaidh na mucan gu rochdail,
'S a sochdan air rùsgadh,
Ri rùrach nan soithche,
'S nam pocanan plùicte ;
Ach 's e Cumberland plocach,
Le 'ochd mhìle dùbailte,
Rinn an *conquest* cho socair,
'S nach *stopt'* air am bùrach.

'S mur bhith Diuc Uilleam,
An Cille-chuimein 'na chùrraig,[1]
A bhi cho dìoghlt' air fuileachd,
Bhiodh cullaich 'ga sgiùrsadh ;
Gu rachmaid gu h-ullamh,
Air chullainn [2] m'ur tùrlach,
'S bhiodh dearg-chroisean fuileach,
Le 'r buillean 'g 'ur crùnadh.

Cha tearmachadh ceart oirnn
'Prasgan nan Garbh-chrioch,'
Ach cruithneachd nan gaisgeach,
Chur ceartas am fearra-ghniomh ;
Fìor eitinn nan curaidh,
'N àm curaidse dhearbhadh ;
Luchd bhualadh nam buillean,
An cumasg nan dearg-chneadh.

Tha thusa gle bhòsdail
As do sheòrsa gu cruadal,
Daoine staideile còire,
Ach fìor Dheòrsaich gu buannachd ;
Ach 's cinnteach mar 's beò sinn,
Tha sinn deònach 's an uair so,
Sinn a tharruinn an òrdugh
Gus na strònan as cruaidhe.

Ged a thuirt thu le blas-bheum
Ruinn 'Prasgan nan Garbh-chrioch,'
Chum sinn cogadh ri Sasunn,
Ré tachdain, 's ri h-Albainn.

---

[1] A formation from the verb *cùr*, 'chastise,' 'torture'? *Nach mise th' air mo chùradh.*

[2] For *collainn.*

Cum ruinn nach do chas sibh,
Aig Glascho le 'r armaibh?
Chuir sinn eagal 'ur cac oirbh,
'S thàrr sibh as mar an earba.

Ach 'nuair choinnich Diuc Uilleam
Le 'r tri uiread de shluagh sinn,
Le ciad anacothrom cumaisg,
Gu'n d'iomain e ruaig oirnn;
Ach 's fada mu'n cumadh
Iad buillean aon uair ruinn,
Ach uiread is uiread
Dhol a bhuilleachas chruaidh ruinn.

Taisbean domhsa *milisia*,
An ceart uair 's an Eòrpa,
Nach rachmaid 'n an dosan,
Ann an cosgar na còrach;
'S ged thogadh tu fathasd,
Fir Latharn' is Chòmhaill,
B' asa cat chur an triubhas,
Na'n cur an uidheam 'n ar còmhdhail.

Na biodh bòsd oirbh mu'n thog sibh
De spréidh anns an dùthaich;
Mur bhitheadh an armailte
Mhòr bh' air 'ur cùlaibh,
Cha deanainn fad' iarraidh
Air cuig ciad bheireadh cùis dhiobh,—
Luchd dhioghluim nan ceirtlean,
'S ìm brachain 'n am pùidse.

Luchd thogail nam binid,
'S 'g an dinneadh 'n am pòca,
'G am bruich air na h-éibhlibh,
Mar ghréiteachadh feòil (orr');
Na Hottentots bhreuna,
Bu déisinneach còmhroinn,
An cuinneag an déircich,
'S an creutair 'gan sgròbadh.

Bha iomhaigh na gealtachd
Air a cailceadh 'n 'ur gnùisibh,
Fìor-chlamhain na h-ealtainn,
Gu cearcan a phlùchadh;

Na'n deanta 'ur n-ath-bhaisteadh,
B'ainm ceart duibh na giùdain,
Bu lìon'or mu'r brataich
Fìor-ghealtairean fùidseach.

Paigheadh dùbailte steach oirbh,
Bheirear dhachaidh 'n 'ur foirgneadh,
As na mìn-chriochaibh feachd-bhog sin,
Peacach nan Earraghaidheal;
Le riadh thig na creachan
Le gaisgich nan Garbh-chrioch,
'S bidh claidheamh is lasair
Mu'r n-aitreabh bhios gailbheach.

Cha leomhainn ach caoirich
Thug a' chaoireachd-sa bhuainne,
Na lugachan plamach,
'S crois sgabhain mu spuacaibh
Bu bhuige na slaman,
Toirt lannan á truaill iad,
Fìor-fheòdar ri tharruinn
Nach gearradh am buachar.

Chreach na ceallairean òtraich
Snàth is clòimh gacha tùrlaich,
Càis, ìm, agus uibhean
Deanamh gruithim 'n am pùidse;
Cha d'fhag iad balg abhrais,
No ball ann gun spùilleadh,
Buaidh-làraich cha choltach
Bhi fochair nam brùidean.

'S còmhdach mallachd bhan bochda,
Deòir is osnaich nam bantrach,
An déis an rusgadh 's an dochunn,
Gu'm bu lochdach 'ur n-ainneart;
Thig plàigh agus gort oirbh
'S claidheamh prosnachd o'r naimhdibh;
Lannar as sibh mar choirce
Eadar stoc agus mheanglan.

Gur geur tha 'ur coguis
A' cogadh ri 'r reusan,
Gur h-e Seumas gun teagamh
Righ Bhreatuinn is Eireann;

Thug an saoghal a dh'aindeoin
Corp is anam nam béistean;
Gu'n do ghradhaich iad Mamon,
'S mar sin daingean 's an eucoir.

FINID.

CUCHULLIN'S DEATH

By DON. A. MACKENZIE

Now when the last hour of his life drew nigh,
Cuchullin woke from dreams forewarning death;
And cold and awesome came the night-bird's cry—
An evil omen, the magician saith—
A low gust panted like a man's last breath,
As morning crept into the chamber black;
Then all his weapons clashed and tumbled from the rack.

For the last time his evil foemen came;
The sons of Calatin by Lugaid led.
The land lay smouldering with smoke and flame;
The duns were fallen and the fords ran red;
And widows fled, lamenting for their dead,
To fair Emania on that fateful day,
Where all forworn with fighting great Cuchullin lay.

Levarchan, whom he loved, a maid most fair,
Rose-lipp'd, with yellow hair and sea-grey eyes,
The evil tidings to Cuchullin bare.
And, trembling in her beauty, bade him rise;
Niamh, brave Conal's queen, the old, the wise,
Urged him with clamour of the land's alarms,
And, stirr'd with vengeful might, the hero sprang to arms.

His purple mantle o'er his shoulders wide
In haste he flung, and tow'ring o'er them stood
All scarr'd and terrible in battle pride—
His brooch, that clasp'd his mantle and his hood,
Then fell his foot to pierce, and his red blood
Follow'd, like fate, behind him as he stepp'd:
Levarchan shriek'd and Niamh moaned his doom and wept.

Thus sallying forth he called his charioteer,
And bade him yoke the war-steeds of his choice—
The Grey of Macha, shuddering in fear,
Had scented death, and pranced with fearsome noise;
But when it heard Cuchullin's chiding voice,
Meekly it sought the chariot to be bound,
And wept big tears of blood before him on the ground.

Then to his chariot leapt the lord of war,
'O leave me not!' Levarchan cried in woe;
Thrice fifty queens, who gather'd from afar,
Moan'd with one voice, 'Ah, would'st thou from us go?
They smote their hands, and fast their tears did flow—
Cuchullin's chariot thunder'd o'er the plain:
Full well he knew that he would ne'er return again.

How vehement and how beautiful they swept—
The Grey of Macha and the Black most bold;
And keen-eyed Laegh, the watchful and adept,
Nor turn'd, nor spake, as on the chariot roll'd.
The steeds he urged with his red goad of gold;
Stooping he drave, with wing'd cloak and bright spheres,
Slender and tall and red—the King of Charioteers!

Cuchullin stood impatient for the fray;
His golden-hilted bronze sword on his thigh;
A sharp and venomous dart beside him lay;
He clasp'd his ashen spear, broad-tipp'd and high,
As flames the sun upon the western sky,
His round shield from afar was flashing bright,
Figured with radiant gold and rimm'd with silver white.

Stern-lipp'd he stood: his great broad head thrown back,
The white pearls sprayed upon his thick, dark hair;
Deep-set, his eyes, beneath his eyebrows black,
Were swift and grey, and fix'd with fearless stare;
Red-edg'd his white hood flamed; his tunic rare
Of purple gleam'd with gold; his cloak behind
His shoulders shone with silver, floating in the wind.

Betimes three crones him meet upon the way,
Half-blind and evil-eyed, with matted hair—
Workers of spells and witcheries are they—
The brood of Calatin—beware! beware!
They proffer of their fulsome food a share,
And, 'Stay with us a while,' a false crone cries:
'Unseemly is the strong who would the weak despise.'

He fain would pass, but leapt upon the ground,
The proud, the fearless! for sweet honour's sake—
With spells and poisons had they cook'd a hound,
Of which he was forbidden to partake.
But his name-charm the brave Cuchullin brake,
And their foul food he in his left hand took—
Eftsoons his former strength that arm and side forsook.

For, O Cuchullin! could'st thou ere forget,
When fast by Culann's fort on yon black night,
Thou fought'st and slew the ban-dog dark as jet,
Which scared the thief, and put the foe to flight!
A tender youth thou wert of warrior might,
And all the land did with thy fame resound,
As Cathbad, the magician, named thee, 'Culann's hound.'

Loud o'er Mid Luachair road the chariot roll'd,
Round Sliab Fuad desolate and grand;
Till Erc with hate the hero did behold,
Hast'ning to sweep the foeman from the land;
His sword flash'd red and radiant in his hand,
In sunny splendour was his shield upraised;
And hovering o'er his head the light of heroes blazed.

'He comes! he comes!' cried Erc as he drew near.
'Await him, Men of Erin, and be strong!'
Their faces blanch'd, their bodies shook with fear—
'Now link they shields and close together throng,
And shout the war-cry loud and fierce and long.'
Then Erc, with cunning of his evil heart,
Set heroes forth in pairs to feign to fight apart:

As furious tempests, that in deep woods roar,
Assault the giant trees and lay them low;
As billows toss the seaweed on the shore;
As sweeping sickles do the ripe fields mow—
Cuchullin, rolling fiercely on the foe,
Broke through the linkèd ranks upon the plain,
To drench the field with blood and round him heap the slain.

And when he reach'd a warrior-pair that stood
In feignèd strife upon a knoll of green,
Their weapons clashing but unstained with blood,
A satirist him besought to intervene,
Whereat he slew them as he drave between—
'Thy spear to me,' the satirist cried the while;
The hero answering, 'Nay,' he cried, 'I 'll thee revile.'

'Reviled for churlishness I ne'er have been,'
Cuchullin call'd, up-rising in his pride,
And cast his ashen spear bronze-tipp'd and keen
And slew the satirist and nine beside;
Then his fresh onslaught made the host divide
And flee beyond him clamouring with fear,
The while the stealthy Lugaid seized Cuchullin's spear.

'O sons of Calatin,' did Lugaid call,
'What falleth by the weapon I hold here?'
Together they acclaim'd, 'A King will fall,
For so foretold,' they said, 'the agèd seer.'
Then at the chariot he flung the spear,
And Laegh was stricken unto death and fell . . .
Cuchullin drew the spear and bade a last farewell.

'The victor I, and eke the charioteer!'
He cried, and drave the war-steeds fierce and fast.
Another pair he slew, 'To me thy spear,'
Again a satirist call'd. The spear was cast,
And through the satirist and nine men pass'd:
But Lugaid grasps it, and again doth call,—
'What falleth by this spear?' They shout, 'A King will fall.'

'Then fall,' cried Lugaid, as he flung the spear—
The Grey of Macha sank in death's fierce throes,
Snapping the yoke, the while the Black ran clear:
Cuchullin groan'd, and dash'd upon his foes;
Another pair he slew with rapid blows,
And eke the satirist and nine men near:
Then once more Lugaid sprang to seize the charmèd spear.

'What falleth by this weapon?' he doth call.
'A King will fall,' they answer him again . . .
'But twice before ye said, "A King will fall"' . . .
They cried, 'The King of Steeds hath fled the plain,
And, lo! the King of Charioteers is slain!' . . .
For the last time he drave the spear full well,
And smote the great Cuchullin—and Cuchullin fell.

The Black steed snapp'd the yoke, and left alone
The King of Heroes dying on the plain:
'I fain would drink,' they heard Cuchullin groan,
'From out yon loch' . . . He thirsted in fierce pain.
'We give thee leave, but thou must come again,'
His foemen said; then low made answer he,
'If I will not return, I'll bid you come to me.'

His wound he bound, and to the loch did hie,
And drank his drink, and wash'd, and made no moan.
Then came the brave Cuchullin forth to die,
Sublimely fearless, strengthless and alone . . .
He wended to the standing pillar-stone,
Clutching his sword and leaning on his spear,
And to his foemen called, 'Come ye, and meet me here.'

A vision swept upon his fading brain—
A passing vision glorious and sweet,
That hour of youth return'd to him again
When he took arms with fearless heart a-beat,
As Cathbad, the magician, did repeat,
'Who taketh arms upon this day of grief,
His name shall live forever and his life be brief.'

Fronting his foes he stood with fearless eye,
His body to the pillar-stone he bound,
Nor sitting nor down-lying would he die . . .
He would die standing . . . so they gather'd round
In silent wonder on the blood-drench'd ground,
And watch'd the hero who with Death could strive;
But no man durst approach . . .. He seem'd to be alive . . .

HIGHLAND FOLK-SONG[1]

Rev. M. N. Munro

In this paper I wish to offer some remarks on Gaelic music, in its relation to Art Music, and with regard to its past history and present condition. Considerable progress has been made in recent years in reviving interest in Gaelic Folk-Song, and I shall refer to workers and gleaners in the rich field of Gaelic music who have helped to preserve and perpetuate among the Highland people, in earlier and more modern times, their national heritage of musical treasures.

The folk-songs of the North must have reached a pretty high stage of artistic development many centuries ago. In our oldest collection we find tunes that have remained among the people with little change to the present day. If variants or different versions do occur, they are frequently not im-

[1] Delivered in part at the Pan-Celtic Congress, Edinburgh, 1907.

provements but changes for the worse on the early form of the air, caused by the defective ear or imperfect musical memory of the transmitter. In Gaelic music, on the whole, one seldom finds anything musically crude or uncouth. This cannot be said of the folk-song of all European countries. Grieg remarks on the uncouth character of many of the native tunes of Norway. Refinement and tender beauty characterise most of the songs of the Highlands.

There are some who profess not to care much for folk-song of any kind. They have developed a taste for the modern ballad or classical song, and one finds it difficult to interest them in the simple songs of the people. They 'have only time for the best,' they say. In argument with such people the question naturally arises, 'In what relation does folk-song stand to the best modern art-song—the undeniably fine compositions of composers of world-wide fame?' There are some who say that the best and truest type of song is the direct and artless expression of the people, and it is claimed that the genuine *naïve* character of a folk-song appeals more powerfully to the feelings than does any vocal composition fashioned by art. On the other hand, there are some who despise the songs of the people as trifles of little value. The truth lies somewhere between these two extreme positions.

No doubt the modern song composer has great advantages. He has behind him all the infinite resources of modern music, harmony, orchestration, and modulation, as well as melody. The folk-song chiefly depends for its effect on melody pure and simple, and the direct power of noble words. In no class of song is distinct enunciation of the words so needful as in the folk-song or ballad. But in the modern song the accompaniment is almost as important as the song itself. The harmonies and air are so closely wedded together that one is not complete without the other. Every note is a part of the whole, and harmony does undoubtedly give an immense reinforcement to the power of melody. The composer can thus express every variety of modern feeling: the yearnings and regrets of the mind, the sense of the infinite mystery

of life, its pain and sadness, its joy, even to blank pessimism—all intellectual and emotional experiences are suggested by such masters of song-craft as Schumann, Wagner, and Schubert. They can express thoughts that defy the poet's art to body forth in words. Some cultivated minds find modern music as an interpreter of the unutterable yearnings of the human soul superior even to poetry. To hear noble music well rendered is to them a treat of the highest order. Did not Carlyle say of music: 'It leads us to the verge of the Infinite, and bids us for moments gaze into it.'

But, while we cannot have too high an opinion of the great composers, it does not follow that the folk-songs have not a very high place of their own. Look into Schubert's songs and you will find that much of his music was inspired by the folk-songs of his own people. His weird and wonderful songs, so full of melody, seem to have a special affinity for the Celtic nature. Haweis speaks of them as 'sad eyes looking out into the sunset over some waste of measureless waters.' But the point to note about Schubert is that his music had its roots in the past of his own race. Of course, he composed a great many original pieces, yet much of his material was Hungarian or Austrian folk-song. As a consummate artist he refined this material and worked it into better technical form, with the result of full development, increased charm, and subtlety of effect, at one and the same time retaining the national flavour and yet making the music a delight to musicians of every nation in the world. So it may justly be said that 'the artist's feeling is in no wise different in its nature to that of the people, only it goes deeper, and he is more enlightened as to its nature and its origin.' To sum up in the words of Reissmann: 'The art song may be viewed as an ennobled and perfected people's song.'

What I have said of Schubert and the source of his musical inspiration is equally true of Weber and Grieg and Dvörak. These great musicians were too wise to think the songs of their own country unworthy of their notice.

The great masters of music have the very highest opinion of the songs of the people, and pay them the compliment of imitating their sweet and simple style. They have frequently developed these airs as themes with variations into the highest and most difficult forms of orchestral music, the sonata and the symphony.

In the case of Grieg, whose recent death all musicians deplore, and whose work in idealising the Scandinavian music is so notable, it is remarkable that for a time he was quite insensible to the charm of national folk-song. His earnest study of the great German masters had blinded him to the value of the songs of the common people. Fortunately he emerged from this stage through the influence of Nordraak. 'The scales fell from my eyes,' he confesses, 'and so I first learned to appreciate the popular melodies of the North, and to be conscious of my own nature.' This was great gain not only to music but to Grieg himself. Constant imitation of the great composers was paralysing his own originality. Now, under the influence of folk-song, he came nearer to nature, and found the true stimulus and outlet for his great original talent.

From these facts we Celts may learn a lesson of respect for our own folk-song. If we put together the closely related Irish and Highland folk-song, there is no nation in Europe with a richer musical heritage than the race of the Gael. In a real sense it is classical music. By virtue of intrinsic merit it has stood the test of time for many hundreds of years, written not on paper but on the very hearts of the dear old people of the glens and the islands. Our Highland folk-song will be remembered when the mushroom crop of modern fourth-rate music that suits the west-end drawing-room taste for sickly sentimentality, or the fifth-rate songs that suit the rank imbecility of music hall and pantomime, will be utterly forgotten. It is the folk-songs of the cities I am referring to, not the noble works of the great masters, but the songs that arise among a race of bounders and degenerates, who are tired of the

simple virtues of homely rural life, and who find a strange pleasure in coarse comic ditties crammed full of vulgarity, and often spiced with indecency.

Let Highlanders cherish their own music; it is well worthy of their intelligent enthusiasm. If any Highlander claims to be musical, and yet neglects the songs of the North, then I should say that his musical education has been neglected, or is in a state of arrested development.

The folk-songs of the Highlands should make a strong appeal to the native Gael from their richness in association with the memories of youth, alike in words and music. It has been said that the whole voice of a people's past speaks through their songs, and that is a great element in their power. Besides, and most important of all, there is their intrinsic musical and poetic merit. One of our accomplished Highland singers, who has sung Gaelic round the world, informs me that the simple Gaelic song has never failed to make its appeal to the most cosmopolitan of audiences. At the same concert the Gaelic song often followed the classical, and there was never the smallest sense of incongruity. It should be pointed out that one of the great merits of Highland folk-song is the generally high poetic value of the words. Many modern English songs have words of the most trivial character, while the music may be quite good. At the risk of digression, let me say that Gaelic poetry is full of music in itself, is remarkably rich in assonance, and possesses an astonishing variety of original and beautiful metrical forms. Professor Geddes remarked, in his brilliant address at the Pan-Celtic Congress, on the marvellous qualities of Welsh poetry in this respect, and said there was nothing in English like it except some indications in Swinburne's poetry. Without much exaggeration the same might be said of Gaelic verses.

It is an impressive fact that this high creative talent existed in the past in the Highlands, and is indeed by no means yet extinct.

Professor Geddes refers in an article to the 'paralysis of

modern culture' in its tendency to acquire and memorise, and its comparative failure in original and creative work. He contrasts this with the distinct creative impulse existing in the Celtic countries among many humble and poor people who owe little to modern education, and he pours scorn on the mere 'accomplishments' of our conventionalised middle-class or upper-class life.

The wealth of Gaelic poetry and music affords ample evidence of the creative power inherent in the Celt. Is it not after all a higher thing to originate even one first-rate poem than to spend years in mere 'acquisition and memorising' until one becomes a mere dungeon of learning, without ever having developed creative faculty? True education should stimulate originality, not crush it. The late Mr. William Sharp, who was keenly interested in Gaelic literature, was once asked how many poets did he think there were in the English-speaking world. He said, 'There may be as many as a hundred.' Then he added, 'That is just about as many for English as I should say there are for Gaelic now between Cape Wrath and Cantire.' When that was the opinion of one of the foremost literary critics of our time, it is surprising that Highlanders generally do not show a little more enthusiasm for the Gaelic language and literature.

While in the Highlands and in Ireland the folk-music has not yet developed into art music, the day may not be very far distant when this may take place.

The old Celtic creative talent must be lying latent somewhere. Already in Wales there are signs of the advent of native composers whose work is said to be full of promise. We note with much pleasure the effort being made by Mr. Roddie of the Northern College of Music, Inverness, to raise a fund to enable Highland music students to study abroad, and we trust his scheme may receive hearty support.

While we long for the advent of some composer of genius who can do for Celtic music what Grieg did for Norwegian, meantime very much has to be done by ourselves in collecting every scrap of the old music, and

properly editing and publishing the large amount already rescued.

The old people are fast going to their graves, and unless collectors are active much material of value may be lost for ever. There is an urgent need for trained workers.

Ireland I think has been more fortunate than the Scottish Highlands in having competent men like Bunting and Petrie at work long ago among the people. The noble Petrie Collection is a monument to that gentleman's untiring industry and skill, and also to the wonderful musical talent of the Irish people.

Lowland Scottish song has a large literature all to itself, but while the characteristics of Lowland and Highland songs are very similar, yet the Highland field has not been so thoroughly explored. Burns's brilliant outburst of song helped to make Lowland Scottish music fashionable and widely known. He also helped to preserve many tunes of Gaelic origin by wedding them to immortal verse. Yet in the North people of education and position seemed for long to take little or no interest in the songs of the people. The barrier of language would no doubt partly account for this neglect. In the house of the laird the spinet would jingle to Italian music learnt in London by the ladies. Some attention was paid to pipe music undoubtedly, in a martial age; but the music of the harp, and vocal music generally, seem to have been neglected. Probably the gipsies and the packmen knew more Gaelic songs than those who by their position ought to have valued and preserved them.

Patrick MacDonald says that Highland tales and music were a subject of mockery among the Lowland wits of the sixteenth century. We know that repressive laws were passed against the wandering bards or 'Cliar Sheanchain.'

There were scholars who hunted the Highlands for old poetry, Ossianic or otherwise, but probably they were not able, even if they wished, to take down the music; and what was a commonplace, an everyday thing, like the music of the people, was little prized by those who might have recorded

them if they chose. Then at last, within comparatively recent years, when the day of the people's song seemed to be nearly over, the antiquary and the musician began to bestir themselves. When the artist dies people struggle to get possession of copies of his paintings; when the cruisie went out of use everybody wanted to have one; just so the folk-songs suddenly began to be valued when the folk had almost forgotten them and were fast becoming Anglicised. So now at long last we find that the old songs are studied with respectful and tender care. Better late than never!

It was so also with regard to the ballads of England and Scotland. Dibdin says that 'it was not until the ballad died that Percy and Scott undertook the office of embalmers. The too long delayed activities of collectors have become almost an evidence of the passing of the popular song.' Let us hope that the passing of Gaelic song may never become an actuality. The growing success of the Mod in Scotland, and of the Oirereachtas and Feis Ceol in Ireland, makes such a contingency appear exceedingly remote.

The earliest collection of Scottish Gaelic music was made by a clergyman, Mr. Patrick MacDonald of Kilmore, near Oban, about one hundred and thirty years ago. He was born in 1729 and died in 1824, ninety-five years old. This after all is not so very long ago. Had there been a large collection made in 1500 or 1600, how very valuable it would have been. His book only contains one hundred and eighty-six tunes, without any words at all. Compare this with Petrie's Collection, which contains seventeen hundred tunes. Still MacDonald deserves great credit for his work, which was carried out under much difficulty, as means of locomotion were very primitive in his day. It is now a rare and valuable work. I do not think any of the Glasgow public libraries has a copy, which is rather a slur on Celtic Glasgow. Any one curious to see this book may have a look at it in the Edinburgh Public Library (Ref. Dept.). It contains specially interesting tunes which used to be sung to the old Ossianic ballads.

Captain Fraser of Knockie in 1815 published a collection, also tunes without words, two hundred and thirty-two in number, with interesting notes on each. It is also valuable, but is somewhat disfigured by the false musical taste of his period, in that he indulges to excess in ornamentation and embellishment. The old folk-tunes when unadorned are then adorned the most.

Albyn's Anthology followed. Sir Walter Scott wrote words for Gaelic airs in this book when he was plain Mr. W. Scott. Comments on the later books, of which there are a good many of varying merit, are unnecessary here.

One of the most instructive books we have on Lowland Scottish and Gaelic music is Colin Brown's *Thistle*. It is out of print, and a new edition is much to be desired.

Brown was a musical expert in all the technique and science of acoustics, and made original research in several lines. He was a well-known figure in the Glasgow musical world, and was of Highland descent. He had a passion for the songs of the Highland people. A lady who knew him well as an elder in Dr. Bonar's church remarked to me at the Glasgow Mod: 'How Colin Brown would have rejoiced had he lived to see this day!' He was the first to make fairly intelligible the relationships of the folk-tunes of the various parts of Britain to one another, and to show clearly their great musical merits by scientific analysis of the melodies. He strikingly remarks that 'not a flaw in form or tune can be found in the construction of most of these old tunes, by humble, uncultivated men, thus showing that what is truly natural must also be scientifically true. It is remarkable how quickly and surely the ear of the untaught musician recognises the mental effect of tones, and how the scientific laws of melody gradually develop.'

Is not this true of our folk-tales in a different sense. When we read these prose stories collected from uneducated men, we find to our surprise all the laws of the best prose composition faultlessly kept by men who knew nothing of these laws. The same is true of our poetry. What did

Duncan Ban know of the laws of Gaelic grammar?—a man who could not write; and yet his grammar is faultless.

So also with regard to music. Our tunes were not composed with rule and pencil according to the technical laws of musical grammar. They were the products of natural genius, and they often excel the laborious products of analytic and imitative art. They knew nothing of the laws of composition, and yet they observe them all instinctively. If we could ask them how they got their tunes they would probably say that they just 'came to them.'

Colin Brown says: 'The laws and principles of musical construction are exemplified in the very earliest forms of these melodies with mathematical precision. The devices of *contrast*, *imitation*, and *reply* are beautifully exemplified in every one of our folk-songs.' The authors of our old songs, whoever they were, deserve a tribute of praise and respect.

Since the time of Colin Brown, a great deal of progress has been made in various departments. Mr. Henry Whyte of Glasgow has been indefatigable. He has a special knowledge of the historical and romantic lore associated with Gaelic songs. Mr. M. MacFarlane of Paisley is another leading worker in this department. Like Mr. Whyte he has the bardic gift, and has written many good songs for the old airs. He is now preparing a large collection of songs and music entitled *Bardic Melody*, which will be awaited with much interest. We are all familiar with Dr. K. N. MacDonald's excellent Gesto Collection.

Until the early 'seventies *choral song* was almost unknown in Gaelic music. All the singing was in unison in the old days. Joyce, however, states that the old Irish Harpers had a system of harmony when they played on the harp, something like our alto part. Whether this was applied to the voice I cannot say. However, there was very little four-part singing in Gaelic until the St. Columba Gaelic Choir led the way about 1875. Their annual Gaelic concerts gave a considerable impetus to Gaelic choral singing. This has been

greatly developed in recent years by the Mòd, and by the choirs which the annual competitions have called into existence in most of the Highland centres.

Harmonising folk-tunes for choral purposes is rather difficult, though the melodies seem so simple. It is necessary to give them such natural harmonies as will be in accordance with their tonality and character, and to avoid modern harmonic colouring, or whatever would injure the character of the tune. Some think that the old tunes are better without any harmony. Leading authorities in England recommend the use of folk-songs in school sung in unison. The flavour of the old song is more perfectly retained when sung in the old style; and, though the element of harmony is very charming, it sometimes obscures the simple, unadorned beauty of the folk-song.

Mr. Fuller Maitland, musical critic of the *Times*, said lately to the Folk-Song Society: 'Why put in harmonies at all? It would be better to leave the tune in a state of pristine innocence, but our ears were accustomed to the harmony as our eyes were used to seeing people with their clothes on. The unspoiled rustic could enjoy much that was outside the enjoyment of the class that must have rich harmonies.'

Another authority compares melody without harmony to a line engraving, and melody with harmony to a picture in oil or water-colour. The moderns, any way, lay stress on colour, or chromatic effects in harmony, and are not so strong in melody as the ancients. However doctors may disagree on the abstract question, there can be no doubt that choral singing has greatly helped to popularise Gaelic music, and was a move in the right direction. Gaelic is a fine vocalic language, well adapted to give the massive effects of choral singing, and equally good for the soloist.

A musical gentleman remarked on this, saying that on paper the language seemed all consonants, but in singing there seemed to be no consonants at all! It is a language eminently adapted for musical purposes, and in the opinion

of an English-speaking musician comes next to the Italian, for vocalic qualities, among the languages of Europe.

The system of *accents* in any language has a great influence on its poetry and music, for it determines the rhythm. It is a curious fact that in Gaelic the accent or beat is always on the first syllable of a word. For this reason there are few poems or songs in Gaelic ending on the strong accent, while the reverse is true of English. If you are writing Gaelic verses, and wish to end on a strong accent (or long syllable) you must take a monosyllable, which is not always easy. The usual rule in Gaelic is that the line should end in a strong accent followed by a secondary or weak accent. This is the reason why the rather silly 'O' and 'Sir' is introduced into English translations—just to add an extra short syllable to the line to fit the Gaelic tune. In Irish music and poetry this ending is not nearly so common as in Scottish Gaelic, because the law of Irish accents is different. In one Irish song-book (Mr. Graves'), out of 118 songs only 18 have the soft ending. Now, in *Coiser Chiuil*, out of 100 songs 63 have the soft ending and 37 the strong ending. Out of the same collection of popular songs 58 are in the mode of the first of the scale (Doh mode), 18 in the Lah mode, 14 in the Ray mode, and 10 in the mode of Soh. There are Gaelic and Scottish songs in all the possible modes, even in the Te and Fah mode. I am rather surprised to find so many on the Doh mode, and so few on the Lah mode. Yet it is worth noting that in the Doh mode airs the note Lah often gets prominence and accent.

None of the seventh mode, or Lah tunes, contains the 'se' or the 'bah' of the modern minor scale, though these are sometimes introduced in the harmonies, as also the 'ta' and 'fe' that mark passing modulation to the first flat or sharp related key.

Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser has got a large number of songs in Eriskay lately taken down by means of the phonograph, and she says none of them are in either the major or minor modern modes. She has also hit upon a most interesting discovery

with regard to the scale used by the Eriskay singers. Its intervals do not exactly correspond to the modern diatonic scale. I have long suspected this to be the case, especially when taking down airs from traditional singers who had no theoretical knowledge of music. Certain intervals did not fit in exactly to the piano scale. One might say that this was owing to the defective ear of the singers, or perhaps to the modern tempered scale, but I rather think we must go deeper into the past history of music for the reason. At any rate, the phonograph records should throw some light on the subject.[1]

Irish fiddlers, I am told by Dr. Henebry, play their tunes with two notes differing by a quarter tone or so from the modern diatonic scale.[2] This gives a curious pastoral effect to their music that cannot be imitated except by playing in their scale. Instruments like the harp or zither could be tuned to this old scale, but I am afraid ears trained to the modern intervals could never learn the old style accurately.

The question of the *old modes* is being frequently discussed at present at meetings of musicians. Mr. Fuller Maitland said lately, at the London Folk-Song Society, that the so-called ecclesiastical or Gregorian modes (ending on any of the notes of the scale) were undoubtedly in active operation up to 1650 in all music. He held that when a song conforming to the cadence rules of the old modes was found amongst village singers, it was clear to him that it had descended from a time before 1650. This, however, was not agreed to by all. Folk-songs were not all of ancient date, and some new ones were even now being composed in the old modes. Mr. Sharp said that they were always being composed, and perpetually changing. 'They were always in a fluid state, always dynamic, never static.' This is certainly true of Highland Folk-Song.

[1] Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser will shortly publish these songs in book form. They should prove to be not the least valuable of our collections.

[2] Thus in Key G, the Irish F♯, is only a quarter tone sharp on F. The Irish C is quarter tone flat on the ordinary C. D E G and A are constant. The Irish F is a perfect fifth below the Irish C.

It appears, then, that the origin and development of our music is full of fascinating and unsolved problems. Had the old pre-Reformation music of the Celtic Church any influence on our folk-song? Did the monks of Iona sing in the old ecclesiastical modes of Italy? Or had we an earlier music of our own? Mr. Carmichael has collected old hymns that may have come down from the Celtic Church. If the words survive for centuries, is it not all the more likely that the music would survive.

There was undoubtedly much intercourse between Ireland and Western Scotland two or three hundred years ago. Irish harpers often travelled through Scotland. Mulrony was called the chief harper of Ireland and Scotland. This was carried on till the close of the eighteenth century. Ireland was for long a school for Scottish harpers, and also for the Welsh. Murdo M'Donald, harper to M'Lean of Coll, studied in Ireland, and was with M'Lean of Coll in 1734. He was called 'Murchadh Clarsair.' Irish and Scottish music are closely akin, and are, in Joyce's words, 'really an emanation from the heart of one Celtic people, and form together a body of national melody superior to that of any other nation in the world.'

The old harper was a bard, a musical composer, a player and singer all in one person. Music was their profession, and it is not to be wondered at that they should have composed beautiful tunes. The ancient Irish were passionately fond of music, and valued good musicians. The old Irish book, *Saltair nan Rann*, says Adam and Eve had a very hard lot after their expulsion from Eden, for they were without food, proper fire, house, *music*, or raiment! Evidently music was one of the necessities of life to the old Irish scribe.

The ancient Highlanders were quite as musically inclined as the Irish. Patrick M'Donald says that the people in his time loved their poetry and music the more that it was despised by some degenerate men of rank. There were songs for the women (*Luinneagan*) for all occupations, such as milking, watching folds, waulking, turning the quern, hay-

making, and cutting down corn. There were *Iorraim* for the men, rowing songs, though the women sang them also. In harvest, he says, you could hear them on every side singing their woodnotes wild. They were as musical as the Arcadian shepherds.

He remarks that even then, in 1784, 'through intercourse with the Lowlands the custom of singing these songs regularly was declining.' We cannot therefore overstate the value of the work done at the present day to rescue our best folk-songs from oblivion where that danger is impending. We must try and perpetuate them and render them accessible, and bring them again into common use and currency. We should try to collect every folk-tune, be it good or not so good, into one treasury, noting them down exactly as they are sung. After that will come the stage of editing and selection, and it may be the working up of our music into classical forms by the musician of commanding genius for whom we are waiting. Though, indeed, many of us may think that no treatment can enhance the charm these tunes already possess for us, the charm of simple and direct, but deep and tender, human feeling. The very spirit of the Celtic race speaks in its music alike in the passionate yearning of the love-song and in the wild, martial spirit of the war pibroch.

Let us cherish our native music as a valuable possession not only for ourselves, but for the enrichment of the treasures of European Folk-Song.

SEA-POEMS

(*Continued from vol. iv. p.* 351)

KENNETH MACLEOD

VIII

AN LAOIDH-AINNE

[THE writer learned this version of the Clan Ranald Dawn-Prayer from old Vincent MacEachin, Eigg, a native of

Arisaig. Stray lines were afterwards got from other old folk. The prayer is said to have been chanted by the MacDonalds while crossing from Uist to Moidart. For translation, see *Review*, vol. iii. p. 250.]

Oigh chùbhr na mara,
Thu làn de na gràsan
'S an Righ mòr-gheal maille riut,
Beannaicht thu, beannaicht thu,
Beannaicht thu a measg nam ban—
T'anail-sa stiuradh m'ataich,
Buailidh e an laimrig gheal.
Grìosam, O grìosam, do Mhacan ciuin
D'an tug thu glùn is cioch,
E bhi mar ruinn,
E bhi ri faire,
E bhi 'gar caithris,
E sgaoileadh tharainn a chochaill bheannaicht
O ra-soluis gu ra-soluis,
O shoills' òr-bhuidh an anamuich
Gu soills' òg-ghil na camhanaich,
'S rè na h-oidhche dubhara dòbhaidh
E bhi 'g ar còmhnadh,
E bhi 'g ar seòladh,
E bhi 'g ar steòrnadh,
Le h-iùl agus glòir nan naoi gatha gréine,
Tro mhuir, tro chaol, tro chùmhlait,
Gus an ruig sinn Mùideart
'S deagh Mhac'ic Ailein,
O gus an ruig sinn Mùideart
'S deagh Mhac 'ic Ailein.

IX

URNAIGH-MHARA SHIL-LEOID

[This heathenish prayer was learned by the writer from Janet MacLeod, of the Dunvegan *Clann a' Chomhairliche*. Longer versions have been taken down, but the forceful terseness of the shorter one is preferable. For translation, see *Review*, vol. iii. p. 251.]

A Thì ta còmhnuidh 's na h-àrdaibh shuas,
Cobhair oirnne 's an doimhne shios,
Freasdail duinn soirbheas-latha mar thaghadh tu fein,

Freasdail duinn soirbheas-oidhche mar thaghamaid fein,
Falach-neoil oirnne 's gealach air càch,
Sinn fein air fuaradh 's iadsan 'nan tàmh ;
O cùm air t'iallaibh lasragan is gioragan—
'S a' chuid eile eadar sinn fein 's na biodagan !
'S bheir sinn glòir do'n Trianaid 's do Chliaman [1]
'S do 'n chléireach mhór [2] a tha'n Ròdal.

TOPOGRAPHICAL VARIA

W. J. Watson

The following notes deal with some of the more uncommon and puzzling elements in our topography. The two last are new. Points in the others have already been incidentally discussed either by Dr. Alexander MacBain [3] or myself.

fo

The preposition *fo*, under, is found in its strictly local sense in *foithir*, under-land, flat land lying under a steep eminence. Hence Foyers (with English plural) and several other places of the same name in Stratherrick, e.g. *am Foithir beag, Foithir Mhic Clò'ain.* On the west coast of Ross-shire it seems to become *faithir*, and is applied to the long-continued terraces formed by the old raised beach. Probably there is here a transference from the flat ground below the terrace to the terrace itself. With regard to Foyers, MacBain says, 'older Foyer, for old Gaelic "*fothir*," good land, evidently "low-lying land."'

With a diminutive force *fo* appears in Phoineas or Foynes for *fo-innis*, 'little haugh,' or sometimes, possibly, low haugh, as in a case near Abriachan, on the west side of Loch Ness, where the haugh lies below the steep hillside. There is no doubt of its diminutive force in the common

[1] St. Clement is the patron saint of the Clan Macleod ; the old church at Rodel, Harris, was dedicated to him.

[2] The priest of Rodel was always called *An cleireach Mor*, 'the great cleric,' probably because of the importance of St. Clement's Church.

[3] *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. xxv.

Fowlis (Ross-shire, Aberdeen, Perth, Forfar, Stirling), in Gaelic *Fólais*, or better *Foghlais*, substream (fo + glas), a derivation confirmed by the old spelling Foglais in the Charters of Inchaffray. The old district name Fothreve (Fife and Fothreve) has been explained with probability by, I think, Dr. Kuno Meyer, as *fo + treb*, sub-dwelling (cf. *treabhar*, houses). The puzzling name Fyrish, the name of a farm and adjacent hill in Ferindonald, Ross-shire, in Gaelic *Foighris* or *Faoighris*, may be for *fo-iris*, under-roost. There is in the face of Fyrish Hill (*Cnoc Foighris*) a remarkable projection or spur of considerable size, surrounded by a deep gully. So sandy is its surface that it long defied the attempts made to plant it, but it now grows timber. It is called in Gaelic *Cnocan Dheilgnigh*, the prickly hillock, no doubt from the briars and whins which grew there of old. This sort of projection is often called '*spardan*,' roost; but in Glenartney Forest the term *iris* is used, and it is possible that in the name Fyrish we have this element.

lòch

The old adjective *lòch* is glossed *dub*, black, in Cormac's *Glossary*, and is equated by Dr. Whitley Stokes with Welsh *llwg*, livid, scurvy. Adamnan in his *Life of Columba* (ii. 38) mentions a river in Lochaber 'qui Latine dici potest Nigra Dea,' or the Black Goddess, and in the headings of chapters to Book I. occurs the name Stagnum Lochdae, lake of the Black Goddess, situated somewhere about the 'dorsal ridge' of Alba. MacBain identifies these with the river Lochy (Inverlochy) and Loch Lochy (G. *Lòchaidh*). The Irish Annals record under the year 728 a battle fought between the armies of Nectan and Angus, king of the Picts: bellum monith carno iuxta stagnum Loogdae; but the location is uncertain. The phonetics of Loogdae look Welsh.

The furthest north instance so far noticed is Inchlochel (*Innis-lòicheil*), in Ross-shire. In Inverness-shire, besides Inverlochy, is Lochletter (G. Lòchleitir), dark hillside, and MacBain notes the river Lochy, 'which acts for a short

distance as the boundary of Abernethy parish and Inverness county, and which joins the Avon at Inverlochy near Kirkmichael.' Near Dores is *Camas-lòchaidh*, Lochy Bay, and above the Streens on Findhorn is *Poll-lòchaig*, Pool of the dark spot. In Perthshire there is Glen Lochay with its river Lochay (G. *Lòchaidh*); also the river Lochy from Loch Bee, joining the Orchy, while near Comrie is Drum-lòchlainn, ridge of the dark flat. In Perthshire we have also Inverlochlarig (*Inbhir-lòchlairig*), the Inver of the black pass. Glenlochy at Glenshee is in Gaelic Gleann-lochsaidh, and therefore requires a different explanation. The Lochty Water in Fife may or may not be connected; the quantity of the vowel cannot now be ascertained. Lastly, in Aberdeenshire, may be noted the parish of Leochel, the old spellings of which (Loychel, *c.* 1200) make the pronunciation fairly certain.

ialo-s

This is a common element in Gaulish names and is equated with Welsh *ial*, a clear or open space. It still survives in many French names of places, *e.g.* Verneuil, Verno-ialos, Alder-space, Alder-glade, where *verno-* is Gaelic *fearna*. Though we cannot produce a *Fearnail* in Scotland, we can exactly parallel the French Mareuil, Maroeuil, Mareil and other such, all from the Gaulish *Maro-ialos*, great-clearing, which with us is Morel, G. *Móirl* in Strathdearn, and Moral in Bal-moral and elsewhere. Similarly Leochel and Inch-lochel, noted above, mean 'dark-clearing.' Muthil, G. *Maothail*, is soft space, and near it there is Dargill, representing G. *Deargail*, red spot, a name which recurs in Ireland as Dargle. So far these are the only instances that I have noted as certain, but it may be suspected that Duthil, G. *Daoghal*, contains the same element, as also Culduthel near Inverness, in Gaelic Cuil-daoghail. The first part is difficult.

coll, call, calltuinn

The hazel, as might be expected, plays a prominent part in our topography, appearing, however, much oftener in the

short form *coll* or *call* than in the longer (derived) form *calltuinn*. Perhaps the best known name involving the latter is Barcaldine, G. *Barr-calltuinn* in Argyle. Instances of its use in Sutherland, Ross, or Inverness would be exceedingly difficult to produce; in all these counties *call* and *coll* are the forms regularly found. In common speech, on the other hand, *calltuinn* is universal; the others have grown quite obsolete, and are not recognised by all dictionaries. This, together with their resemblance to *coille*, wood, has caused *coll* and *call* to be practically ignored by many writers. In names where it is possible to verify the Gaelic forms there is no difficulty in distinguishing the sound of *coill*, genitive of *call*, with its long *ll*, from *coille*, where the *ll* is short; but when this is not so, and we have only the forms as taken over into Scots, *ll* regularly becomes *w*, whence much confusion has resulted. The most instructive example is Kilcoy in Ross-shire, in 1294 Culcolly, 1479 Culcowy, later Kilcoy, G. *Cuil-challaigh*, a derivative of *call*, meaning 'Nook of the Hazel Wood.'[1] Here the process is plainly seen in operation, and the old record spelling can be checked by the present-day Gaelic form. The same element is seen in *Bealach Collaigh*, Wyvis. Cowie is rather a common name; old spellings, when they are available, show Colly, Collie, or such, and it is to be inferred that all the Cowie's were Hazel-woods. Similarly our northern Tolly, Tollie, G. *Tollaigh* (from *toll*, hole) becomes in Scots Towie (derived wrongly from *tulach*, a hill, with reversion of meaning).

Coll becomes in Scots cow, whence Duncow, Hazel Fort, in Dumfriesshire, just as *poll* becomes pow, applied to sluggish streams. *Coille*, wood, may also become cow on occasion, as in Cowcaddens, the old spellings of which, Kowcawdennis, Kowcaldenis, point to a derivation from *Coille-challtuinn*, Hazel wood.

The treatment of *calltuinn* is seen from a Perthshire example. Near Comrie is the pretty little spot of Cowden, in old spellings Coldon, the present-day Gaelic of which is

[1] *Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty*, p. 143.

a'Challtuinn, the Hazel Wood. This settles the meaning of the various Cowdens, including Cowdenbeath, with its differentia implying that this particular Cowden belongs to the parish of Beath. The same element is most probably seen in the famed Cowdenknowes in Berwickshire, old spellings of which are Couldenknowes, 1610; Coldingknowes, 1827.[1] The hybrid form in this case presents no more difficulty than such a term as 'the Moor of Rannoch,' and the name is doubly interesting as occurring in Berwickshire. Of course, Coldingham, Bede's Urbs Coludi, is no relation.

Ibert and Offerance

Ibert occurs as a place-name once in Perthshire and twice in Stirlingshire. A Retour of 1640 records 'gleba vocata the Ibert ecclesiae de Monzie' (the glebe called *the* Ibert belonging to the church of Monzie), and another of 1648 has 'the glebe and kirkland of the viccar of Monzievaird beside the water of Turret, with teynd sheaves of the said glebe called Ibur.' The Ibert still survives upon the map, not, however, beside the water of Turret, but beside the Shaggie Burn, a little way to the north of Monzie Parish Church. In Stirlingshire, Thomas Buchannane was served heir in 1621 to his father John Buchannane of Ibert in 'the church lands of Ibert in the parish of Drymmen,' and the name still appears close to the church of Drymen. The other Stirlingshire Ibert was apparently close to the church of Balfron, and appears on record in 1666 as belonging to the Earl of Glencairn. The fact of the connection of these names with Gaelic *iobart*, an offering, is more obvious than the exact manner of it, and there has arisen not unnaturally the usual 'Druidical' theorising—these, it is imagined, were places where sacrifice was offered. The exact significance and point of the name will, however, be apparent from certain phrases in the Book of Deer. There we have, for instance, 'dórat *inedbáirt* dóib úácloic intiprat goníce chlóic pette meic garnáit,' 'he gave *in offering* to them from the Stone of

[1] *Place-Names of Scotland*, J. B. Johnston.

the Well to the Stone of the Farm of Garnat's son.' Again, 'Domnall mac meic dubbacin robáith nahúle edbarta rodrostan, Domnall, son of Mac Dubbacin, dedicated (lit. drowned) all the offerings to Drostan.' There are two other instances of similar phraseology. Thus it will be seen that *iobart* was a regular old Gaelic term for an offering made to the Church. The place itself was the *iobart*, and so we have an interesting addition to the Scottish names of places derived from the Celtic Church. It will be noted that two of the three Ibert's above mentioned are definitely stated to be Church lands, while the third was near a church.

Iobart means 'an offering'; the church collection is still called 'the offeral' in the Highlands, and we shall now proceed to show that the curious place-names Offerance, Offeris are exact parallels of the Ibert's. The places of this name, like the Ibert's, are confined to Perth and Stirling. They are confined, in fact, to the Menteith neighbourhood, which was dominated by Inchmahome. Near the Lake of Menteith occur such names as Arnclerich, Arnvicar, Arnprior, and there on the fringe of Flanders Moss (*A' Mhòine Fhlànrasach*), north of the Kirk of Buchlyvie occurs the name Offerance, in its various divisions of Offerance of Gartur, Over Easter Offerance and Nether Easter Offerance, while at the west end of the Moss is Offerance, north of the Peel of Gartfarren. Offerance of Leckie formed part of Scheirgartane (Ret. 1609 etc.), presumably meaning West Gartan. It appears on the map as Offers in Perthshire, in an angle of the Forth, on the south edge of Blair Drummond Moss, and north of the Kirk of Gargunnock. The *Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Callander*, by the Rev. James Robertson, contains an interesting note on the etymologies of the parish names, among which is mentioned Offerans, lying, if we may judge from the order followed in the list, between Duncraggan and Lanrick at the west end of Loch Vennachar. 'In Gaelic,' says Mr. Robertson, it is '*Oir-roinn*, the side of the point. This name is generally given to places at the side of a river,

whether it either runs into a lake or falls into another river.' This description applies well to the land in question, and as in a Retour of 1596 there appears '*lie* offeres de Lanark' in the lordship of Stragartnay we may conclude that this is the place in question. But either the name covered more ground than this, or there was another place of the same name similarly situated at the west end of Loch Achray, for the name of the meadow at the bridge there on the road to Aberfoyle was given me last August[1] as *an t-Oirrinn*, and the rock westwards of it (part of the Trossachs) as *Creag an Oirrinn*.[2]

If the minister's derivation is bad, his Gaelic is honest. Oirrinn is manifestly the Gaelic form of Offeran, Latin *offerendum*, whence E. Ir. *oifrend*, Gaelic *aifrionn*, the offering of the Mass, pronounced often *aoirinn* (*ao* short). The question arises whether *oirinn* is merely a dialectic variation of *aifrionn*, retaining the original initial vowel, or whether it is not an independent loan of local origin from the same source. The difference in gender (*aifrionn*, fem., *oirinn*, mas.) does not count, the word having been originally neuter. In any case the Gaelic form of Offerance goes to show that the name is to be regarded as parallel to Ibert, and not a mere translation of it.

It has been already noted that the church collection is in the Highlands still called 'the offeral.' It may be added that in E. Ross (once a stronghold of the Celtic Church) the past generation were in the habit of applying the term *iobart* colloquially to any unkempt 'ill-guided' creature, whether beast or body. Was this a sinister reminiscence of the usual condition of animals presented to the Church? If so, then we may regard the *bonna-sia* of the offeral as the legitimate successor of the starveling iobart! 'Cha do chuir mi-fhein ann riamh ach am bonna-sia' said an elder of my acquaintance.'

[1] In course of an investigation of the names of Perthshire, in which I was helped by the Carnegie Trustees, whose liberality I desire gratefully to acknowledge.

[2] My informant was Parlan Macfarlan, who possesses a unique knowledge of the names and traditions of the country between Callander and Loch Lomondside.

FAIRY TALES

In a village in the Island of Bernera, Lewis, there is a small hillock called Sithean, in connection with which the following story is told.

A man in the village whose house was in the neighbourhood of the hillock used to be much annoyed by the Fairies. The story says that they were in the habit of borrowing pots and cooking-pans from his wife—sometimes returning them, sometimes not. The man came home one day from fishing, and being hungry asked for some food. His wife told him she could not get any food prepared for him as the Fairies had taken away the pot from her in the morning.

The goodman desired her to go to one of her mortal neighbours and borrow a pot until her own should be returned. On the way to her neighbour's house, as she passed the hillock she saw the door of the Fairies' habitation wide open, and directly opposite it her own pot.

She entered and beheld a number of people inside, and prominent among them an old man wearing a green cap. There was also a large dog with a yellow collar leashed in a corner of the dwelling. No sooner did she remove the pot than the old man ordered the dog to be set after her in the following words :—

'Bhean bhalbh ud 's a bhean bhalbh
Thainig a tir na marbh
Thug i 'n coire leatha na crubh—
Fuasgail an Guth 's leig an Garg.'

The translation is literally :—

'That dumb woman and the dumb woman
Who came from the land of the dead
Took the kettle with her in her *talons*—
Unloose the Voice and let free the Fierce.'

(Voice and Fierce apply to the dog.)

The woman took to her heels, and did not part with the pot although the dog was in full cry after her. As she was entering the door of her own house, the dog overtook her and caught her by the heel. The woman pulled hard and the dog held fast. At last the woman got free and entered the house, but—minus a heel.

The return of the article borrowed depended on the following lines being recited by the lender on handing over the article to the borrower :—

'Dleasaidh gobha gual
Gu iarunn fuar a bhleith,
Dleasaidh coire cnaimh
'S a cur slan gu teach';

signifying :—

'A blacksmith is entitled to coal
To grind the cold iron;
A kettle is entitled to a bone
And to be sent home safely.'

The wife had neglected to recite these lines when she lent the pot—which was the reason it was not returned. If the lines were recited, not only was the pot returned, but with it a bone of beef, mutton, or venison, with a good deal of meat on it.

A man from Harris was deer-hunting in Bealach a' Sgail. (The Glen of the Echo, the pass between the hills Li fo thuath and Li fo dheas—North Lea and South Lea in North Uist. Here Gilleaspa Dubh was murdered by his nephew.)

In the hollow of the glen he came upon a man in the act of skinning a deer. The man, who was a stranger, appeared to be much disconcerted at being thus caught, and expressed a hope that he fell into good hands. The Harris man assured him that he need fear nothing on his account.

The stranger took courage on being thus assured and entered upon a conversation with the man. Not seeing a

dog with the Harris man, the stranger asked if he had any at home, to which the man replied in the negative. The stranger wondered at a huntsman being without a dog and offered him his own—a large grizzled hound that crouched beside him, adding :—

'Soilleir fuil air cu ban,
'Soilleir cu dubh air liana,
'S nam bithinn ris an fhiadhach,
B'e 'n cu riabhach mo roghann';

which means :—

'Visible is blood on a white dog,
Visible is a black dog on a meadow,
And if I were deer-hunting
The grizzled dog would be my choice.'

The stranger pointed to the dog, and the Harris man stooped down to take hold of the dog's leash. On turning round to thank the donor, neither he nor the carcass could be seen. It was not till the sudden disappearance of the stranger that the man apprehended that he was a fairy. The Harris man kept the dog for a long time, until one day as he was passing the identical hollow in which he met the Fairy he heard a shrill whistling—the dog cocked his ears and made off, and his late owner never saw him again.

The Fairies are said to be as fond of deer's milk as of venison.

On a hill called Beinn Bhreac there was frequently seen a noted Fairy milking the deer. She was one day observed by two hunters going round the deer, and after gathering them into a gorge in the side of the hill she commenced milking them one by one, singing a kind of lullaby the while, till she came to one which was so restive as not to suffer her to come near but ran off up the hill, she following with almost equal speed. Seeing that she was loosing ground, she suddenly stopped and exclaimed :—

'Saighead Fhionnlaidh ort a bhradaig
Ge b' oil le d' ladhran bheir i stad ort
Luaidhe Mhic Iain Chaoil 'na d' chraicionn
'S buarach na *Baoibhe* mu t' adharcan.'

'Finlay's arrow in thee, thou thief,
In spite of thy hoofs it will make thee stop;
Mac Iain Chaoil's lead in thy carcass
And the Fairy's Buarach on thy horns (legs).'

Finlay was the chief of the Fairies, as is evident from their being called 'Sluagh Fhionnlaidh,' or Finlay's People. My informant could not tell who 'Mac Iain Chaoil' was. The English of the name is Son of Slender John. The Fairy herself was the Fury. Buarach is a kind of shackle made of hair or hemp used to tie round the hind legs of cows to keep them from kicking while they are being milked. It is universally used in the Outer Hebrides to the present day.

No sooner had the Bean-shith or Fairy woman pronounced these words than the deer stopped and suffered herself to be milked. The Pibroch of Cronan Cailleach na Beinne Bric is said to have been composed upon this Fairy, the air being in imitation of the tones and modulations of her voice in her lullaby when milking the deer.

In an island in Loch Roag there is a conical hillock said to have been the favourite resort of Fairies. The people of the island began building a turf fence for the purpose of keeping the cattle from coming in on the arable land. The line of the fence passing near the base of the hillock, they cut a quantity of turf off the side of the knoll.

On the day following that on which the sods were cut a young lad—an amateur bagpipe-player—was employed in boring a piece of wood in order to make a chanter of it, when a strange woman came to him, and saluting him, told him that she would put him in the way of getting a much better chanter than he could ever make, provided he would place the sods which were cut in yonder hill yesterday in their original places.

He had scarcely come back from replacing the sods when the strange woman made her appearance, and after expressing her approbation of the manner in which he had executed the

work, she told him to get Maide nan Cuaran—a stick stuck in the wall on which brogues were hung—and work it down to the shape of a chanter, and bore it, and after he had finished to put in the mouthpiece a reed which she handed him.

He finished the chanter to the best of his ability and inserted the Fairy's reed.

The music played on the bagpipes with that chanter excelled all other pipe music. The chanter was kept for many generations by the descendants of the lad in Uig till they emigrated to America, when they took the chanter with them.

Fairies are said to have had a strong predilection for babes.

In the island of Lewis the utmost watchfulness was observed not many years since in guarding the babe till after baptism. In the event of the person watching having occasion to leave the room in which the child was, it was the custom to lay the tongs in the doorway, or, more generally, across the cradle.

The tongs, placed in either of those places, was considered a sufficient guard until the individual's return.

The consequences of neglect in observing these customs are exemplified in the following stories.

The Fairies never abducted a child without leaving one in its stead—so much to their credit. But the substitute thus left was extremely meagre and emaciated, having a cadaverous appearance, and the tone of its voice more like that of an old person than that of a child. The belief regarding the substitute was that it was a worn-out, decrepit fairy, whom age or disease had rendered an unfit member of the Fairy community, metamorphosed into a baby.

In Pabbay, an island in Loch Roag, a child of a few days old was kidnapped by the Fairies in consequence of the carelessness of the woman to whom it was intrusted.

The parents did not suspect that it was not their own

child they were rearing, as the Fairies had left one in its stead, till an old woman from Valtos, the village opposite the island, came across to visit her daughter, and happening to be in the house, made some remarks on the child's appearance. After examining the parents and handling the baby, the woman assured them that they fostered a Fairy instead of their own child. In order to get their own child restored to them, she recommended the father to put a pot of water on the fire, and then conceal himself till the water boiled in a place where he could see the child and hear it should it speak.

The man did so, and no sooner did the water begin to boil than the child of but a few months old began to speak.

> 'Fhearchair, thoir dheth an coire. Tha'n coire goil.'
> ('Farquhar, take off the kettle. The kettle is boiling.')

This was uttered in the hollow and tremulous tones of an old woman.

The man was terrified at such an extraordinary occurrence and went directly to his adviser, who was in her daughter's house, and related the circumstance, and sought her further advice. She told him to leave the Fairy child at midnight on the side of a hillock in the neighbourhood, and not to trouble himself about it till morning at dawn, when he should go to the same place and bring back his own child, which, she said, the Fairies would bring there shortly after the other had been left.

The man went to the hillock in the morning and carried home the child found there. The child throve and grew up to womanhood, and died at a good old age.

My informant knew the woman, a nephew of whom was recently living in the parish of Uig.

In the village of Erista, Uig, now depopulated, there was a man whose child was carried away by the Fairies, but as usual they left one in its place. But the substitute was sick and unhealthy, and continued so, notwithstanding

the tender care taken of it. The old woman referred to in the story preceding came that way, and having heard of the sick child, came to the house. She told the goodwife that the child she nourished was not her own, but a worn-out Fairy, and that in order to recover her own child she must cast the false one away. To remove any doubts that might be in the goodwife's mind, the woman advised her to knead a bannock of meal and to bake it against the fire, supported on nine wooden pegs or pins—the lower ends of which should be fixed in the hearth, and the others stuck in the edge of the bannock, and this done, to hide herself where she could see and hear the child, and if the child exhibited any extraordinary symptoms she might be sure it was a Fairy.

The mother did so, and was not long in concealment when she saw the child raise its head in the cradle, and after looking round, exclaim, ''S fada beo mi, ach cha 'n fhaca mi a leithid do chul-leac ri bonnach.' (I have lived long, but I never saw such a back stone (support) to a bannock.) To hear a child of its age speak, and that in such old-mannish accents, was enough to convince the mother. She consulted the old woman further, when she was told to throw the child into the river, and that her own child would soon be restored to her. She did so, and the 'infant' commenced crying mightily for help—imploring mercy, but the goodwife was inexorable.

In the morning she found her own child sleeping quietly in the cradle, which but the day before had been occupied by an old Fairy.

In the island of Pabbay, Harris, an old woman and her daughter were cutting corn in the field. The daughter had a young son, and there being none with whom the child could be left at home, she brought it out with her to the field, and placed it on the soft grass at the side of the corn rig. It had not been there long till it commenced to cry and whine. The mother was going over to it when the grandmother stopped her, saying that it was not her own child—that she had seen the Fairies take it away, and that they had left an old man

Fairy in its stead. The child continued crying, the mother and grandmother taking no notice.

At length the old woman (who possessed the faculty of second sight) saw the Fairies returning with the abducted child, and after removing the old man, placed it in its original position. The old man ceased crying as soon as his own people took him away, and the child sat quite still.

The mother wondered that the child ceased crying so suddenly and that without any inducement, when the grandmother told her it was the old man who cried all the time, and that the crying ceased only when the other Fairies took him away.

In order that they should not attempt to steal the child a second time, the old woman made her daughter tie an iron button which she had round the child's neck. The old woman was a native of St. Kilda.

At Avonsuidh, Harris, there lived, not very long ago, a man of the name of John Macleod. He had a goodly family of children at the date of the story, all stout and healthy, with the exception of the youngest, a boy of twelve months old.

The child was thriving well for the first four months when he was observed to have undergone a sudden change.

Instead of his usual liveliness he became dull and lethargic, and his plump body, and smooth, soft skin got flabby and shrivelled, and notwithstanding all the means used the child did not thrive.

It happened that an old woman from Lewis was on a begging tour in Harris at the time, and among other houses she called at Macleod's. She was not long in the house till she made inquiries about the child, as to its age and so on. Finally she told the mother that the child was not her own, but a Fairy substitute, and that in order to recover her own child, she must place the false one below high-water mark on St. Bride's night (1st February, old style), and though it should cry, not to remove it till the crying ceased.

St. Bride's night arrived, and the goodwife treated the child as she had been directed. The infant cried lustily for some time without the woman taking any notice. At last the crying ceased, and she took the child she found.

The child grew to be a man, and emigrated to Australia some years ago.

The above are a few specimens of the stories related in reference to the abduction of children by the Fairies. Fairies are not yet extinct, and they still carry away young children, though not to such an extent as in the days of old, partly owing to the circumstance that the ceremony of baptism is administered when children are very young.

There lives in the village of Mangusta, Uig, an impotent person, believed by certain old women to be a Fairy. He is upwards of thirty years of age and as powerless as an infant a few days old. He is quite incapable of changing the position in which he is placed in bed—cannot extend his hand to his mouth—he cannot even masticate his food. He is a mere skeleton, his legs and arms are as thin as a walking-stick but as long as those of an ordinary man. The man looks much older than he really is. His forehead recedes very much. He has no beard, but a few long white hairs on his chin, and is deaf but not dumb. During the first few months of his childhood he was as plump and healthy as any child in the place—the change was sudden—hence the superstitious belief about him.

Fairies are said to be very fond of music.

A man in the parish of Uig told me that he heard their music one day he was out on the moors.

The musical sounds seemed to come from under the ground on which he stood.

A notion was prevalent among the people of Lewis, and of the Highlands and Islands generally, that it was imprudent to wish—or rather to express a wish—for anything at any time of the night without simultaneously invoking the protection of the Deity.

If the invocation were forgotten or neglected they believed that their wish would be granted in some terrible manner. Probably this superstitious belief originated in the following and kindred stories.

Three men were hunting in the hills of Kintail. Having had but little success, and being reluctant to return home empty-handed, they agreed to pass the night in one of the shielings or huts, of which there were many on the moors. ('Shielings,' says my informant, 'much larger than those to be met with in Lewis.') Having lit a fire in the shieling they cooked some venison, of which they made a repast. After their meal they pulled some dry grass and moss and spread it on the floor to serve as a bed. Two of them sat on one side of the fire and the third at the other side began playing the trump (Jew's-harp). One of the two began to talk of their unsuccessful day's toil, but added that they would not grumble at their ill success were they now with their sweethearts. His comrade agreed with him heartily, and at the same time expressed a wish that their three sweethearts should be with them in the shieling.

Immediately three tall, handsome young women made their appearance, two of whom crossed over to the two men, the third remained with the musician. The fire was 'dimly burning,' and the man could not see how things were going with his comrades and their two strange visitors, but he noticed to his consternation a stream of blood flowing towards the fire from the place where they were, and looking at the same time at the woman who sat by him he observed that her feet were not like human feet but like the hoofs of a deer.

His fears were terribly aroused, and he wished heartily to make his escape. He made an excuse to the woman that he must go out for some water to drink, but she offered to go herself. He declined and rose to go out. He no sooner made a movement to the door than the woman got up, and endeavoured to lay hold of him before he reached the door, but he escaped and ran with all possible speed towards the nearest human dwelling.

The woman pursued him with a speed equal to his own. At length he reached a glen which was inhabited, and there the woman gave up the chase, and exclaimed several times: 'Dhith sibhs' ur cuthaich fein ach dh'fhag mo chuthaich fein mise.' You ate your own victims (?), but my victim (?) escaped from me.

On the day following the people of the glen went to the shieling, where they found the mangled remains of the two men, their throats cut, their chests laid open, and their hearts torn away. I asked my informant who these women were. He wondered at my ignorance, and replied that they were 'Baobhan Sith' (Fairy Furies). He often related similar stories.

In Borve, Harris, or, according to some, in Mealista Uig, there was a poor widow who had a large family of young boys. She was one night busily engaged teasing some wool, of which she intended to make some stuff for clothing her boys. As she was laying by her work for the night she exclaimed with a sigh, 'When shall this wool be spun? I wish—goodness be between me and harm—that this were the night.' She had no sooner ceased her speaking than a strange woman presented herself, followed by a host of others, and demanded work. The poor woman was bewildered, and did not know what to do or say until the principal visitor reminded her of the wish she had expressed a short time before.

She immediately gave the wool, and the leader of the party ordered that they should commence work, saying, 'Siudaibh mhnathan ciribh siudaibh mhnathan cardaibh siudaibh mhnathan sniomhaibh.' Each of the train commenced work busily. Cards and spinning-wheels were soon in requisition and as soon procured—where from nobody knew—and the wool was spun and ready for the loom in less than no time. No sooner was the loom required than it was provided, and the stuff was woven in less time still. In fine the cloth was waulked and ready for immediate

use. Having accomplished what the woman wished for they demanded more work.

The woman could think of none to give them, but fearing some mischief she made an excuse to go out for some work, and she went direct to her nearest neighbour's and consulted him as to how to get rid of the Fairies, telling him the circumstances. He told her to take a vessel containing dirty water to the door, at the same time pretending that she was getting work for them. When she got to the door she was to cry out in a loud voice, 'Tha'n Dun ri theine,' and no sooner would they hear this than they would make a speedy retreat. When the foremost of them would pass her in the doorway the man recommended that the vessel containing the dirty water should be thrown across her back (*i.e.* the Fairy's back), and that they would never return to demand more work. The woman did so and the Fairies never returned.

This is how the last each-uisge that was in Lewis came to his end: A man lived in Erista, in the parish of Uig, who was the tenant tacksman not only of that and the neighbouring village but of the extensive tract of land between Loch Roag and Loch Langabhat. In the summer season he used to send his cattle to graze on the moor with two females to look after them. The women lived in a shieling in Glen Langabhat—where the ruins of the shieling are still to be seen.

The women were frequently visited by the each-uisge in human form, but as he conducted himself in no way disagreeably they did not feel any repugnance to his visits. In the course of time, however, he seems to have undergone a change of disposition, inasmuch as his conduct towards them became highly offensive. He not only insulted and ill-treated themselves, but committed great depredations among their master's cattle—killing some of them on the spot and carrying some of them away. But, says my informant, he always had the form of a quadruped when he

killed them on the spot, but of a man when taking them away and visiting the women. His indignities towards the women and his depredations amongst the cattle increased to such an extent that the women left the field to himself, and made their way to Erista, where they told their master how matters stood. Their master, not believing their reports, and deriding their cowardice, sent two 'sgallag's' to the moors to see what was the real state of matters. When the 'sgallag's' came in sight of Glen Shanndaig they saw the each-uisge in the act of taking one of the cattle away. This satisfied them, and they returned and told their master what they had seen. The owner of the cattle saw that he must get the each-uisge killed or else his cattle would be all lost to him. There was a man in Eashadir on the shores of Loch Roag who was a famous archer and who had killed some time before two each-uisge's, one in Skye and another in the parish of Lochs (Lewis). To him, then, the owner of the cattle went and offered him a great reward if he could kill the each-uisge.

The archer, whose name was Macleod, agreed to go at once. He accordingly took his bow and arrows and started for the glen, accompanied by his son, who did not know where they were bound for till they were half-way on their journey.

When the son heard the object of the journey he would not by any means go, but wished to return home and let his father go alone. The father would not permit this, but bound his son with cords and left him there.

Macleod proceeded alone on his way, and when he came in sight of the glen he saw the each-uisge coming up from the loch and making for him. He held himself in readiness, and when the beast was within range he let fly the arrow, which stuck in the creature's side, but did not in the least impede his progress. As he came still nearer, the man let go a second arrow, which caused the each-uisge to stagger, but still he came on with his mouth wide open and his eyes glaring. The man saw he was in danger and took out the

Baobhag, the Fury of the Quiver, and placing it waited till the creature was near, when he fired it so that it went in at its mouth and through its heart. The beast fell dead, and Macleod cut off its tail as a pledge that he had killed the each-uisge, and picking up the Baobhag returned to the tacksman, who rewarded him generously.

Now I shall give a few tales in Gaelic, as they were told to me. They are always much better in Gaelic :—

Bha duine meat ann am Bearnaraidh, fear Lachlainn ——. Bha e fas mor ach cha robh dad a dh' fheum ann. Ach 's e bh'ann sitheach. Chunnaic fear sithichean agus labhair e riu ann an iomadh cainnt, ach cha do fhreagair iad e. Ach mu dheireadh labhair e riu anns a Ghaidhlig ! Dh' fhiosraich e dhiubh an ann aca a bha Lachlainn ——. Thubhairt iad gur ann agus a steach a thug iad e do'n chnoc !

Bha duine araidh a toirt dhachaidh mòineach 's an anmoich mar a bha iomadh duine còir roimhe. 'Nuair a bha a chliabh lan thuirt e, 'Is truagh nach robh duine agam a thogadh an cliabh orm.' Cha luaith a thubhairt e so na fhuair e mar a mhianaich e. Thuirt fear a chleibh, 'co so a thog an cliabh orm ?' 'Thog,' ars' an sithich, 'fear a bhitheas toileach air do chuideachadh anns gach cruaidh chas anns an tachair dhuit a bhi.' 'Is maith an naidheachd sin,' ars' fear a chleibh. 'Tha tigh agam ri dheanamh agus b'fheairrde mi cuideachadh.' Thainig na sithichean agus thog iad an tigh agus cha robh iad fein fada ris. Ach ma bha an duine riamh ann an cruaidh chas air son obair a bhi aige bha e nis da rireamh ann an cruaidh chas air son nach robh obair aige a chumadh riutha, oir dh' fheumadh e so a dheanadh. Na eigin anns a chuis so chaidh e a dh' ionnsaidh sean duine bha 's an aite fiach ciod bu choir dha dheanamh.

Thuirt e ris, 'Iarr orra ceanglachain a chuir air an tigh ach ceangail fiodhaig a chuir air gach ceann de'n tigh.' Na 'n deanadh iad so cha b' urrainn iad fein buaidh sam bith a bhi

aca air an tigh. Dhiult iad so a dheanamh agus thuirt iad ris mur an robh an tuillidh obair aige dhaibh gu 'n deanadh iad sud agus so air. Thuirt an sean duine ris an sin iarraidh orra sùgan ceann-ordaig a dheanamh de 'n ghainmhich air son tròdh do'n tigh. Dh' fhiach iad ri so a dheanamh ach cha b'urrainn iad. Bha 'n traigh 's a mhaduinn mar gu'm bitheadh e air a chladhach 'o ghrunnd. 'Nuair a chaidh so an uachdair orra dh'fhag iad an duine agus an uair a dh'fhag iad e thuirt iad, 'Soraidh leat fhein ach mallachd aig beul d' ionnsuiche.'

Bha fear a dol seachad air cnoc le buideal air a mhuin. Chunnaic e dorus a bhrugh-sith fosgailte agus na sithichean a dannsadh a stigh. Chaidh e steach agus thoisich e air dannsadh agus am buideal air a mhuin. Aig ceann bliadhna chaidh coimhearsnach an rathad. Chunnaic e am brugh fosgailte agus fear a bhuideil a dannsadh agus a bhuideal air a mhuin.

Chaidh e steach agus thuirt e ri charaid, 'Thig dhuit sgur de dhannsadh, a dhinne.' Thuirt e nach robh cho fad sin 'o n thoisich e. Cha do shaoil e bhliadhna a dannsadh anns a bhrugh ach mar greis de latha.

Bha a phiob gu tric agus gu minic air a chluinntinn anns a bhrugh-shith. Is e na briathran so a leanas pairt de phort-sith a bha uair agus uair air a chluinntinn :—

'Am faic thu nic Dhuinn leis a chrodh laoigh ?
Am faic thu nic Dhuinn leis a chrodh laoigh ?
Am faic thu nic Dhuinn leis a chrodh laoigh ?'

Air do dhuine na aonar a bhi dlu do'n bhrughaich-sith so, chuala e 'g a eigheach air ainm mar so : 'Dhomhuill dhuinn 's a Dhomhuill dhuinn, rainig thu fada gu leor.'

Bhiodh na sithichean gu tric agus gu minic a toirt clann bheaga leo agus a fagail fear dhiubh fein na aite. B'abhaist a radh ri neach air nach bitheadh coltas slainte, 'Tha thu

anns na cnuic', no, 'Is tu tha anns na cnuic.' Aig bean araidh bha sitheach an ait' a leanabh fhein. Cha robh ire no piseach a tighinn air agus cha robh ràn a dol as a cheann. Thubhairt i ris latha de laithibh, ''S mi tha seachd sgith dhiot.' 'Ma tha,' ars' esan agus e freagairt,' n'an deanadh tu run maith ormsa bheirinn faochadh dhuit agus dheanainn greis dhannsadh dhuit.' Thuirt i ris gu'n deanadh i sin. Sud e air an lair na bhodach beag sgiobalt a dannsadh! Nuair a bha e sgith thainig e air ais d'a h-uchd mar a bha e roimhe. Dh'innis i d' a fear mar a thachair. Chomhairlich e dhith teine mor a chuir air a maireach agus iarraidh air dannsadh a dheanamh mar a rinn e an dè. Agus 'nuair a bhitheadh e ri dannsadh a thilgeadh am mullach an teine. Rinn i mar a dh' iarr e oirre.—Sud e mach an dorus anns an ràmail, agus cha luaithe dh' fhalbh e na thainig a leanabh fein.

Air do dhuine araidh a bhi sgith le obair na h-earraich mar a bha iomadh duine coir roimhe thubhairt e 'san anmoich 'nuair a bha e sgur de dh'obair an latha—''S truagh nach robh luchd cuideachd agam!' Cha luath thuirt e so na thainig luchd cuideachd gu leor. Bha 'n treabhadh aige ullamh 's a mhaduinn. Dh' fhuirich aon diubh air son cumadh tuarasdail a dheanamh ris. B'e an tuarasdal a dh'iarr e sguab air son na h-uile fear a bha 'g obair. Air a so chord iad. Bha naodh cruachan arbhair aige 's an fhoghair. Thainig iad air tòir an tuarasdail. Thug gach fear leis sguab gus an tug iad leo na h-uile sguab a dh' fhas dha. Nuair a chunnaic e gu 'n robh iad a toirt leo na h-uile sguab shuidh e air sguab, ach bha aon sitheach gun sguab. Nuair a chunnaic e so thilg e an sguab sin as a dheigh. Tha na sithichean cho lionmhor 's gu'm bheil e na fhacal againn—'Cho lionmhor ri muinntir Fhionnlaidh,' 's e 'muinntir Fhionnlaidh' a their sinn ris na sithichean.

Bha sithichean Chnoc Mhor Arnail agus teaghlach a bha 's a choimhearsnachd n'an nabaidhean maith—cho maith 's gu'n robh iad a deasachadh am bìth 's an aon choire. 'S ann do

mhuinntir tir-nam-fear-beo a bhuineadh an coire, agus bhitheadh na sithichean a tighinn air a thòir cho tric 'sa bhiodh feum ac' air agus ga chuir a rithist air ais. Ach mar a chuala sinn roimhe dh' fheumadh muinntir an tigh radh mar so ri muinntir a bhrugh na h-uile uair a bheireadh iad leo an coire—'Dleasaidh gobha gual gu iarrunn fuar a bhleith, Dleasaidh coire cnaimh 's a cur slan gu teach.'

AN OBSCURE POINT IN THE ITINERARY OF ST. COLUMBANUS ON HIS WAY TO GAUL

From the French of Père Louis Gougaud

Jonas, who was at first a monk of Bobbio, and lived a long time in Gaul in the midst of the disciples of St. Columbanus, wrote his *Vita Columbani abbatis discipulorumque eius* less than thirty years after the death of the saint (615).[1] We know that Bruno Krusch has published, in the *Monumenta Germaniae historica*,[2] a critical edition of this important work which has been warmly received by all students of the hagiographal texts of the Merovingian period.[3] A simple note in this scholarly edition, a note intended to elucidate a passage in Chap. iv. of Book i., dealing with the journey of St. Columbanus from Ireland to Gaul, has specially struck our attention, and is responsible for the present inquiry.

This is how Jonas relates the circumstances of the journey in question. Leaving, about 590, his monastery of Bangor, in Ulster, Columbanus crosses the sea with twelve companions and reaches the shores of Britain (*Ad Britannicos perveniunt sinus*). There the monks remain for some time,

[1] The second book of the *Vita* was written about 642; cf. *Monumenta Germaniae historica*; *Scriptores rerum Merovingicarum*, vol. iv. (1902), Br. Krusch's preface to the *Vita Columbani*, p. 36.

[2] Edit. cit., pp. 1-156.

[3] Cf. *Analecta Bollandiana* (A. Poncelet), vol. xxii. (1903), p. 103 *sq.*; *Revue des Questions historiques* (E. Vacandard), vol. lxxvii. (1904), pp. 586 *sq.*; *Revue d'Histoire ecclésiastique* (L. Van der Essen), vol. v. 838 *sq.* etc.

unable to decide upon a destination for the continuation of their journey. At last they determine to go to Gaul (*Placet tandem arva Gallica planta terere*). If they find in this country a favourable soil for the seed of salvation, they will sow it there; if not, it will be carried to the neighbouring nations. Having formed these resolutions, the missionaries leave the shores of Britain and make for Gaul (*A Britannicis ergo sinibus progressi, ad Gallias tendunt*).[1]

In such terms Jonas tells of the beginning of St. Columbanus's wanderings. Now, the interpretation of this text presents a great difficulty. Do the words 'Britannici sinus' mean the coasts of Great Britain, or do they mean those of Armorican Britain? That is the question which Bruno Krusch has summarily determined in the note to which we have just alluded.

According to him it is Armorican Britain, '*Britannia Gallica*' that is meant here. Walahfrid Strabo and all the writers after him, who have maintained that, on his way to Gaul, St. Columbanus had passed through Great Britain were mistaken.[2] We do not, however, believe, for our part, that Bruno Krusch's solution is convincing. Without claiming to attain, in such matters, to absolute certainty, we think that the probabilities are greatly on the side of the opinion that the eminent critic feels he must set aside.

It must be recognised at the outset that the text is really ambiguous. To read it in detachment, without comparing it with any other passage in the *Vita Columbani*, without taking into account the data supplied by other sources, would be, it seems, to make it impossible to pronounce for one view or the other. Arthur de la Borderie[3] and M. J. Loth[4] have shown

[1] Jonas, *Vita Columbani*, i. 4, 5; Krusch edit. p. 71. We reproduce these texts on p. 179.

[2] This note is thus worded: 'Britannica Gallia intelligitur neque magna, de qua post Walahfridum etiam recentiones nonnulli cogitaverunt; cf. infra, c. 21: ut Ligeris scafa reciperetur Britannicoque sinu redderetur.' (Op. cit. p. 71, n. 1). Krusch has reproduced this note identically in his new edition of the *Lives* of Jonas (Script. rer. germ. in usum scholarum, 1905, p. 160, n. 2).

[3] A. de la Borderie, *Histoire de Bretagne*, 1896, Bk. i. p. 247 *sq.*

[4] J. Loth, *L'émigration bretonne en Armorique*, 1883, p. 153. Cf. A. Longnon, *Géographie de la Gaule au VIe siècle*, 1878, p. 169 *sq.*

that the emigration of the insular Britons to Armorica, begun in the second half of the fifth century, was continued in the following centuries and produced rather quickly the change in the country's name. That portion of the *tractus armoricanus*, which was occupied by the emigrants is already referred to,—perhaps in the letters of Sidonius Apollinarius,[1] certainly in Venantius Fortunatus,[2] and Gregory of Tours,[3] under the names of *Britannia, Britanniae*; and the inhabitants of the country are called *Britanni* or *Britones*. It will be seen that St. Columbanus, writing from Nantes, in 610, to the monks of Luxeuil, tells them that he is *in vicinia Britonum*.[4] *A priori*, therefore, there is nothing to prevent us from believing that the words '*Britannicos sinus, Britannicis sinibus*' in chapters iv. and v. of the *Vita*, published, as we know, about 642, may mean Gallic Britain.

These words being as applicable to Little Britain as to Great Britain, it is advisable to try to find, outside of Jonas's work, information to enable us to clear up this obscure question in the itinerary of St. Columbanus.

We find in chapter vi. of the *Chronicon Centulense* or Hariulf's *Chronicle of the Abbey of St. Riquier*, first published in the year 1088,[5] a reference to our saint's arrival in Gaul. The author tells us how Riquier, young, and as yet

[1] Sidonius Apollinarius, *Epistolae*, I. 7; Leutjohann edit. M. G. H., *Auct. Antiq.*, Bk. VIII. p. 11. The letters of Sidonius Apollinarius were published between 473 and 484 (A. Molinier, *Les Sources de l'Histoire de France*, 1902, vol. i. p. 45).

[2] Venantius Fortunatus, *Carmina*, III. viii.; Leo edit. M. G. H., *Auct. Antiq.*, Bk. IV. p. 59; *Vita S. Paterni*, x.; Krusch edit. *Auct. Antiq.*, IV. p. 36; *Vita Beati Maurilii*, XVI., Krusch edit. *ibid.*, p. 9.

[3] Gregory of Tours, *Historia Francorum*, IV. 4, 20; v. 16, 27, etc.; Krusch edit. M. G. H., *Script. rer. Merov.*, Bk I. pp. 143, 157, etc. The four first books of the *Hist. Franc.* were written about 576, the fifth and the sixth between 587 and 591 (Molinier, work mentioned, p. 57).

[4] Columbanus, Ep. IV. Gunlach edit. M. G. H., *Epistolae Merovingici et Karolini aevi*, Bk. I. p. 169.

[5] Hariulf, *Chronique de l'Abbaye de Saint-Riquier* (5th century—1104) F. Lot's edit., 1894 (a collection of texts for use in the study and teaching of history) pp. xvii, xviii.

finding satisfaction in the moral standards of the age, having welcomed under his roof two poor Irish missionaries whom the inhabitants of Ponthieu wanted to drive away, was suddenly converted by his guests. Now, these two protégés of the future superior of Centule, who were named Chaidoc and Frichor, were, according to Hariulf, travelling companions of St. Columbanus.

Then, setting down a local tradition, the writer adds: 'It is said that they landed here with him.' (*Fertur vero quod cum ipso illi quoque maria huc properando transmearunt*).[1] It is clear to demonstration that this band of monks, landing in the neighbourhood of the locality where later the monastery of Centule was to rise,[2] could have come by sea only from the Island of Britain.[3] It is important, however, to realise that the chronicler is here merely recording a current tradition of the country. What is the value of this tradition relating to events five hundred years old? This we are unable to settle with certainty. Yet let us observe that by general consent, Hariulf is credited with a literary honesty very unusual in his time. He tells us himself that he has rejected a considerable number of statements which were known to him only through popular tradition. Besides, when the events which he relates do not seem to him beyond

[1] Hariulf, *Chronique*, i. 6; Lot edit. p. 15-16. The name of Frichor is found only in Bk. II. chap. ii.

[2] St. Riquier; department of La Somme, district of Abbeville, canton of Ailly-le-Haut-Clocher.

[3] The oldest life of St. Riquier, discovered in 1903 by A. Poncelet, states (*Cap.* 2): *Fithori ex Hibernia et Chaidocus ex Iscotorum patria veniebant Siccambriam* (that is to say, to the country of the Franks). On this document, see A. Poncelet, *Analecta Bollandiana*, Bk. XXII., 1903, p. 173 *sq.*; Bk. XXIII., 1904, p. 106 *sq.*; Bruno Krusch, *Neues Archiv*, Bk. XXIX., 1903, pp. 13-48. The present work does not claim to settle St. Columbanus's place of landing in Gaul. In this connection, let us mention, as a matter of curiosity, Remondini's hypothesis, set forth by Margaret Stokes in *Six Months in the Apennines*, 1892, p. 167 *sq.* From a very imperfect inscription deciphered from a fragment of the original tomb of St. Columbanus, at Bobbio, the Italian archæologist thinks we may infer that the saint landed in Friesland: 'Nothing is more probable than that he had to cross Frisia.' Remondini's conjecture, which, after all, rests solely on the following remnants of the inscription: LEGATIO RESP . . . IS . PE . . . NE REGEM FRIX . . ., is, we submit, more ingenious than convincing.

all suspicion, he warns the reader of the fact.[1] Sometimes, too, he corrects the inaccuracies which he meets with in the sources of his narrative. That is not to say that he has corrected them all, for the *Vita Columbani*, which he had before him,[2] specially led him astray in the matter of the king, with whom St. Columbanus got into relationship on arriving in Gaul.[3] But what is there astonishing in a writer of the eleventh century not being struck with an anachronism which did not offend much earlier writers, such as Wettin and Walahfrid Strabo. Moreover, whatever may be the value of the tradition according to which Chaidocus and Frichor accompanied St. Columbanus on his passage, the fact of its insertion in the *Chronicle of St. Riquier*, combined with the certainty of Hariulf's acquaintance with the fourth and fifth chapters of the *Life of St. Columbanus*, points to a conclusion which is, we believe, not altogether devoid of interest. Indeed, if the chronicler had read the text of Jonas after the manner of Krusch, it would have been impossible for him to accept the tradition of Centule. As he has not rejected this tradition, he must therefore have taken our interpretation of the text. Therefore, from all the preceding considerations there emerges at least one fact, namely that in the eleventh century it was believed, on the authority of Jonas, that St. Columbanus, on his way from Ireland, had passed through Great Britain. The mere perusal of the works of those historians and critics of later centuries who have written the biography of the founder of Luxeuil, proves that these authors held the same opinion. Lastly, the clear-sighted author of the most recent life of St. Columbanus, M. l'Abbé E. Martin, while readily deferring on more than one point to the information supplied by Krusch, does not hesitate on this question to differ from him. Indeed, this is how he expresses himself at the close

[1] Hariulf, i. 17 ; Lot, p. 29.

[2] Hariulf, i. 4, 5 ; Lot, p. 12 *sq.*

[3] Hariulf, i. 2 and 3. A manuscript of the *Vita Columbani* is mentioned in the list of books published by Gervin I. (1045-1075) at the Abbey of St. Riquier (Lot, p. xxi).

of his introductory chapter: 'They [Columbanus and his disciples] crossed the Irish Sea; in front of them were outlined the Coasts of Britain; they landed there like many of their predecessors in days gone by. But the great *island* was inhabited by people of their own race; it was groaning under the yoke of the Angles and the Saxons, those accursed invaders. It was not there that solitude and peace were to be found. They rested there some time; then they resumed their adventurous journey and thus arrived in Gaul.'

According to Bruno Krusch it is a passage in Walahfrid Strabo's *Vita Galli* that has led all later writers astray on the itinerary of Saint Columbanus. The passage in question is in itself very clear and does not leave a shadow of doubt as to the author's meaning. Here it is: '*Ascendentes igitur navem, venerunt Britanniam et inde ad Gallias transfretarunt.*' For what reason does Bruno Krusch reject a text so clear? He does not tell us in as many words in the brief note which he devotes to it;[1] but the reason can easily be guessed. It is because he believes the purport of it irreconcilable with that of chapters iv. and v. of the *Vita Columbani.* The latter document being the older, it is on it that reliance must be placed. Our view is quite the opposite. We are of opinion that, so far from contradicting one another, the two texts elucidate one another. Jonas had written, we know, vaguely '*a Britannicis ergo sinibus progressi, ad Gallias tendunt.*' Walahfrid, who, like Hariulf, was acquainted with the work of Jonas, and was, moreover, favourably situated for acquainting himself personally with the facts regarding the doings of the master of St. Gall, wrote in a manner that dispels all doubt: '*venerunt Britanniam et inde ad Gallias transfretarunt.*' We see, and we shall see still better presently, that there is no contradiction between the two authors; only the one expresses himself less vaguely

[1] This note, appended to the *Vita Columbani* already quoted says: 'Hanc transfretationem haudquaquam recte statuit Walahfridus, Britanniam accipiens non Gallicam sed magnam.'

than the other. It is not for us to blame him for that. The final result of all that is that in the ninth, as in the eleventh century, at Reichenau, at St. Gall as at St. Riquier, it was believed that St. Columbanus and his disciples had passed through insular Britain.

St. Columbanus is justly regarded as the initiator of the great migration movement of the *Scotti* to the Continent, which lasted down to the decline of the Carlovingian period. The cause and the aim of these numerous migrations have varied according to the period. In the time of Charlemagne and of his successors, it was due to the intellectual revival in the East brought about by such men as Clement, Virgil of Salzburg, Dungal, and Sedulius Scottus.

Altogether different were the objects of St. Columbanus when he left Bangor. The austere recluse whom he had consulted in his youth as to his vocation had directed him to spend himself, outside of his native land, in the service of Christ. This advice, given in the form of an oracle, seems to have made the deepest impression on him.[1] From that time the word of the Lord to Abraham: *Egredere de terra tua* became, so to speak, his motto and that of all the wandering Scots, his imitators.[2] He leaves in succession the paternal roof, his province, and finally, soon afterwards, his monastery and the land of Erin, resolved to give himself to perpetual exile and to the labours of apostleship.[3] Now, what country more favourable to a first fulfilment of this vow than the Island of Britain? St. Columba of Iona, who maintained a correspondence with St. Comgall, the abbot of Bangor,[4] had,

[1] . . . et nisi fragilis sexus obstasset, mare transacto, potioris peregrinationes . . . Perge, inquit, o iuvenis, perge, evade ruinam, per quam multos comperis corruisse, declina viam, quae inferi ducit ad valvas? (*Vita Columbani*, i. 3: Krusch, p. 68-69).

[2] Jonas, *V.C.* i. 3; Krusch, p. 70. *Lives of the Saints from the Book of Lismore* (*Anecdota Oxoniensia*) ed. Whitley Stokes, 1890. Nos. 586, 2740 and 4484; Bollandistes, *Acta Sanct.* Oct. ix., p. 656. (*Vita S. Donati epis. Fesulani*); *Vita Altonis Cap.* 2, *M. G. H. Scriptores*, xv. 2, p. 843; Mabillon, *Act. Sanct. O. S. B.* 1685, p. 493; *Vita S. Cadroæ, cap.* 15).

[3] *V. C.*, 1, 5, 6; Krusch, pp. 71, 72; Columban, *Ep.*, iv., ed. Gundlach, M. G. H., *Epist*, t. i.

[4] *Act. Sanct.* t. ii. de mai, p. 581; Adamnan, *Vita Sancti Columbæ*, iii. 13. Cf.

in 565, made his way into the country of the Picts of Alba to revive the Gospel, formerly preached to the inhabitants by St. Ninian, but long ago blotted from their memory.[1] At the moment when Columbanus was leaving Bangor, Columba was carrying on his mission in the North. The east and the south of the Island had fallen under the Anglo-Saxon sway. The British Church—which St. Germain of Auxerre and St. Loup of Troy had saved, in the preceding century, from the ravages of Pelagianism—driven back by the pagan invaders into the mountains of Cambria, was sinking into a condition of danger of which Gildas the Wise, that Celtic Salvien, has left us an extremely sad picture in his *De Excidio Britanniæ*. As for the Angles and Saxons, they were still waiting for their first apostles. Not till 597 was Augustine to set foot on English soil. Therefore, from north to south of the island, what a vast field open to the active zeal of the thirteen monks of Bangor! Let us note, moreover, that their monastery was already maintaining communication with the neighbouring island, and that some of their brotherhood had already been sent there by the Abbot Comgall. The latter, under whose direction St. Columbanus had matured his plans for his expatriation, had himself at one time, immediately after his ordination as priest, thought seriously of travelling in Britain. Several priests and the bishop by whom he had been consecrated must have intervened to keep him in Ireland.[2]

If we take into account all these circumstances, is it not reasonable to suppose that St. Columbanus and his companions had determined to carry on their first campaign in Great Britain rather than in the Armorican peninsula, which

Otto Seebass, *Ueber Columba von Luxeuils Klosterregel und Bussbuch*, 1883, p. 23.

[1] Bede, *Eccles. Hist.*, iii. 4. Cf. Zimmer *Celtic Church in Britain and Ireland.* Trans. A. Meyer, 1902, p. 73.

[2] Bollandistes, *Acta Sanct.*, t. ii de mai ; *Vita Comgalti*, cap. 12, p. 583. See the esteemed work of Professor Kuno Meyer, *Early Relations between Gael and Brython* in the Trans. of the Hon. Soc. of Cymmrodorion : sess. 1895-96, *passim*, and especially pp. 60-66.

at that time was still being filled with Christian emigrants who certainly had no lack of devoted pastors ?[1]

Let us come now to the examination of the texts themselves of the *Vita Columbani.* The conclusions which we shall be justified in drawing from them, so far from prejudicing, will simply corroborate and complete, the results already obtained. We have already, at the outset, submitted to the reader the salient points of the text at issue. We must at this point reproduce it *in extenso*: Chap. iv. . . . Carinamque ingressi [Columbanus et duodecim comites], dubias per freta ingrediuntur vias mitemque salum, prosperantibus zepherorum flabris, pernici cursu ad Brittanicos perveniunt sinus. Paulisper ibidem morantes, vires resumunt ancipitique animo anxia cordis consilia trutinantur. Placet tandem arva Gallica planta terere et mores hominum ferventi aestu sciscitare, et, si salus ibi serenda sit, quantisper commorari; si obduratas caligine arrogantiae mentes repperiant, ad vicinas nationes pertransire. Chap. v. A Brittanicis ergo sinibus progressi, ad Gallias tendunt.[2] The meaning which we propose for this text is as follows: St. Columbanus and his twelve companions cross the Irish Sea and land on the *shores of Great Britain.* They stay for some time in the country, devoting themselves, presumably, to a first apostolic effort. But, whether because their endeavours did not meet with success or from some other cause,—perhaps the desire to get farther away from Ireland,—the missionaries, after considerable hesitation, decided to make their way to Gaul. They take ship therefore on the *south coast of the island* and cross the Channel, which at that time was called the British Ocean [*Oceanus Britannicus*].

It is impossible, in our opinion, to take any other view of the meaning of this passage in the *Life of St. Columbanus.* On Krusch's interpretation what is the meaning of the

[1] The chief emigrations of missionaries from Great Britain arrived in Armorica in the first years of the sixth century. Paul Aurélien, Tutwal, Leonor, Magloire, Briene, are contemporaries of Childebert (J. Loth, *L'émigration Bretonne en Amorique*, 1883, p. 159). Cf. A de la Borderie, *Histoire de Bretagne*, 1896, pp. 335-469.

[2] Ed. Krusch, p. 71.

following clause where it occurs in the text: 'Placet tandem arva Gallica planta terere'; when Columbanus is already regarded as having reached Armorica and as having even resided there for some time? Is Armorica not already Gaul? What are we to think, moreover, in the same line of reasoning, of the repeated use of the words *Britannici sinus* in Chapters iv. and v., meaning in both cases the coasts of Armorica? In our theory, on the contrary, the double use of these words is easily explained. In the first case (*ad Britannicos perveniunt* sinus) is meant the Irish sea littoral where Columbanus lands on the island of Britain; in the second (A Britannicis . . . sinibus progressi),[1] it is a question of the south coast of Britain where he embarks for Gaul. Between these two voyages comes the short stay in the island (Paulisper ibi morantes, vires resumunt . . .).

But, if our anxiety to push our argument seems to put undue strain on the language of Jonas, let us be content to take the text as a whole and enquire whether the final impression left by it is not that the author wanted to speak of a sea from Great Britain to Gaul rather than a mere land journey made from the shores of Armorica towards the interior of Gaul?

To combat this interpretation Krusch quotes another passage of the *Vita*, taken from chapter xxi. of the First Book, where again mention is made of a '*Britannicus sinus*.' In this place the biographer tells how Columbanus, condemned to banishment by Brunehaut and Thierry II., was taken down the Loire from Nevers to Nantes to be shipped at that port for Ireland: 'Deinde ad Nivernensem oppidum venit, custodibus antecedentibus ac subsequentibus, ut Ligeris scafa reciperetur Britannicoque sinu (*lege*: sinui) redderetur.'

The word *redderetur* may serve us as a useful guide. If Columbanus was *restored* to the 'Britannicus sinus,' if he was taken back there, then this place must have been already

[1] With regard to the two different meanings given here and elsewhere to the word *sinus*, see Forcellini and Freund, *sub verbo*.

included in his itinerary at the time of his voyage from Ireland to Gaul. It is important, therefore, to investigate which place Jonas exactly intended these words to mean. It is not possible to give them the same meaning as the 'Britannici sinus' of chapters iv. and v., where we have translated 'sinus' in the plural by the word 'shores' (*rivage*). Here we have the singular. Then where was Columbanus taken to? To Nantes. Now, neither the town of Nantes nor the mouth of the Loire, nor the coast for a considerable distance northwards, formed part of Armorican Britain in the time of Columbanus and his biographer. The town of Vannes, situated some 65 miles north-west of Nantes, even then belonged to the Franks.

Accordingly we are strongly inclined to believe that the 'Britannicus sinus' of chapter xxi. is not to be identified either with the place where Columbanus must have taken ship to go into exile or with the shores oversea where he was to be landed, but with the *Mare Britannicum* which had already, twenty years before, brought him to Gaul, and to which he was once more being committed. In addition to the fact that the boundaries of the seas of any particular ocean are always difficult to define accurately, the scarcity of maps in ancient times made them still more elastic. Besides, notions on the geography of Western Europe were of the vaguest. That the Italian, Jonas, should have imagined that his hero must have encountered again, at the mouth of the Loire, the same sea which he had crossed in 590 on his voyage from Great Britain, is nothing surprising. In point of fact, an examination of various texts anterior to Jonas establishes the fact that the limits of the sea referred to under the name of *Oceanus Britannicus* or of *Mare Britannicum* were much less confined than the present limits of the Channel. Northwards they extended to the mouths of the Rhine and southwards at least to below the estuary of the Loire. Pomponius Mela places in the *Mare Britannicum* the island of Sena which was situated more than twenty-five miles south of Ushant, off Cape Race. In the *Vita Sancti*

Albini, written by Venantius Fortunatus before 569, we see that the district of Vannes (*Venetica regio*) is washed by the British Ocean (*Oceano Britannico confinis*). The author of the *Vita Eligii*, which dates from the first half of the eighth century, writes in chapter i. of the First Book: 'Igitur Eligius Lemovicae Galliarum urbis, quae ab *Oceano Britannico* fere ducentorum milium spatio seiungitur . . . oriundus fuit,' This passage is, moreover, merely borrowed from the *Vita Sancti Hilarii*, written by Venantius Fortunatus between 565 and 573, where we find: 'Igitur beatus Hilarius Pictavorum urbis episcopus regionis Aquitaniae oriundus, quae ab *Oceano Britannico* fere milia nonaginta seiungitur.' According to these hagiographers, then, Poitiers was situated about 90 miles, and Limoges 200 miles, from the British Ocean. The distance between the latter town and the sea is apparently meant to be taken from the mouth of the Loire, for the distance between Limoges and the nearest point of the coast (that is, near the mouth of the Charente) would be found to be barely 130 miles. At what point exactly did the Ocean cease to be called the 'British Sea'? So vague is our knowledge that this question cannot be answered with certainty. But we may at least conclude from the preceding texts that the southern boundaries of the *Mare Britannicum*, according to the geographical notions of the time, extended beyond the mouth of the Loire; and that consequently a sea identical with it in name washed the northern shores and the southern shores of the peninsula of Britanny exactly as the Channel surrounds and washes the Cotentin. Hadrian de Valois, as early as the seventeenth century, reached these conclusions, founding entirely on the text of Pomponius Mela and—what is, for us, specially noteworthy—on the passage from Jonas of Bobbio the meaning of which we have been endeavouring to find.[1] The other texts which we have adduced can only confirm these conclusions.

[1] 'Ex quibus apparet oceanum Brittanicum, vel mare Brittanicum, quod Ionas *sinum Brittanicum* nuncupat, prope ad os Ligeris usque pertinuisse' (Adrien de Valois, *Notitia Galliarum ordine litterarum digesta*, 1675, p. 218).

In the 'sinus Britannicus' in question we must, then, recognise merely the poetic name of the sea known to the ancient geographers as the *Mare Britannicum* or the *Oceanus Britannicus*,[1] the sea crossed by Columbanus in 590, and to which he was said to be *restored* in 610. Read in this sense, the text of Jonas could not, we see, be of any help to Bruno Krusch for the support of his argument as to the journey of the saint through Continental Britain.

The final argument that we have to produce in favour of our opinion is drawn from the nationality of a number of Columbanus's companions in exile. When the abbot of Luxeuil received orders to quit the territories of King Thierry, all the monks wanted to accompany him, but the monarch's agents allowed only the brothers of Irish origin or those who *had followed* St. Columbanus from Britain to Gaul, to accompany their Father Superior: 'Nequaquam hinc se sequi aliis permissuros, nisi eos quos sui ortus terra dederat, *vel qui e Britannica arva ipsum secuti fuerant;* ceteros qui Gallico orti solo, preceptis esse regiis inibi remansuros.' It will be seen at once how important to our argument is that simple expression '*secuti fuerant.*' That is the very key to the problem. Since these Britons *followed* Columbanus, their country of origin must have been on his route. The whole question is reduced to determining with which of the two Britains must be identified the 'Britannica arva' of the text which we have just reproduced. Bruno Krusch has not given his own personal opinion on this point;[2] but, if we consult the toponomastic table of Volume IV. of the *Scriptores rerum Merovingicarum*, drawn up by Mr. W. Levison, we

[1] We read in Bk. II chap. xxxiv. of Adamnan's *Vita S. Columbæ*, 'Sancto Germano episcopo, de *Sinu Gallico*, causa humanæ salutis, ad Britanniam naviganti'; Fowler, in his edition of the *Vita*, and Wentworth Huyshe, consider this *sinus Gallicus* to be, not a particular Gulf of Gaul, but the 'British Channel.'

[2] Yet he seems to have made an acknowledgment which is favourable to us in his preface to the *Vies de S. Gall*, edited by him in the same vol. as the *Vita Columbani*, p. 229: 'Cum *e Britannicis arvis* magistrum [Gallus] secutus esset, ipsum sine dubio in exilium comitari a custodibus regiis a. 610 permissus est.' We know that St. Gall was Irish, consequently the words 'Britannica arva' designate, from the pen of Krusch, the British Isles.

find the words '*Britannica arva*' classed among the terms relating to Armorican Britain. This is in complete agreement with Krusch's theory of the journey of St. Columbanus; but is it equally in agreement with the facts? That seems to us controvertible. In our opinion, those Britons allowed to share the fate of the exile of 610 are islanders who had crossed from Great Britain to Gaul with the monks of Bangor in 590. Again, Jonas supplies us with the first proof of this statement. If the monks with whom we are concerned had been Armoricans by birth, it is clear that they would not have been allowed to follow their abbot; they would have been detained at Luxeuil, as natives of Gallic soil, since the above text lays it down that all those who were *Gallico orti solo* were obliged to remain in their own monastery. Politically independent, over the greater part of its area, of the Merovingian rule, the Armorican peninsula formed, nevertheless, physically a portion of Gallic soil. The study of the words of Jonas does not allow us to suppose that he intended, in this particular case, to exclude this portion of the territory of Gaul.[1]

Nor is there anything in the sentence already quoted from the letter of St. Columbanus to the monks of Luxeuil, to warrant the belief that the Britons of the party, at the time of their journey to Nantes, were in the neighbourhood of their native country. Yet we may suppose that such a combination of circumstances would have been remarked by Columbanus. Besides, they all take ship with the exile. Once driven ashore by the providential storm which prevents their sailing, are they to carry away their master into Breton territory, and there provide him with a temporary refuge? By no means. We conjecture that is was about this time that one of the monks, Potentianus, separated from the party to found the first Columbanian monastery in the West; but it was at Coutances, outside of Brittany, that he established it.[2]

[1] Cf. *V. C.*, I. 6, ed. Krusch, p. 72. The French kings claimed to exercise a certain suzerainty over the peninsula. (A. Longnon, *Géographie de la Gaule au VI^e siècle*, p. 170 *sq.*)

[2] Jonas, *V. C.*, I. 21; Krusch, p. 94.

Thus everything calls upon us to concede that those disciples who joined Columbanus in the course of his early travels and followed him into exile were insular Britons.

Therefore, if we are not mistaken as to the cogency of our arguments, the conclusions to which they have led us may be summarised as follows :—

I. The firm belief of the ancients, from Walahfrid Strabo (ninth century) to Hariulf (eleventh century), and that of the moderns down to the most recent of them, is that St. Columbanus, on his way to Gaul, passed through Great Britain and not through Continental Britain.

II. The religious needs of the island towards the end of the sixth century, the relations maintained with it by the Irish, and especially by the monks of Bangor, the resolves of St. Columbanus at his departure from Ireland, all incline us to surmise that he first of all steered for that country.

III. Finally, although Chapters iv. and v. of the first Book of the *Vita Columbani*, containing the story of the voyage, are somewhat difficult of exegesis, a careful examination of them and a comparison with other passages of the *Vita* on the one hand, and with certain details in a letter of St. Columbanus on the other, oblige us to recognise that in the text of Jonas of Bobbio, almost a contemporary, it is really Great Britain that is meant and not, as Krusch has believed, Armorican Britain, a country entirely unconnected with the itinerary we have been discussing.

It was the desire to study the cult of the great Irishman in this latter country that led us to clear up first of all this secondary point in a life of which others—and Bruno Krusch with conspicuous ability—have so well succeeded in settling the main outlines and in estimating the influence.

NOTE.—Owing to the serious illness of Mr. Arthur Hughes, the articles on Welsh Literature are meantime suspended.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Scots Earl: The Life and Times of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll. By JOHN WILLCOCK, B.D., F.R. Hist. Soc. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 10*s. net.*

In an earlier volume[1] the author wrote of the life and times of Archibald, eighth Earl and first (and only) Marquess of Argyll. The present volume is a sequel to the former. The two give us a clear and well-written account of the leading events in the history of Scotland from the time when the quarrel between Charles I. and his subjects came to a head down to the year 1685. The period of Scottish history covered by the life of the Marquess of Argyll may appropriately be linked with a biography of that nobleman. No other person of his time so largely shaped the course of events or wielded such power as he did. Mr. Willcock calls him the 'Great' Marquess. Among the Scottish statesmen of his day, the grim Archibald was the ablest, the greatest if you will. In that narrow sense he is entitled to the proud epithet. In any other it would be difficult to make the title good. The Marquess was a complex personality. But even by taking the most favourable view of his character and of many of his acts, one meets with many things which one does not usually associate with greatness,—rather the opposite. At the same time the position and ability of the father entitle him to rank as the foremost Scottish statesman of his day. No such claim can be made on behalf of the son.

The ninth Earl of Argyll was a cultured nobleman of many excellent qualities and elevating tastes. He was a devoted husband, an affectionate father. He possessed to the full the high personal courage of his race, a feature which in the father, alone in his historic family, was conspicuously lacking. In his leisure hours he took delight in beautifying the grounds of Inveraray Castle. But throughout his chequered life one finds no evidence of outstanding ability or force of character. His career was indeed shaped rather by the dizzy eminence to which his father had raised the fortunes of the great house of which he was the head, and to the critical times in which he lived than by any capacity or will-power of his own. His father, apparently after some misgivings, finally submitted to Cromwell's government, while the son continued a firm royalist, actively engaged in the various movements for restoring the exiled king. But though bred a soldier he did not shine conspicuously as an officer. He frequently showed faults of temper which savoured as much of vanity as of pride. On refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the existing government, he was imprisoned and kept in confinement until the Restoration. When his father was put to death in 1661, the title and extensive estates of the family were forfeited. The son was

[1] *The Great Marquess*, etc. etc. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier: Edinburgh and London.

naturally indignant that his own unswerving loyalty did not suffice to avert so sweeping a sentence. He became foolishly involved in certain intrigues, upon which, when discovered, his enemies managed to construct a charge of 'leasing-making,' under which he was tried and sentenced to death in 1662. The sentence was not, however, carried into effect; instead thereof, the title of earl was restored to him soon afterwards, together with a considerable part of the family estates, a portion of these being reserved to pay his father's debts. The creditors, however, were not paid in full, and again and again they pressed their claims. The Earl repudiated personal responsibility, and Mr. Willcock considers his attitude not unreasonable. But his father the Marquess had been creditor as well as debtor. Among the Highland proprietors whom he in one way or other got into his debt was the chief of Duart. The Earl asked and obtained a decree of Court against Maclean, and proceeded, with the aid of Government troops, to enforce it. The Macleans and their friends resisted. Two expeditions were made to Mull, and eventually the Duart estates were taken possession of in payment of this debt. One would expect that the first use to be made of these lands would be to meet the Marquess's unsatisfied creditors. But Mr. Willcock, while indignant at the attitude of the barbarous Macleans and their abettors, does not say that anything of the sort was ever done.

In the public life of Scotland, and especially in connection with the ecclesiastical questions which agitated the country during the reign of Charles II., the Earl took no prominent part. His father, the Marquess, was the leader of the Covenanters. The Earl, on the other hand, always supported the Government in its brutal treatment of these zealous men. It is indeed doubtful whether he was a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian. He placed indulged ministers in Argyllshire and attended their services there and elsewhere. The zeal which the Argyllshire clergy showed during the Marquess's lifetime in translating the Scriptures into Gaelic, and in printing a metrical translation of the Psalms, flagged from the Restoration to the Revolution, and for this the son's ecclesiastical attitude was, in part at least, accountable. But, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, the Earl was a sturdy Protestant. Accordingly towards the end of Charles's reign, he came to be looked upon with disfavour by the Duke of York, the king's successor-designate and a Catholic. In the discussion of the Test Act in the Scottish Parliament the Earl expressed his views with great freedom, and when his turn came to subscribe that anomalous statute he did so, but with a reservation. This gave the Duke his opportunity, and was the means of the Earl's undoing. With consent of the king he was a second time charged with treason and leasing-making, and was condemned by a court now as amenable to the Duke of York as it formerly was to himself against Maclean of Duart. Greatly fearing that the King would sanction a sentence of death, and that on this occasion it would, through the enmity of York, be executed, he decided if possible to break ward. Through the courage and devotion of Lady Sophia Lindsay, his step-daughter, he managed to escape from Edinburgh Castle,

where he was confined, and by the aid of zealous Protestant sympathisers he found his way after many adventures to London.

The Earl remained for a while in comparative obscurity in London. His being in the city was indeed not unknown to the Government, but the fact was ignored. He sent a petition to the king, but no notice was taken of it. The apparent indifference, and even contempt, which such treatment indicated must have been galling to the proud and sensitive Earl; and soon we find him involved in various intrigues of a seditious character. A descent upon Scotland under his leadership, ostensibly in the interests of the Protestant faith, was much discussed by him and his fellow-conspirators. The project fell through, partly through want of money, but also in part through want of confidence in the Earl. Soon afterwards the Rye House Plot, in which he was involved, became known, and he could no longer remain in London. The Earl made good his escape to Holland, and lived in that country for two and a half years upon an estate which his previsive father had acquired for such a contingency as had now emerged. The fatuous scheme of a descent upon Scotland was taken up and now discussed with the many discontented Scotsmen in exile in Holland at the time. Charles II. was dead, and his brother was by no means a popular successor. It was found that the Duke of Monmouth was ready to make a similar attempt upon England. Thus the ill-fated expedition under the command of the Earl of Argyll was made. Mr. Willcock describes in great detail and in vivid language this raid, as mad as it was foolish, from the day the conspirators left Holland (April 28, 1685) until the day when the Earl was captured in the disguise of a peasant near Renfrew (June 18th).

The new king had few friends and many enemies, and magnanimity found little room in his nature. But it is safe to say that if the authorities of the day had brought Argyll to Edinburgh in the peasant's clothes in which they found him, and then suffered him to depart whither he would, the course of history would not be one whit altered. The inevitable Revolution would have come in due course. But the reputation of our Scots Earl would have suffered irretrievably. As it was, the Government decreed that the unjust sentence of death pronounced upon him four years previously should now take effect. Forthwith his countrymen forgot the Earl's crimes and follies, and remembered only his sufferings and his wrongs. And the finer traits of the man himself, for long obscured, now shone forth,—his fervent piety, his calm courage, his sweet resignation and tender affection. It is for this beautiful ending of a troubled life that to this day Scotsmen cherish the memory of the ninth Earl of Argyll.

Mr. Willcock is to be congratulated upon the ability, and especially upon the conspicuous fairness, with which he describes and discusses the ecclesiastical controversies of these distracted times. In avowed sympathy with the Covenanters, as almost all Scotsmen are, he is by no means blind to their many faults, nor does he fail to recognise occasional glimpses of reasonableness in their persecutors.

DON. MACKINNON.

Some Passages in the Early History of Classical Learning in Ireland. By the Right Honourable Mr. JUSTICE MADDEN, M.A., Hon. LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., Limited. 1908. 2*s.* 6*d. net.*

This suggestive little book of 101 pp. gives the text (revised, with notes and an appendix) of an address delivered at the inaugural meeting of the Trinity College Classical Society, in November 1907. Nothing could be more appropriate to the occasion. The address begins with a short sketch of the condition of classical learning in the early monastic schools which, instituted in Ireland soon after the time of St. Patrick, attracted students from England and the Continent to such an extent that Ireland might fitly be styled the University of Western Europe. That Irish scholars also migrated in large numbers to the Continent, and exercised much influence there, is well known. But Mr. Justice Madden's address deals especially with classical learning in Ireland at a much later time, that of Elizabeth. At the beginning of her reign he finds in Ireland a dual order of things. 'Within the Pale, and in the principal cities outside its boundary, there were grammar-schools founded on the English model, some of them evidently of a high order, from which students proceeded to the English Universities. In Celtic Ireland there were schools of a different kind, endowed and protected by the chieftains, in which students were educated, not only in the native law and medicine, and in the bardic literature, but in the Latin classics; and, as the result of this training, we find an acquaintance with Latin, as a written and as a spoken language, which careful university training might have developed into exact scholarship. The study of Greek, for which the ancient Scotic schools had been famous, had probably died out, as in the rest of Western Europe.' That this was so, the author has no difficulty in proving from contemporary evidence. He is further of opinion—and this is a point which would perhaps require further elaboration—that these native schools with their quite peculiar organisation, aims, and results, were the lineal descendants of the old monastic culture. The students worked largely in the open air, and they apparently rejoiced in a blessed absence of pressure, characteristics which survived in the 'hedge schools' of more recent times. In this way, among those 'meer Irish,' whom it was the lordly English fashion to regard as utter savages, Latin was generally spoken 'like a vulgar tongue' in peasant's hut and chieftain's castle.

The lecturer proceeds to deal with the efforts made by Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord-Deputy, and others to systematise and improve education in Ireland by the foundation of twelve free grammar-schools in the principal towns all over the country, and the establishment of an Irish University. These wise and liberal projects failed, chiefly, in Mr. Justice Madden's opinion, owing to the niggardliness of Elizabeth's government in matters relating to Ireland. This was in 1565, but Trinity College was founded in 1591.

The lecture, while not meant to be exhaustive, is a valuable and stimulating contribution to the inner history of Irish life in a period where hitherto military operations and political movements have mainly attracted attention. It may be read alongside of Mrs. Green's remarkable book *The Making of Ireland and its Undoing.* W. J. W.

The Old Highlands. Glasgow: Sinclair. *Price 6s. net.*

This is the third volume of the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow.* It is a handsome volume, well got up and attractive in appearance, and quite abreast of the newest standards of paper, printing, and binding. The literary contents deserve a good setting, for the book contains much matter of value and interest in papers read to the Gaelic Society during the past twelve years. As there are only twelve articles in the volume, we can see that these form a very small part of the 'transactions' of the Society, and in a prefatory note the Hon. Secretary tells us that many of the other papers read during these years have already appeared in magazine or book form.

The first paper here is one by Dr. Kuno Meyer, given during his tenure of the Celtic Lectureship in the University of Glasgow. He writes on Ancient Gaelic Poetry, and shows his usual wide range of knowledge of the things pertaining not only to the literature and language but also to the history of the Gael. The article deals more with the Irish Poetry than with Scottish Gaelic, but that is no disadvantage, as it gives information new to many Scottish Gaels. Besides, we of Scotland cannot deny that the older literature is Irish.

An equally able lecture by Professor Mackinnon on the Hymns of the Gael gives us the religious side of the poetry, and the two articles give us a fairly full general idea of the character of the early poems of our ancestors.

Two Gaelic articles, one on Proverbs, by J. R. Macgille-na-brataich, and the other by Mr. William Mackenzie, recounting racy anecdotes, witticisms, and such, of the modern Highlander, will be popular with Gaelic readers.

Papers which, taken together, give us an idea of the life of the olden Highlander, are one on 'Life in the Highlands in the Olden Times,' by Mr. William Mackay, and 'The Clan System as a Legal Entity,' by Mr. Hugh Macleod. Both these papers involved original documentary research. Mr. David Mackeggie's paper on 'Social Progress' may be said to continue the picture. But indeed all the papers in the volume are of interest, and many of them of permanent interest, and to show this it is perhaps only necessary to say that besides those mentioned the authors are Dr. W. A. Craigie, Professor Magnus Maclean, Mr. Lachlan Macbean, Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, and Mr. Henry Whyte.

Dr. Neil Munro writes an introduction of a critical nature—critical not of the contents of this volume but of the way in which similar societies publish their 'Transactions.' The criticisms might be answered, but we

forbear, and heartily congratulate the Gaelic Society of Glasgow on the handsome legacy of £750 which enabled it to publish its third volume in its twenty-first year.

Modern Gaelic Bards. M. C. MACLEOD. Stirling: Mackay. 5*s*.

This is a collection of over one hundred poems or songs by ten of our best-known modern Gaelic poets. The work is opportune, for it is many years since the last collection of poems by various authors was published, and many Gaelic poets have come and gone whose works deserve such recognition.

In the present volume the airs of songs are frequently given, and each author is prefaced by a short biographical notice and a portrait, and both add very considerably to the interest of the book.

The traditional singer sitting by the peat fire or on the hillside, or it may be in the fishing-boat, prefaces the song by introducing the author—if he or she be known—telling any outstanding features of the life and family, and giving some idea of the character of the poet. From his own knowledge or from tradition he tells the cause or circumstances of the composition of the poem, and this forms the immediate introduction to it.

Mr. Macleod has gone so far on these lines, and we commend the further example to his consideration.

We have no adverse criticism to offer on this volume. We think that the compiler has done his work very satisfactorily, and though his selection might not be every one's choice, there can be no doubt as to the poems being representative of the best work of the various authors.

We are glad to note that Mr. Macleod is to deal in a similar way with minor Gaelic bards. This is particularly desirable, for many men and women have written one poem or a few poems which are well worth preserving in this way, though they may not have written sufficient to form even a small volume. As a matter of fact most districts of the Highlands have their local versifier who is often a real poet. Such pieces as are worthy of print the Gaelic reading public—an increasing one we believe—would be glad to have, and in these days when prizes are needed for local *mòid* as well as for schools, Gaelic books of suitable price should meet with considerable encouragement. For our own part we believe in encouraging modern authors, not forgetting compilers and publishers, on these occasions, as well as the 'mighty dead.' The book is well printed and nicely bound.

REPLY

With regard to Mr. Mackinlay's query as to the locality of the Cill-Iosa mentioned by Rev. J. B. Johnston, Mr. Johnston himself has forgotten his authority, but we may refer Mr. Mackinlay to Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Studies in the Topography of Galloway*, p. 38: 'The name of the Saviour Himself seems to be preserved in Clachaneasy (*Clachan Iosa*) and Kirkchrist.'

(*Cuimhneachan air Maighstir Ailean*)

RE PROPOSED MEMORIAL

TO THE LATE

REVEREND ALLAN MACDONALD, of Eriskay, South Uist, Dean of the Isles

A DESIRE to have erected in some suitable form a Memorial to this Highland Priest, Patriot, and Celtic Scholar has been expressed by people of all classes and creeds. To those who knew Father Allan remarks here are unnecessary. Those less fortunate may be referred to notices which have appeared in the *Celtic Review* and elsewhere. Ever kindly in thought and deed, and modest and retiring to a degree, he won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. The pains he took to gather and preserve much of the fast-flitting folk-lore and song of Gaeldom, and the readiness with which he freely gave of the fruits of his labour in that field to others, have laid Celtic scholars everywhere under an indebtedness to him. The Committee appointed for the purpose of carrying out the erection of an appropriate memento hope that they will receive sufficient funds to enable them to have one erected, worthy of the object, in the isle of Eriskay, of which he lovingly wrote:—

'Ged a gheibhinnse mo thaghadh,
B' e mo rogh' dhe 'n Eòrpa,
Aite tuinidh 'n cois na tuinne
'N Eilein grinn na h-Oige.

Lom o dhuilleag, lom o mhuran,
Lom o churachd eòrna;
Air a luimead gur a lurach
Leam a h-uile fòd deth.'

Subscriptions are requested to be kindly sent to the Honorary Treasurer to the Memorial Fund:—JOHN FRASER, ESQ., Banker, Lochboisdale, by Oban; to any member of the Committee; or to me; and they will be duly acknowledged.

ARCHD. A. CHISHOLM
(*Procurator Fiscal*),
Honorary Secretary to the Memorial Committee.

LOCHMADDY.

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We very sincerely commend this memorial to the readers of the *Celtic Review*. Some of these knew 'Father Allan' as he was called, and as he will always be affectionately remembered by those who did know him. These, and even those who did not have the great privilege of knowing this most noble of men, will, we trust, take the opportunity thus given of helping to make this a fitting memorial of the life it is to commemorate, remembering that 'a great cairn may be made with small stones.'

His friend, Mr. W. B. Blaikie, bought Father Allan's MSS. for the *Celtic Review*, wishing that the money should be used in taking a much-needed holiday. But his church was nearer to his heart than his own needs, and to that the money was applied and the holiday was never taken. Extracts from the MSS. will appear from time to time as in this number.—ED.

THE CELTIC REVIEW

JANUARY 15, 1909

SOME NOTES ON A WELL-KNOWN WORK AND ITS LITTLE-KNOWN AUTHOR

ALTHOUGH in these days of hurry and unrest, books of all kinds are issued daily by the hundred tons, in a manner that would astonish the patriarch who made the well-known remark about the making of many books proving a weariness to the flesh, it is quite true even now, when there are so many labour-saving devices of all kinds, that there is more than one weariness connected with the making of books from the time the author first puts his pen to paper to that when a member of the public purchases his or her copy in a retail bookseller's shop.

Very few indeed of that public in their headlong race for very existence ever stop to think what an immense amount of labour and care is required before even the ordinary daily halfpenny or penny newspaper, which is a marvel of correct typography, can be produced, for how seldom does one find a misprint or a wrongly spelled word in one of them?

Of course this vigilance must be increased tenfold when publishing any educational work, such, for example, as a dictionary, and the difficulties are infinitely increased when that dictionary is one relating to a language whose spelling is not absolutely settled in many words.

As a considerable portion of a new Gaelic dictionary has now been before the public for some years, owing to its appearance in parts during its progress through the press, we think

our readers may be interested to hear some of the peculiar circumstances attending its first evolution and a few of the difficulties encountered by its author when attempting to print a book of such magnitude single handed, with practically no knowledge of printing beforehand, and how he overcame them entirely by the exercise of patience and with the help, when in difficulties, of a book on printing.

The author of this voluminous work being originally intended for the engineering profession, he attended various classes held at King's College, London, where different branches of mechanics were taught. Firstly, in the evenings while still attending school there during the day-time, then after leaving school during the whole day, and finally, when the original project of his following the career of an engineer was finally abandoned, and he took an appointment as a clerk in the office of Cox & Co., army agents, Charing Cross, in which various members of his family have a total service of considerably over one hundred years, he still continued in his leisure hours to work away diligently at the forge, the lathe, and in the foundry, not knowing what might turn up in the future.

Having now obtained a certain employment for the future, he decided, instead of occupying all his spare time with mechanics, to devote some to volunteering and various other pursuits. Having already served some months in the Queen's Westminster R.V., he joined the famous London Scottish R.V. on St. Andrew's Day, 1881. Taking a keen interest in Gaelic, pipe music, the crofter question, etc., at that time, he hoped to become better informed on each of them through a few years' contact with the members of that corps. Finding after five years' service that he had not made the expected progress, especially in Gaelic, owing chiefly to the lack of Gaelic speakers to be found among them, he then joined the 1st Argyle R.V. as a piper, doing his drills, class-firing, etc., during his vacations, now extended to a month each year. By this means he was brought into the necessary society for acquiring a good colloquial knowledge of Gaelic,

but a month a year did not give sufficient opportunity to make such rapid progress as he desired.

Finding the life of a clerk a dull and unattractive one, with the addition of being unhealthy in such a foggy centre as the Metropolis, our author decided on the expiry of his tenth year of service, having now a small competency, to leave it, and threw up his appointment. Putting to advantage the instruction received many years before, he took up various mechanical occupations in the land of the Gael, hoping by this means to reach at last the goal he had set himself, viz. the ability to speak Gaelic with a fluency that he now found to be quite unattainable by a stranger in any other way than by living continuously for several months among the people as one of themselves. It is well known how very difficult it is to get native Gaelic speakers to engage in a Gaelic conversation in the presence of any one they suppose to know English better than Gaelic.

Being now fairly proficient on the national instrument too, he was always in great demand for weddings, céilidhs, etc., especially when sojourning in the Western Isles, and he gladly made the most of this increased opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Gaelic idioms and pronunciation, the effect of which is felt to the present time, for he says many things occur in conversation that he feels better able to express in Gaelic than in English.

Almost from the outset, it was found that the absence of a really reliable, concise, and up-to-date Gaelic dictionary was a most serious hindrance to an intelligent study of modern Gaelic, as so many songs, poems, etc., abound with the provincialisms current where their authors lived, and these were rarely to be found in any dictionary, in many cases the difficulty to a beginner of finding them being no doubt due to their provincial spelling.

The author of *Faclair Gàidhlig* then determined to try and compile as complete a lexicon as he could on his own account. The first step was to get a copy of all the dictionaries hitherto published and see which was the most useful

both for a beginner and a fairly advanced student, so that he might use this as a foundation for the new work. After careful consideration he decided that MacLeod and Dewar's best fulfilled these requirements. He then began to go through the Gaelic-English part of each of the other dictionaries, and afterwards the English-Gaelic part where one existed, because it was found the two parts did not correspond with one another in any of the dictionaries which had both. The plan followed was, when comparing another dictionary with that used as a basis, to write down on slips every Gaelic word or meaning of such met with, and not to be found in the latter, with a reference mark showing where the addition had been found. This plan was followed steadily on to the end of the last dictionary published. This part of the work, including searching of all modern Scottish-Gaelic books for words not in any dictionary, took about twelve years to accomplish, counting ten hours daily, and when all the slips, amounting to many thousands, were finished, the next step was to sort them into alphabetical order—no mean job. (Reader! *you* write out, say, the principal words only in a page of *Chambers's* or any other dictionary on slips, then mix them well and sort into alphabetical order. We do not think you will try a second page to see if two will take twice as long to do as one!) The slips being now all in order, and tied in packets, so many for each letter, the work of writing out the complete MS. commenced in earnest, the plan followed being to copy out the Gaelic-English part of Macleod and Dewar until a slip was met with which contained a word or meaning given by another dictionary but not this one. This word was then inserted, and the MS. proceeded to the next omission. Sometimes five or six slips would follow each other, and at others ten or twelve words would be copied from the dictionary without any words having been found omitted.

It was during the writing of this MS. that various acquaintances of the author, who were also interested in Gaelic studies, when they saw the work done, and realised

its utility to learners, urged him so persistently to have it published that he at last consented.

The difficulty now was to get the MS. efficiently revised, because, although the contents of all the dictionaries were now arranged in one alphabetical vocabulary, there were sure to be many varieties of spelling certain words, of which the best would have to be selected and used throughout the work, while it was inevitable that many small errors in grammar, idiom, etc., would occur owing to the work being all done by one who was not a native Gaelic speaker and only an indifferent scholar when he commenced to compile the dictionary. Having obtained promises to revise the proofs from several good Gaelic scholars, mostly connected with widely different districts, and all of whom eagerly welcomed the idea of an up-to-date Gaelic dictionary containing the first published lists of every available technical term besides provincialisms, the author decided to issue about ten sheets of proofs to each of these revisers at the same time, and then combine all their notes on one final proof before altering the type.

It would have been impossible to send out the MS., weighing about a hundredweight or more, by this time written on both sides of the paper, interlined, and interleaved, and in some places even crossed in red ink as well, to all the readers in turn. In any case had they time and patience enough to read it through, there was no room for them to add their notes or additional words. An instalment of ten printed pages of such matter would be enough for the most zealous Gaelic scholar to refuse.

The author says he has received the most valuable aid from all the readers mentioned in the preface to the *Faclair*, and all their suggestions have been carried out whenever practicable. His wife, also, assisted in giving meanings of phrases, etc., that none but a native speaker would understand, and in folding, preparing parts for post, etc., as well as proof-reading when time permitted.

It is much to be regretted that the principal words could not have been printed in heavier type than the remainder, as

is done in most English dictionaries, but that was found to be impossible owing to type of that description of the necessary size being unobtainable with accented letters. It was also very desirable that type of several sizes larger should have been employed, the present 'nonpareil' being very trying to the eyes in setting, distributing, proof-reading, etc., when there is so much of it; but had a larger type been used we should have had a whole shelf-full of books like Blackie's *Encyclopædia*, instead of the present two volumes.

A system having now been arrived at by which the proofs could be satisfactorily revised, the next point was to find a printer who would undertake the work at such a price as the author was able to pay. Such, however, was not to be found, unless a very much larger number of subscribers were found than were ever likely to require the work. This was the first obstacle met with, which, it seemed, mere patience would never overcome.

Having had a very limited experience of printing in the issue of a little Gaelic Pocket-Book for 1901, at a profit of a few shillings, on a rough wooden printing-press made by himself—the issue for 1900 had been printed at a loss of several pounds—he decided to get some second-hand materials, and, if possible, a second-hand iron press—new ones were far beyond his ability to pay for.

Having purchased and studied for some weeks a book for which he has the highest praise, *Practical Printing*, he set up a specimen page and order form to send out to some hundreds of possible subscribers. He learned the art of practical printing entirely from this book and from practice, having had no assistance whatever from any professional printer before commencing the dictionary.

For the first six months no one seemed to want the new dictionary except the author's most intimate friends, the few who took the trouble to answer the circular appearing quite satisfied with the dictionaries they already had, which proved they were not thorough in their Gaelic studies.

The Press from the commencement gave the work the

most unqualified praise, continually urging their tardy readers to hasten and subscribe, to give encouragement to the compiler, etc., and it is worthy of remark that to his knowledge no unfavourable review of the *Faclair* has ever appeared.

As it seemed hopeless to find any printer willing to take up the work, the author thought, in what he considers an unguarded moment, he might get more second-hand materials, and begin to print the work single-handed until such time as a suitable printer could be found. We are very glad he did so, otherwise the work would no doubt be still packed away gathering dust in some forgotten corner.

It seemed like moving a mountain with a wheelbarrow. Having obtained the necessary type to keep ten or twelve pages standing at once, the next thing was to get them stereotyped when the type was corrected. Here was a new difficulty never thought about before. No one within reasonable distance seemed very anxious to do any stereotyping, and it was out of the question to send over a hundredweight of type to London and back for the purpose once a month. At last a newspaper at Maidstone undertook to do it. Even when the stereotypers were found half-way between Lyminge and London, the cost of train between the printing-office and Maidstone soon became a serious item, besides entailing a journey of over a mile and a half with a wheelbarrow containing 150 lb. of type up and down some of the steepest hills in Kent, finishing up at the office, which was 600 feet above the sea, no carriers being available there when wanted. The expense of carriage in connection with these stereotyping outings soon became so serious that when Part 6 was completed, and a new office had been obtained with more room, our author decided to buy a stereo foundry and cast the plates himself, however difficult it might prove to be. The obstacles in making good plates were at last overcome, the last difficulty arising through using bought flong, *i.e.* the material for making the papier-maché moulds from the type, disappearing as soon as he made the flongs himself.

During all this time the illustrations had to be drawn,

blocks made, and names of firms obtained who could or would do the blocks. All these and many other matters to a novice were not easily surmounted. Not being able to find any one who would undertake to draw the illustrations, the author found it necessary to start in that line too, if the dictionary was to be an illustrated one at all. He then plodded on till he finished the sketches for all the blocks used in the dictionary, with the exception of those pertaining to some native implements, etc., for which copy could not be found in Kent or London, and which were kindly contributed by a hearty supporter, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the well-known Stornoway artist.

By a serious decrease in the author's income owing to unfortunate investments the labour of the whole affair was made much more arduous as time went on, and the number of subscribers did not increase in proportion to the expense of materials required. This obliged him to realise part of his capital from time to time to keep the dictionary going. Over one-third of the whole had been invested in a house and land which is much larger than he now requires or can afford. Expenses increased both in the family and in the business, as he now regarded the work of the *Faclair*.

It thus became absolutely necessary to take immediate steps to fill the treasury. The Gaelic Pocket-books, already mentioned, increased in circulation but not in expense of production, so that line was pushed as much as possible as long as a good yearly increase continued. Then a subscriber to the *Faclair* luckily suggested to the editor the advisability of his publishing some Gaelic Christmas and New Year cards without a word of English on them. The suggester, like most who bought them, did not know that all this work, in addition to the dictionary, was done by one pair of hands, but thought that there were several engaged in type-setting, machinery, etc. These Christmas cards, which, from their sale, appeared to fill a felt want, were then boomed to the utmost as long as a reasonable demand lasted, with very helpful results. As both the Pocket-book and

cards only supplied the money required during about three or four months of the year, it was soon decided to add bookselling to them, and that also gave some assistance.

For the additional labour entailed by these new ventures, our author received no additional help from outside at all, although his family assisted him to the best of their power. During the Christmas card rushes, he and his wife worked till 11.30 and past midnight every night for many weeks, and even young children of four and five years of age diligently helped to fold, pack, etc.

After four seasons of this very arduous task, the author began to feel very wearied every evening when the time came to light up, and owing to the immense correspondence necessary to the different kinds of work he had taken in hand—over 6550 letters and postcards being written in one of these years—he found it quite impossible to continue them all any longer without sacrificing his health altogether, so he was compelled to discontinue some.

During three years a large amount of jobbing printing was done, the profits derived from this paying the cost of most of the materials used for the early parts of the *Faclair*. For two out of these years he devoted sixteen hours daily to the work without even the relaxation of Bank Holidays.

The Christmas card branch was the first part of the business to be given up. These were last published during the winter of 1906-7, and now we hear he is compelled to relinquish the Gaelic Pocket-books also, which he has compiled continuously for nine years and printed for eight, so that all available time may be given to pushing forward the *Faclair* as speedily as possible. Otherwise, he tells us, he is afraid he would not be able to complete it at all. There thus now only remain the profits of the small bookselling business, chiefly Gaelic, and any jobbing printing that may come along to meet the continued drain caused by the expense of materials required for the *Faclair*, over and above the amount of subscriptions received for parts sold. The Gaelic pictorial postcards he introduced some years ago, the only ones pub-

lished, sold furiously at first; but the Gael is going back to his fancy of cheap coloured English comic cards again now.

The author was asked when he thought the dictionary would be finished if he continued single-handed. Although nearly one-third of the type still remains to be set up, he says he hopes he is within sight of the goal at last, although he is at times nearly collapsing with the strain on eyes and head. When completed, the *Faclair* will run into about 900 pages, demy 8vo.

The greatest difficulty he has encountered since commencing this arduous undertaking is to obtain sufficient subscribers to keep the ball rolling, and we regret to hear that the deficiency due to this is now compelling him to offer for sale his library of Gaelic books which he has been collecting for about thirty years. This should not be necessary, and is not creditable to the many persons now professing an interest in Gaelic study, nor to the many Highland societies among whose 'objects' the 'promotion of the Gaelic language' occupies a foremost place. The 'Kent' Dictionary, as it is often called, deserves, and we trust will forthwith get, the hearty support of all such persons and societies. Six or seven pence a number is surely within the means of all such.

QUOD ERAT INVENIENDUM.

A CELTIC POET

FRANCES M. GOSTLING

ACROSS the grey waters of the English Channel, guarded by rocks and shoals, lies the twilight land of Armorica, or, as it is usually called, Brittany, birthplace and home of one of the great modern Celtic writers, Anatole le Braz. No doubt many travellers have, like the present writer, discovered the works of this author on the bookstall of some Breton station, and learned to love them as they transformed what would have been a monotonous railway journey into a romantic pilgrimage. Yet it is also certain that his writings are not

known as they should be in our very insular island, and therefore for our own sakes, as well as for his, it seems but fitting that some one should attempt to introduce this author to the British public.

Among the mountains of Aré, very far from any town, is the village of Saint Servais, where, in 1859, Anatole le Braz was born. No surroundings could have accorded better with the future mapped out by fate for this Breton poet. The tiny village lies slumbering in the lap of the grey, mysterious, mountain region, dreaming of superstitions and traditions long since forgotton in more accessible communes. Poor little village! mere handful of cottages, clustering round an ancient, moss-grown chapel! How many such do we not come across during a summer tour through Brittany.

It is but a week or two since the writer of this article visited Saint Servais in company with Anatole le Braz, and heard the story of his childhood in the shade of the ancient chapel where once he worshipped.

It was in the schoolhouse adjoining the graveyard that the boy's first years were passed, for his father was schoolmaster, with a very small income and a very large family.

Of the chapel itself we hear in the introduction to *Au Pays des Pardons*, where the author tells of the yearly struggle for the little wooden statue of Saint Servais, the possession of which was supposed to insure a good harvest. Indeed the whole district teems with legends which early exercised an influence on the imaginative mind of the young Celt. There were the Death Legends, such as that extraordinary story of Glaoud-ar-Skanv recorded in the *Legend de la Mort*, Glaoud-ar-Skanv the drunkard who was carried off to hell by the devil, Old Polic, and delivered by his mother, who gave her only cow to Notre Dame of Loquétou to ransom him.

And there is the history of the three tipsy young men of Duault, who barred the road with a dead tree, and were fetched from their beds by Ankou or Death, because his cart could not pass the barrier.

It was among stories such as these that the boy was born and bred. In civilised England, such legends seem absurd and incredible, but in central Brittany, sitting round the fire on a stormy night, with the wind howling in the chimney, their improbability is not so obvious.

'Is your house haunted?' I asked a farmer the other day, as I sat over a glass of cider with him and his wife.

'No,' he answered.

'Except,' corrected his wife, 'by Monsieur Rouge.'

'Oh yes,' assented the man, 'of course there 's Monsieur Rouge.'

And it appeared that Monsieur Rouge was a phantom who had a rather distracting habit of rolling cannon balls up and down the room overhead. . .

Saint Servais is one of the pilgrimage shrines that all Bretons must visit at least once during life. If they fail to do so they will have to accomplish the journey after death. In that case you take your coffin on your shoulder, and only proceed each day as far as the length of that coffin. In the wall of the chapel, close to the door of the le Braz's home, was the hole in the wall down which the dead men, having at length finished their involuntary pilgrimages, passed to their graves. Seated there at night, we are told, one could hear the dead rustling and stirring in their coffins.

In this home the boy grew up, surrounded by the strange, mystical peasant life which clung round the old shrine. His father was himself a storehouse of legend, and so were the pilgrims and beggars who came thither from all parts of the Côtes-du-Nord. Such early impressions are ineffaceable; and from that time to this the mind of Anatole le Braz has been steeped in the traditions of his race.

When he was about ten years old, the boy lost his mother, and soon after his father sent him to school at Saint-Brieuc, from whence in a few years he proceeded to Paris, where he studied at the university. There was no money to pay for his college course, and he had to teach to provide for himself. Happily he found a useful pupil, a wealthy young

lad who needed amusing as well as coaching, and it was with him that Monsieur le Braz went to Algeria, and became acquainted with the life of the desert, of which he has spoken in *La Terre du Passé.*

On his return to Paris he continued teaching, and was so successful, that after passing all examinations, he found he had saved a considerable sum of money.

But, like Chateaubriand, Souvestre, Renan, and all other Bretons of whom I have ever heard, he was homesick for his native land. In the *Chansons de la Bretagne,* there are many songs that tell of his exile, and as soon as he was ready to do so, he returned to Brittany, settling at Quimper, where for many years he taught and lectured, still working at folklore in conjunction with the Celtic scholar François Marie Luzel.

At length, in the year 1900, on the death of Arthur le Moine de la Borderie, Anatole le Braz was appointed Professor of Celtic Literature at the University of Rennes, where he now lectures and carries on his literary work.

But during the long summer months he still lives as far as possible the peasant life of his childhood, idealised, modified, enriched, it is true, but as simple, as homely, as pastoral, as that of the little schoolhouse at Saint Servais.

I usually pass a few weeks every summer at this cottage home of M. le Braz, and I think my readers will better appreciate the work of the great artist if they also know it.

In one of the sections of *Pâques d'Islande,* the author has thus described his home :—

'We had been fishing in the offing, and were returning with the rising tide. It was a calm August evening, the distance clothed in soft radiance, that hung in the air like gold dust. Overhead, the deep sky stretched above the waters in an immense vault. Leaning a little over on her right side, the *Saint Yves* sailed smoothly along, drawing behind her a slender wake, tinted purple by the setting sun, and casting before her on the scarce ruffled surface of the sea the graceful silhouette of her softly swelling foresails.

'Under a light breeze we glided thus easily along, threading our way among the islands that strew the English Channel off the coast of Trégor.

'It is one of the most beautiful views I know. On all sides rose gigantic rocky profiles, colossal, enigmatic faces. The Castle Rock, covered with its fleece of sea-weed, crouched like a green bronze sphinx, guarding the entrance to the bay, while opposite, the isle of Saint Gildas lay sleeping, stretched lazily out beneath the shadow of its pine woods, a Breton Salamis! Further away, towards the north, were the innumerable reefs that lie off the coast of Plougrescant, looking like the heads of sheep swimming one after another through the water. And in the transparent, amber-tinted air, flocks of seamews were whirling, a living cloud. Before us the ridge of the coast, the seaboard of Penvénan rose sharp against the paling sky. Everything was bathed in a delicious calm. Even the swell rolled landward in great, slow, peaceful waves, so that the motion of the boat was scarcely perceptible, and had it not been for the rocks that flew past like a procession of silent shadows hurrying out to sea, we might have fancied ourselves motionless, anchored there in the midst of a fairy enchantment.'

This is the scene upon which one gazes from the window of the study at Port Blanc, the scene facing which Anatole le Braz has written *Pâques d'Islande*, *Le Sang de la Sirène*, and *Le Gardien du Feu*.

The house is a series of three little cottages, each forming, on the ground floor, a single room, and whether one is sitting at the supper-table, with its pretty red and white-checked cloth, its great tureen of steaming soup, its circle of merry, lamp-lit faces, or reading in the quiet study with book-lined walls, and vast cavernous hearth, one is always in presence of the sea. Not the sea of our Saxon shores, but the wild 'Ar Mor' that greeted and inspired the earliest of our Celtic ancestors after their long journey toward the land of the setting sun.

In the morning the world is sapphire, pink, and emerald,

the vivid tints of rock and sea softened with pearly mist, like one of the shells one finds on the beach; later it clears and warms into golden brown and blue; and at evening purple shadows creep over the scene, flooding it with all manner of opalescent colours, till they also pass giving place to a growing radiance, and soon the whole bay is full of glancing moonlight.

The first original work of le Braz of which we have a record is a poem, a story in verse, called *Tryphina Keranglaz*, which will be dealt with at some length, for it is extremely interesting as a type of Celtic literature. It was written while Anatole le Braz was living at Quimper, and is a story of revolt and reconciliation, revolt against destiny, and reconciliation brought about by death.

This reconciliation through death seems a very distinct note in most of the writings of this author, and is worthy of consideration, as coming from one whose forefathers acknowledged Death as their common ancestor. The story, if story it may be called, has for its hero a young student, Yvo Congard, the eldest son of a well-to-do widow, Anna Renée, who, like almost all Breton mothers, wishes her son to become a priest. With this intention he is sent to study at the seminary, returning each summer vacation to live the ordinary life of the farm, reaping, haymaking, tending the cows and horses.

O beloved summer season,
Golden evening dusky fair,
Subtle, fragrant breath of flowers
Mingling with my very prayer.

While within my cell I 'm watching,
June's sweet song comes back to me
Like a bird's wing, softly fanning
All my soul to ecstasy.

As the autumn evenings draw in, that notable housewife, his mother, of whom we are told:—

The widow managed the farm, the farm with its fields and flocks . . .

used to gather the girls of the neighbourhood around the fire

to spin; and with them came the motherless daughter of the farmer of Keranglaz, Tryphina. The scene is thus described :—

Before the yellow glow
The spinners gather round,
While at the pleasant sound
The shepherd's head bends low.

It is at one of these evening gatherings that the young man's revolt against his mother's plans first breaks forth.

'My eyes are full of tears.
Speak to the wheels, and say
I cannot read or pray,
So sweet their sound appears'

And his mother replies :—

'O maidens, hush your song,
And turn the wheels more slowly,
While silently along
Above the spinning throng
Hover my son's thoughts holy.'

But again he breaks forth :—

'What is this fragrance sweet
Filling the summer air?
Is it some perfume rare,
Or sweet breath of my sweet?'

'Is the door fast within? . . .

asks the mother, and the girls answer :—

'The door is bolted fast,
Nothing hath surely past
Since we sat down to spin.'

But as the Spirit of the Hearth observes :—

'Who can tell through what crannies
Sweet perfumes may dart,
Even so the beloved
Steals into the heart.'

And now indeed comes the full storm of revolt :—

'Away my books, away!
I cannot pray, mother!
I love my love more true
Than heaven or you, mother!'

For it is Tryphina he loves, Tryphina and all that she signifies to him of home, and sweet, domestic peace.

He tells us so in a little song of exquisite beauty, which yet has a suggestion of the priest about the form of the verse.

'Oremus! Oremus! . . Tryphine
In her cupboard bed lies sleeping,
While her golden ringlets twine,
And the long, soft waves are creeping
O'er the pearl of her bosom fine.

Oh, would that I knelt beside her,
To pray that no ill betide her!'

'"Be a priest of the Church, my son,"
Sighs the mother, while I, alas,
Have no thought in life save one,
By the window of Keranglaz
To sing my love alone.

For my heart hath no other pleasure
Than to sing of Tryphine my treasure.'

But Tryphina, with whom 'in the spring he tossed the hay . . .' Tryphina is driven from Anna Congard's house, and Yvo returns to college determined to marry her.

But the mother is as inexorable as fate. Indeed throughout the poem she *is* fate to the two young people.

Her lover having departed, Tryphina pines for a time, and then goes secretly to the magic pool to inquire whether she or the mother is to have her way.

O'er the pool of Keranglaz when night clouds the sky
A breath of the future comes whispering by,
As the wind stirs the rushes to murmuring sleep,
The purpose of God may be read in the deep.

Her pin she drew from out her shawl,
Then sighing forth an ancient charm,
Over the water stretched an arm,
And from her fingers let it fall.

From the Breton high heavens the stars bend and pale
White meadow mists watching have lifted their vail,
All nature seems pausing in wondering dismay
To know what the pool of Keränglaz will say.

The mystic water gives reply
Love shall not play a conquering part,
For like a dagger in the heart
So sinks the pin of destiny.

Of the pathetic little letter she sends her lover, and of her death, I need not speak, save to say how very beautiful and tender this part of the poem is, and how singularly it foreshadows both in style and feeling the later works that were to flow from the pen of this gifted writer. The funeral with the song of the beggar women, and the description of the wake, so well epitomises the attitude of the Celtic mind toward death that it will be better to quote it :—

Weep not thou for whom all weep,
  Life is sweeter where thou art,
  Sorrow here fills every heart,
Happiest those who soonest sleep,
Weep not thou for whom all weep.

Gather'd in thine early hour,
  Never will the wintry wind
Fade thy beauty like a flower,
Whirl thee as a wither'd flower,
  Scatter thee with breath unkind.

Every purpose pure and good,
  Now the chains of earth are riven,
  All thy little sins forgiven,
In unblemished maidenhood
  On thy white wings soar to heaven.

And all the time the mother like a veritable fate sits spinning by her fireside, spinning the alb which her son is to wear when he says his first Mass. Even when all seems

lost, when Yvo is most bitterly bewailing his dead love, Anna Congard calmly continues her preparations.

'A priest, O my Lord, or death!' she has prayed, kneeling before her crucifix. Such implacable determination is sure to attain its end; Yvo has not died, therefore as she sits at her wheel she spins with confidence, knowing that her wish will be accomplished. Her son may rebel—he has rebelled; but her will, fortified as it is by a fanatical faith, is irresistible, and all his objections will give way before it.

'Nothing can resist the will of man,' says an old French writer, 'when he knows what is true and wills what is good.'

There is no doubt that the mother honestly believes she is acting for the good of her son, and her will triumphs, but not until the dead girl returns and joins her voice to that of the mother.

A wind of emotion rose, and pierced to my very soul,
For some one was walking alone through the secret chambers of thought,
Some one with sweet, white face, and gliding, timorous feet,
Holding a branch of gorse a-flower though it was dead.

.

And it was She who came, fanning my soul with her wing,
Fanning her soul with her wing, till I heard a plaintive song,
A whispering, distant song, that seemed to breathe from her lips,
The Music of Far Away, and this is the song she sang:—

Remember, love, hearts of the dead
Return to thee from out the tomb,
In gold of the genesta bloom,
In blood that dyes the roses red.

A blood-red rose is clambering free
Over a grey, old garden wall;
Gather one crimson rosebud small,
And as you do so think of me.

Breathe often of that fragrance rare,
Above all in thine hours of grief,
The very scent will bring relief,
It is my rose heart that you wear.

And now, beloved one, arise,
The world lies weeping at thy feet;
Many the souls gentle and sweet
Thou shalt lead on to Paradise.

It is his love herself come back from the tomb who finally brings about reconciliation with the destiny he has spurned. The story is a simple one, such as has been told over and over again, and were there nothing but the story there would be little in *Tryphina Keranglaz* to attract our attention, save the beautiful language in which it is told. But there is much more. Yvo, the mother, Tryphina herself, even the beggar women, and the laughing, careless girls, each represent some element in this Celtic study of destiny. It is as though the author had written a treatise on the subject of love *versus* fate, in some picture language, using as his hieroglyphics the figures of the peasants concerned in this little episode. For besides its obvious meaning, the story has a profound significance, and every character and incident is symbolical of a deep, underlying truth.

Tryphina Keranglaz was shortly followed by *La Chanson de la Bretagne*, a volume of verses which spread the fame of the author all over France, and was crowned by the Academy. I give one poem as specially illustrative of the peculiarly Celtic imagination of the author :—

THE WIND THAT BLOWS

The Stormy Wind is at my door,
I hear his mournful voice implore :—
'Oh, let me in in God's great name !
I see the shining of your flame !
It was to warm myself I came.'

'Open the door ! Annik,' said I,
'And bid the Storm Wind hither fly !'
So the poor Wind had his desire,
And with a gentle sigh came nigh'r
To settle down beside my fire.

Then up into the chimney wide,
The flames went leaping in their pride.
'Welcome!' cried they, 'welcome to thee,
Welcome, poor wand'rer of the sea!'
For flames in winter speak, you see!

Seated before my warm hearthstone,
Answered the wind in gentle tone . . .
'O fiery tongues, all men adore,
Lick ye the hands and feet once more
Of the poor wand'rer of the shore!'

And at the good flame's living kiss
The Wind turned warm with sudden bliss,
Yes, warm once more the poor Wind grew,
The wand'ring Wind that flew and flew,
And was so thin the flame shone through!

He told me all his history,
Bemoaned his bitter purgat'ry!
Father nor mother had he known,
Nor whence his naked feet were blown,
Nor why to my door he had flown.

A soul indeed hath the Storm Wind,
A deep-voiced soul of many a kind,
Through boundless space it murmurs long,
Of the green corn it is the song,
Yet is the roar of ocean strong.

The Wind it is who sows the grain,
Hollows the deep wave of the main.
He sings and shouts with all his might,
Deaf is he, and bereft of sight,
Bringer of day and endless night.

Then came a book of stories, studies of Breton life, *Vieilles Histoires du Pays Breton*, in which there are some very dramatic incidents, notably 'La Charlézenn,' 'Histoire Pascale,' 'Noël de Chouans,' 'Le Bâtard du Roi,' from which it is impossible to quote, but which were cited by the late Fiona Macleod as some of the finest writing in the French language.

This little volume was followed in 1902 by *La Légende de la Mort.* It would be interesting to speak at length of this truly remarkable book which, as a well-known Oxford professor said to me, is the work by which Anatole le Braz is known to the world of letters. The labour expended upon it was enormous, for every detail and legend was collected first-hand; and after the collection was made, the mass of material had to be sorted, verified, and carefully arranged before the Master Architect could employ it to raise once more the fabric of the ancient forgotten cult which for two thousand years had been overgrown by the forms of Christianity.

Pâques d'Islande succeeded *La Légende de la Mort*, a set of five beautiful studies largely concerned with the close connection which exists in the Celtic mind between this life and that which follows.

Then in quick succession appeared *Le Sang de la Sirène*, *La Terre du Passé*, a collection of impressions, *Au Pays des Pardons*, which has lately made a very successful appearance in English, passing through several large editions, *Le Théâtre Celtique*, another of those extraordinary books which, like *La Légende de la Mort*, shows how absolutely this author has the problem of the Celtic race; and, lastly, a work to which it seems to me the others have but paved the way, *Le Gardien du Feu.*

Strictly speaking, *Le Gardien du Feu*, so far the only complete novel from the pen of this writer, is not the latest of his publications. It followed *Pâques d'Islande*, and preceded *Le Sang de la Sirène*, *La Terre du Passé*, and *Le Théâtre Celtique.* But as a work of imagination it is undoubtedly, up to the present time, the climax of Anatole le Braz's writings. It is difficult to say when the idea of this extraordinary book first occurred to him. His works are often planned for years before he finds an opportunity for writing them, and surely, in date of conception, all his other works preceded this. To write such a book he must have probed the very soul of the two races of which it treats. It is much more than a novel; it is a marvellous allegorical presentment of the irreconcilable natures of the Celtic races of Léon and Trégor.

Directly one begins to study attentively the inhabitants of Brittany, one is struck by a strange diversity of race, which distinguishes them, not only from the people of the rest of France, but even from one another. Renan speaks of this in his *Poetry of the Celtic Races.*

'Every one who travels through the Armorican peninsula, experiences a change of the most abrupt description, as soon as he leaves behind that district which most closely borders upon France, where the cheerful but commonplace type of face of Normandy and Maine is continually in evidence, and passes into the true Brittany, that part which merits its name by language and race. A cold wind arises full of a vague sadness, carrying the soul to other thoughts; the tree-tops are bare and twisted; the heath with its monotony of tint stretches away into the distance; at every step the granite protrudes from a soil too scanty to cover it; a sea that is almost always sombre girdles the horizon with continual moaning. The same contrast is manifest in the people: to Norman vulgarity, to a plump and prosperous population, happy to live, full of its own interests, egotistical, as are all those who make a habit of enjoyment, succeeds a timid and reserved race, living altogether within itself, heavy in appearance, but capable of profound feeling, and of an adorable delicacy in its religious instincts. . . . It seems like entering upon the subterranean strata of another world, and in some measure one experiences the emotions given us by Dante, when he leads us from one circle of his Inferno to another. . . .'

But that is not all. Renan refers to Dante, and we may perhaps be permitted to carry on the simile.

In this strange, romantic Inferno, this mystical twilight realm of poetry and legend, this backwater of civilisation, there are several great divisions, Cornouailles, Vannes, Domnoné, Léon. They are the circles in which dwell the races which people Brittany; and in passing from one to another of these, the contrast is scarcely less marked than that which strikes the traveller when first he sets foot in the peninsula itself. Brittany, the true Armorica, is the

country lying west of a line drawn from Saint Brieuc to Vannes. In this small area are planted tribes as distinct in character, speech, and customs as though they were separated by the English Channel instead of the small streams that actually divide them.

These races have preserved many marked characteristics from the time when, in the fifth and sixth centuries, their ancestors emigrated from Great Britain to Armorica. They were separate tribes here, and when they fled oversea at the coming of the Saxons, they settled in isolated communities which, much as they have grown in size and population, have remained distinct from one another. They constitute the Circles of Renan's Inferno. Like Dante, the traveller may pass from one to another and survey them all, but the inhabitants rarely do so. Where it is their fate to be born, there as a rule they live, wed, die, and are buried, and if by chance a man should stray out of his own sphere, he is rebelling against his destiny, and will surely suffer in consequence.[1]

Goulven Dénès, the gardien du feu, or lighthouse-keeper, is a true typical Léonard, a son of that austere race with whom 'religion is the supreme need and consideration.'

For example the hero tells us :—

'My childhood was serious and rather gloomy. There are no songs in Léon, no dances, none of those diversions which lighten life. All I remember of the past is a sound of prayers, and of bells ringing for service. A Léon family considers itself disgraced for ever if it cannot count a priest among its members. I myself was brought up for

[1] While travelling in the Southern Morbihan last autumn I came across one of these exiles. He was a man of Lannion who had strayed south and married a Morbihan woman. He told me the most extraordinary stories of his wife and her relations, all of which he evidently believed. The whole place, according to him, was haunted; the inhabitants were leagued together in all sorts of evil designs against him; everything was different to what it was round Lannion; even the language he could only speak imperfectly. I have not heard of the man since, but I am certain that when I go that way again I shall find that he is out of his mind, or the centre of some tragedy.

the priesthood, and when I was twelve years old entered the seminary at Saint Pol de Léon.'

And again :—

'I had never been much of a talker. As a child I remember that I would often remain whole days without uttering a word, except to repeat my prayers morning and evening. Speaking was always painful to me, for the sound of my own voice gave me an uneasy feeling. At college it was just the same, no one could get a word out of me, which I think was partly the reason that my professors found me so foolish.'

Thus far for the Léonard's opinion of himself. Now hear what the Trégorroise heroine, Adèle, says concerning him :—

'You dance like a bear at a fair,' said she spitefully. 'Well, so much the worse for you! You will have to do as the old men do: sit and look on at the others.'

And further :—

'It is easy to see that you were brought up for the priesthood in a land where young girls think they will go to hell if they sing anything beyond the Mass. You speak even of love as though you were preaching. I believe at bottom you are not quite sure that marriage is not a sin. Now come, tell me honestly, you look on me as almost a creature of perdition, don't you?'

Then again :—

'Why do you look at me with your mournful eyes?' said she. 'You have the same sad look as the black sheep of your country when they are being led away to the butchers.'

As for the Trégorroise, Goulven says :—

'The rays from her eyes benumbed my spirit, making me giddy as with long gazing at the sparkling of sunlight on the sea. I ceased to belong to myself; I was her thing. At our marriage Mass I was able to judge of the extent to which she possessed me. It was in vain I attempted to pray, I no longer knew how; I was like one of those drunkards who begin their songs over and over again at the

same line, and after thirty attempts are no nearer the end than they were at the beginning. . . .

'You girls of Tréguier,' said I to her one day, 'must have had fairies for grandmothers, they have left you their magic secrets. The women of my country only know how to pray and spin wool. You and your fellows are weavers of lovely dreams. You must find me very stupid compared with the young men who wanted to marry you before you became mine. For indeed I am the son of a heavy, lumbering people, who live shut up in a narrow circle. Yet you would be wrong to despise me, for we Léonards have our good qualities. If we are not light of spirit, we are constant under every trial. When once we have given ourselves we cannot take ourselves back again, for we love with a love that is strong as death.'

I could multiply examples, but I think that the extracts I have given will suffice to explain the opposite natures of the two races. To attempt to unite two such dispositions in marriage necessitates a revolt against all the principles underlying the temperament of each. How can the stern religious purity of the Léonard brook the gay, light pleasure-loving nature of the Trégorroise? For, having failed to enter the Church, Goulven takes to the sea, and during a short stay at the port of Tréguier sees Adèle Lézurec, and falls violently in love with her.

'I watched her in an ecstasy, as I stood still and speechless in the middle of the room. But within me the old savage blood that still courses in the veins of the men of Léon, and which I inherit from my ancestors, began boiling furiously. This woman, of whose very existence the evening before I was ignorant, I now wanted to seize, to clasp in my arms, to carry away as my prey . . .'

For it is not with his soul that Goulven loves her; it is rather passion, infatuation, bewitchment, than love such as a Léonard should feel for his wife.

'You will recognise the girl worthy of being wed,' says a well-known Léon proverb, 'by the fact that she only inspires you with pure, chaste thoughts.'

Fate, or as he would have called it, the tradition of his race, had decreed that he should become a priest, or if not a priest, that he should at least marry a woman of his own race and cult, sharing his feelings, actuated by the same motives, striving after the same ideals.

'You are taking a wife from outside your own race,' says Goulven's mother, 'may you never have cause to repent.'

But Goulven Dénès marries this stranger woman, and thereby rebels against all his most sacred traditions. These traditions were no doubt narrow and arbitrary, but they were so ancient and so universally observed, that they had grown into a kind of fetish, the rebellion against which was almost sure to bring suffering on the transgressor.

Besides, Goulven Dénès was not the kind of man to do things by halves. Fidelity to his Church, fidelity to his parents (a still older cult), fidelity to his own deep, natural instincts, all are abandoned, even forgotten. It is the old universal revolt of matter against spirit, body against soul, outward attractions and temptation against inward persuasion, the world against God.

For a time indeed, all seems to go smoothly between them.

'It would be difficult to conceive of our happiness in these charming nests,' says the hero. 'We lived there, Adèle and I, side by side, never apart. Even the nights when I was on duty she would pass with me in the lantern. . . .'

For two or three years they live so, he forgetful of everything save his adoration, his infatuation, his enchantment, forgetful of his prayers, his home, even his mother. 'I had become so indifferent even to my own mother,' he says, 'that her absence caused me no sorrow.'

But fate has not forgotten him. From the very first one can feel her fingers hovering over him, preparing to grasp him in an inexorable clutch, and it is out of his very passion that his sorrow comes.

He is appointed to the chief post at the lighthouse, Gorlébella, that rises from a tiny rock in the midst of the sea

between the Pointe du Raz and the gloomy Île de Sein. It is the most desolate district of all Brittany, the wildest and most forbidding. The ancients called it the end of the world, and with its vast, towering, granite cliffs, and murderous currents, with its legends of lost souls, its Bay of the Dead, its tempests and solitude, it is indeed a place of horror and desolation. You will still find fishermen living at the Pointe who say that they are called from their beds at night to ferry souls over the water to the mysterious Île de Sein; and all the world may stand and wonder at the Hell of Plougoff, where the souls of wicked Druids wail and shriek amid the waves and darkness.

The duties of the lighthouse-keeper of Gorlébella necessitate that he should remain a month at a time on duty, after which he passes two weeks on shore with his wife and family.

It was an unhoped-for advancement for Goulven, yet as he says:—

'It caused me more pain than pleasure. Farewell to the perfect life, the work and rest in common, the dear tête-à-tête evenings spent in the lantern. For the future I should be but a casual guest beneath the roof of my wife. For a fortnight of her company there would be a month of separation. For two-thirds of the year I should be away from her, the prisoner of the ocean, my spirit perpetually haunted by Adèle's image.'

He is on the point of refusing the advancement, but to his surprise finds that Adèle wishes to go. She is her father's child; the restless temperament of the sailor, and his longing for adventure, dwell in her blood; and they go. The result is inevitable. She finds the solitude unbearable, as indeed does he. But while he consoles himself with a furore of work, she tries to tempt him to break the rules of his position by having her with him at the lighthouse. Against this, however, he is firm, and I take that as the first faint promise of his strange reconciliation with fate, for it is then that his original nature begins once more to assert

itself, his stern Léonard nature, which seemed almost to have disappeared beneath the sunshine of the gay years that have passed since his marriage, but which now crops up again in adversity. Not even for the wife whom he so passionately adores can he betray his trust. Before, it was not so; all went, even duty. But now, like the Prodigal, recalled to himself by sorrow, the instincts of his race once more awake, and he triumphs over temptation.

But he suffers; ah, how he suffers! Even his returns to Adèle bring him no relief.

'I had no sooner recovered her,' says he, 'than the thought that I must leave her again passed over my joy like the shadow of a hailstorm across a field of ripe corn.'

And this distress of mind, instead of bringing the pair nearer together, so accentuates the race peculiarities of the Léonard that Adèle loses whatever little affection she had for him, and begins to fear him.

'It is as I have been told,' says she, 'there is no middle course with you Léonards. Sometimes you are meek as sheep, and sometimes savage as brutes.'

I need not follow the story through all its details. There is a vain attempt to move to a more congenial station, a journey to Quimper. . . . Then comes a visit of Adèle to her native town Tréguier, from whence she writes asking her husband to use his influence to get a certain young man of her own country appointed as assistant at the lighthouse.

From that time events hurry on to the catastrophe. Every one, even Goulven himself, is fascinated with Adèle's friend and countryman. He has the same charm of manner that makes the young wife so captivating. The home is more cheerful after his arrival, and Adèle seems brighter and happier.

Then comes the strange episode of the magic Sou, with its presage of death to one whom Goulven loves, and his idea that the warning may apply to his mother whom he has not seen or written to for five years. This is his first real return to himself.

'I have sinned towards her; I shall hear of her death before I am able to tell her of my repentance,' he cries.

For it is not simply his mother towards whom his soul turns at the thought, but all that his mother typifies, his home, his race, his religion, even his destiny.

But at the thought that it may be Adèle's death which is coming he wavers. 'Anything, Lord God, but not she! In the name of the Five Wounds of Christ, not she!'

It is while he is in this mood of half-awakened memories of home, yet still bewitched by thoughts of Adèle's beauty, that he hears through a neighbour of his wife's unfaithfulness, of her liaison with her young countryman Louarn. Goulven learns that for a whole year she has been living in sin, deceiving him by her very caresses.

In a moment comes the revulsion, the enchantment that has held him for five years is over, his rebellion against the stern tradition of Léon is at an end. But the hatred that fills his soul as soon as he is convinced that the charge is true is not the simple hatred of a jealous husband who has been deceived and betrayed. What is here described is something more than human passion, something vaster, more savage and awful. It is the outbreak of an elemental force which terrifies even in the reading, for it is the retribution of the whole Léon race avenging itself for the outrage offered to its son.

From that moment Goulven becomes the savage priest of some forgotten cult, relentless and calm, offering the two sinners and himself as an expiatory sacrifice to that offended deity, his racial tradition. His hatred and loathing of the guilty pair are aroused not so much by the injury done to himself as by the affront to all that he holds sacred and pure. This is shown in many places. There is his disgust at Adèle's touch. 'I scarcely waited to be outside the door before wiping off her unclean kiss with the back of my hand.' And again: 'I wanted to purify my lungs with the fresh night air.' He cannot make up his mind to defile his mother's house with this sin and trouble.

What follows is not murder and suicide: it is inexorable justice, and self-devotion. There are few things in modern literature so awful and majestic as the climax of this tragedy. Having made up his mind, or rather having realised the absolute necessity for the expiation, there comes to him 'a kind of heroic exaltation, the pride of a man who, not only is no longer the plaything of circumstance, but on the contrary holds events in his own power.'

His temporary infatuation having come to a end with all its unreal softness, his wild, savage instinct returns and prompts the particular ritual of the 'sacrifice.'

The strict performance of his duty as lighthouse-keeper is his highest ideal of conduct, the one thing to which he has kept perfectly faithful. To him the lighthouse seems a goddess of purity, and stern, uncompromising righteousness, a divinity whom he has never ceased to serve even when most sorely tempted by his syren wife.

'Greetings to thee!' he cries in a burst of wild enthusiasm, 'Greetings to thee, O night Emerald of the Sea! Incorruptible Guardian of the Sacred Flame, living image of Vesta! Thou knowest that I have served thee faithfully. Among all the men who follow thy cult, not one has given thee stronger proofs of constancy and fidelity.'

Feeling thus, it is but natural that he should employ the very lighthouse itself whom he worships with such passionate fervour as the instrument of his vengeance. It calls to mind that huge figure of Zeus, in whose hands were placed the infants devoted for sacrifice, the hands that sloped downward and let the children fall into a pit of fire that lay ready at the feet of the image. The lighthouse became the emblem of his ideal, and the table of sacrifice, the god, and the altar.

With the long, horrible scene which follows: the preparation of the room that is to be the death-chamber and tomb of the woman and her lover; the fortnight's waiting after he has locked them in together; the cries for help; and the gradual realisation that the deed is accomplished, with all

this we need not concern ourselves, save to point out how entirely all is in harmony with the peculiar attitude of mind of the Léonard.

His resolution never wavers, but lest it should, he takes the precaution of throwing the key of the room in which he has locked them to starve together from the top of the lighthouse, whence he afterwards throws himself.

Yet even in death he is faithful to his duty.

'I have filled the lamp with oil, and given her a new wick,' he writes. 'She is a faithful and steady watcher; I feel certain that she will burn till she is extinguished by whoever takes my place. For the rest, all my affairs are in perfect order. . . .'

I have only been able to give a very brief and imperfect analysis of this book. A modern French critic writing of it a short time ago compared it to a play of Æschylus, and indeed, in power and depth of significance it takes us back to the works of the great Greek dramatists.

It is natural that this should be so. Anatole le Braz is a passionate admirer of Greek literature, besides being a learned Celt and a poet. His works, especially the works we have been considering, have those particular characteristics which mark them as classic.

His stories are Breton, but the story is the mere husk, and the kernel, the underlying meaning, the emotion, the signification, the atmosphere, all these are as universal, as eternal as in the works of Shakespeare or Æschylus. Such writing does not become old-fashioned or out of date, like other novels that 'have their day, and cease to be.' It lives on because its beauty is of that eternal kind that is founded upon absolute, unerring truthfulness. And when Brittany has ceased to exist save as an ordinary province of France, overrun and desecrated by the crowds of tourists who are already spoiling her shy charms, these books of Anatole le Braz will live as gems in that splendid crown of Celtic literature which is as much the pride of the modern civilised world as Greek literature was of the ancient.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD (MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASTAIR)

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

IV. *Poems hitherto unpublished.*

(*Continued from* vol. v. p. 116)

HERE follows (pp. 160-4) the poem already printed, 'A Thearlaich mhic Sheumais' (*v. supra*, vol. iv. p. 295). Then comes (pp. 164-7) the following, the Bard again attacking the Hanoverian poetess of Oban :—

'S ball beag mì-riaghailteach, lag, laidir,
An teanga ghnàth 'na còmhradh ;
Ged thog Dia pàirc *phalisàds* di,
Dh' fhior-chruaidh chnàimh 's de fheòil uimp' ;
Leum i 'n gàradh a rinn nàdur,
Bha cho àrd 's bu chòir dha ;
'S chaidh i 'n fhàsach le cead Shàtain,
'S dh' ith i 'n sà(th) gun òrdan.

'S ann uime thà mi, gur a làidir
Buaireadh bà na feòla,
Dh' aona bhan-Ghàidheal riamh a thàinig,
D' am bu *phàrent* Nòtair :
Biodh a beachd cho àrd ri bàn-righ'n,
'S biodh a tàmh 's an Oban,—
A spàin a shàthadh anns a' chàl ud,
A dhiùlt càch dad òl deth.

Ghabh thu leasan bho d' sheana-mhàthair,
A bhan-daoi'ear dhòlach,
Bointe dh' aona chraoibh sheunta ghàraidh
'S ùbhlan chàich a shòradh ;
'S ged bha 'n nathair an robh Sàtan
Gu gnìomh bàird 'g ad spròideadh,
B' ainneamh ann am Breatunn Adhamh
Dh' itheadh pàirt de d' chò-roinn.

Na'n tairgteadh dhuitse a bhid bhanndachd,
Chionn am Prionnsa chàineadh,
Mar gheall Lucifer le lùbaibh,
Dh' Eo cùirt a b'àirde ;

Bu sgaoileadh lethsgeil a' chùis sin,
Ge bu diùmb is nàir' e;
Ach gun duais ach lom an dù-bhrac,[1]
Pac bhrùid Bhocàrna!

Thairg thu do sheirbhis do'n deamhan,
Gun dad cumha iarraidh,
Gun airgiod inndrig, a nasgaidh
Liost thu steach gu biastail:
Na'n geallte' dhuit bhi uil-fhiosrach,
'S lan de ghibhtean diadhaidh,—
Rinn thu tuilleadh na rinn ise,
Thilg thu . . . fo'n diabhul.

Le fallsanachd mhilis àrsaidh
'N aingil àluinn uaibhrich,
Gu meas itheadh rinn e clàradh,
Nach biodh bàs an duais di;
Eolas matha 's uilc gu fàsadh
'N a glan nàdur buadhach;
'S gu'n togadh feartan a' chroinn ghràs'oir,
Ise 's Adhamh suas leis.

Cha deachaidh Mamon ann a *dhresibh*,
Gu cur brat air duaichneachd;
'N a sheann riochdaibh fein 's 'na chleachdadh
Chaidh e steach gu d' thuairgneadh:
Ach rinn Eo rud beag cothaich,
Mu'n do ghabh i buaireadh,
Ged chuir uime bhrùid bu cheutaich',
Bha measg bhéist 's an uair sin.

Bha'm buaireadh a bhuair ise làidir,
Agus Adhamh bhuaithe,
A fear a chuideachadh a fàillinn,
'S na chuir nàdur cruaidh-chuis;
Am fallsanach briathrach dàna,
Sgoilear ard 's a' chluaineachd,
Deasbud air a h-aodann nàrach,
Gus na thàrr e buaidh oirr'.

Cha'n ann lethsgeulach ata mi
Air a chàraid thruaigh-sa,
Strìochdadh do *rhetoric* Shàtain
Choisinn bàs is uaigh dhuinn:

---

[1] The sweepings of the dirty broken wool (*brac*) of Muckairn.

Ach b'e do dhuais an déis do bhéisteadh,[1]
'Nuair rinn *démon* truai(lleadh),
Paidhir chàrd is cuinneag dheasgainn,
Thug Stroneasgair bhuainne.[2]

Nach sumain thu do chiall 's do nàire
Dh' ionnsuidh *bàr* do choinnseas ?
'S na toir breitheamhnas leth-phàirteach,
'S tilg fo d' shàil do phuinnsean :
Bheir do choguis *sentens* trà ort,
Goirt mar shàthadh cuinnseir ;
Mar theanachair gobhann 'g ad fhàsgadh,
Chionn gu'n chàin thu 'm Prionnsa.

Nach eil nàire mhòr ort féin,
'S do choguis geur 'g ad sgròbadh,
Na 's fheudar dhuit itheadh bhreugaibh,
Nach cnàmh tré'as do sgròbain ?
Pileachan cho laidir éifeachd,—
Slugadh treun-each *còids'* iad ;
An donas diog a bhios 's a' bhéist,
Mu'm beir léigh air fòirinn.

Nach truagh a chinn sibh 'n 'ur tòrr nimhe,
Seach gach fin' tha 'n Albainn ?
Bhéist[3] sibh na cairtean gu gionach,
Le'r cam-iomairt chealgaich :
'Nuair nach faod sibh bho'n bhàs pilleadh
Chum 'ur cillean airgid,
Bidh 'ur daoil a stigh 'g 'ur criomadh
Mar gheur-bhioradh thairgnean.

Gu dé ge gràdhach leat do chàirdean,
Agus *pàrti* Dheòrsa ?
B' iomchuidh' dhuit bhi baindidh faoilidh,
'S fàidheam chur fo t' òran ;
'S ged a thàrradh tu gun thàlant
De shearbh bhàrdachd eòlais,
Cha bu ghlic dhuit prionnsa chàineadh,
No teachd gràineil òirnne.

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[1] *v. supra*, vol. v. p. 123, n. 4.

[2] *Paradise Lost* went even cheaper, relatively, but the contempt conveyed here is unmistakeable. A pair of wool-cards and a yeast-stoup, to say nothing of the fact that the articles were plundered Jacobite property, were but a sorry return for the services of the Hanoverian poetess.

[3] *v. supra*, vol. v. p. 123, n. 4.

Nach d'rugadh Prionnsa *Wales* le (mh)athair
An deicheamh là de'n òr-mhios ?
S tha e 'n ainm Rìgh Breatuinn fathasd,
Saor bho fhlaitheachd Dheòrsa :
Chaoidh cha leig e dheth a chathair,
A chrùn no chlaidheamh mòrachd,
Gus an sgathar cheann d'a amhaich,
'S ni sin fathast dòruinn.

Nach bu chliutach e Righ Seumas,
'S Diùc Mhodena[1] pòsda,
An Righ sin Bhreatuinn agus Eireann,
Leis an eucoir fhògradh ?
Gur cho geal a bhreith 's a bheusan,
'S com na gréin' mu nòna ;
Ach 's nighean thusa 'n fhear d'an éighte',
Donnchadh glé dhubh Nòtair.

A mhac Righ Seumas ri deagh Chlement,
'N robh na beusan glòirmhor,
Thainig le ceart òrdan cléire,
Bho'n righ threun sin Pòland ;
Gach fuil as prìseala na chéile,
An Crìosdachd féin na h-Eòrpa,
Thug iad coinneamh ghlan neo-bheudach,
An corp an t-Sèrlus òig-sa.

'S fhad o ghabh sibh ceannach Iudais,
Chum am Prionnsa fhaotainn,
A' cliathadh mara, choill, is aonach,—
Gu'm bu chlaon an taom sid ;
Glòir do'n Fhreasdal dhiadhaidh theasraig
Esan air na béistibh,
Dh' aindeoin bùrach nam muc treasgach,
Nach 'eil seasg 's an *treuson.*

Ach 's truagh a nis an duais a th' agaibh,
'N déis 'ur laigse rùsgadh ;
Ach na fhuair sibh phlundruinn mhaslaich,
Bheir plàigh, creach, is sgiùrs' oirbh :
Dh' aithn'eadh nach bu mhaith gu feachd sibh,
Gu blàr bras a dhùsgadh ;
Failear sibh gun airm, gun bhreacain,
'S bheir lagh Shasuinn cùis dhiobh.

---

[1] James VII.'s queen was Mary of Modena.

Tighinn chùramach Phrionns' Tearlach,
Ciallach, bàrrlann, còmaid,[1]
Gu robh urra mhòr gun fhàillinn,
Teachd gun dàil gu'r còrsa:
'S iomadh facal seadhail tàbh'chdach:
An cruaidh fhàisdinn Thòmais,
Bho'n fhidrichte' nach cuspair àraidh
Do bhana-bhàrd tìgh-òsd' e.

Ithidh ùine 's aimsir fhada
Caisteil chlach is mòr-chroinn;
Theirig Cuimeanaich 's Dughlasaich,
'S Cæsair bhras na Ròimhe;
Thuit sinn gu léir, gach fineach bhras,
Sliochd Ghaidheil ghlais is Scòta,
'S tionndaidh roth nan Guibhneach beachdaidh,
'S cha chum beairteas beò iad.[2]

FINID

The same subject is continued in even less worthy strain in the following composition (pp. 147-9) which is only quotable in part:—

Gu dé thug dhuit, a bhracaid shalach,
Amaid nam ban thù,
Tòiseachadh ri 'r càineadh-ne,
'S nach fearr thu fein na 'n cù?
Traill nan traill gach trustair thu,
Fìor-sgudal amar mhùin;
Gun mhodh, gun eolas oileanach,
A' teachd air rìgh no prionns'.

Cha 'n urrainn thu 'g am phàigheadh
'S an ainbheach a bhios ort,

---

[1] The word is unknown to me.

[2] The idea, so eloquently expressed here, is old, and the poet may have come upon it elsewhere. Here is an Ulster version so similar that it suggests borrowing; but who the borrower was it might be difficult to show:—

'Do threasgair an t-éag 's do shéid an ghaoth mar smál
Alasdruin, Caesar, 's a méid do bhí 'n a n-dáil;
Tá an Teamhair 'n a féar, agus féach an Traoi mar tá,
Is na Sasanaigh féin gur bh-fhéidir go bh-fuighidis bás.'

'S a'n sean-fhacal ag ràitinn,
Bian mhàrtain sgell (?) ri chorp:
Sin 'nuair bhios mi pàighte
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .

Cha robh bean an Albainn
A bheireadh dhàsan beum,
A dheanadh a phears' onarach
A chàineadh ach a' bhéist.
Abair nach bu toigh leo e,
No ghnothuch dhol gu feum;
Chuireadh modh is eolas,
Srian ri glòir am béil.

'S e gnà's nan galla gasraidh
Bhi sgaiteach air an déid;
Cuid eile de chonaibh ann
Bhi comhartaich gun fheum;
An tàin a thig an bhuailidh
'S i 'n té shuaraeh 's àirde geum;
'S gach uisge mar as taine,
'S e shruth as àirde leum.

Bha Cormaig maith gu taidhidearachd
Roghainn nam ban òg;
An té bhiodh bras mì-nàrach,
Cha bu nì leis dol g'a còir;
'S an té bhiodh gleadhrach sgaiteach dhiubh,
Is iolach àrd 'na ceann,
Gu'm b'fhearr leis a chrochadh
. . . . .

'S ann de 'n t-seorsa ghlaganach ud,
Racaid a' bheoil chaim,
'Nuair thòisich i ri fineachas
Le innisgean a teang';
Ach bheir mi pàigheadh ullamh dhuit,
Bheir urram air gach cainnt,
A thainig o'n chraos Latharnach,
Braoisg labharra bhéil mheang.

'S iomadh àite robh do lionsgaradh,
'S do dhìlsean air do chùl,
Ged rinn earrann mhòr do dhìobradh dhiubh,
'N aghaidh fìrinn agus cliù;

Cha ghleadhar galla (s)hadhaich,
No caim gun radharc sùl',
D'am bu dhleasdanach bhi eòlach,
Gu dé do chòir-s' air crùn.

Thu fein 's a' bhéist an Aigeannach,
An aon nasg caigneam teann.
'S restim suas 'n 'ur blaide sin (?)
Cluig ghlaganach 'ur teang' :
Da phollaig-chuil nam marbh chuileag
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .

Ach gabhaidh mise cead diot,
Car treis gu m'ioghnadh féin ;
'S na creid gu bheil mi ullamh dhiot
Gun tuilleadh chur ad dhéigh ;
Ma chluinn mi gnè de d'chomhartaich,
No mhothartaich do bhéil,
Cuiridh mise glomhar
'S a' chraos dhomhain th' aig a' bhéist.

FINID.

Here the 'Ark' comes in the MS. (pp. 169-74), already printed (*v. supra*, vol. iv. p. 297), after which are the following scathing verses (pp. 174-7) on the Campbells and their depredations in the forfeited estates of Clanranald :—

Bha S(eumas) C(aimbeul)[1] 's an àm
An robh an trioblaid ann,
Gun teachd a chòir a naimhdean,
Gus an d' fhuair e bristeadh orr ;
Leag e sin gu plunndruinn,
Air spuinneadh nan cisteachan,
O ! 's mairg nach deanadh bun rud[2]
Mur dìogh'l a shliochd-san air.

[1] The S. C. of the MS. might stand for Seoras Caimbeul. But M'Donald as a rule writes *Deorsa* not *Seoras* for George. Which James is here meant I know not. There were many of the name. The houses of Craignish, Asknish, Auchinbreck, and Aberuhill, among others, had each a James among them at this time.

[2] *bùnnradh*, 'confusion,' 'tumult,' 'row.'

Bha luchd nan croisean dearga
Glé stoirmeil car tiota bhig;
Bu mhaith gu spuinneadh bhalg iad,
'S an t-armadh a hitidh (?) leo;
Iornachan an t-snatha
'Gan càradh 'n an crioslaichibh;
Bhiodh deasgainnean a' chàise
Fo'n càirean 's a' bhriosgartaich.

Bha bìnntean Ghlinne-Mhùideart
'N an crùban 'n 'ur sgiorplaichibh;
Gach déirceach bha 's an dùthaich,—
Gu'n spùinneadh na criplichean;
Na doill a bha gun sùilean,—
Gu'n sgrùd sibh an ciotachan;
O! 's cailleachagan gach dùthcha,
Ri tùirse mu'n cisteagan.

Tilgeam plochd no dhà oirbh,
Tha tàireil mar sgibideig,
Bho'n a fhuaradh fàillinn
'N'ur càileachd gun mhiosrachadh;
Gu'm bu choir 'ur fàgail
Mar gheàrd air *probhision*,
'S cuig ciad slig' is spàineag
Dh' òl làgain á ciotachaibh.

Gun phiobaire no siunnsar
Bu ghrunndail port-a'-mhiodair bhuaibh;
Cha bhiodh a chuairt ach cearbach,
Mar bhàrr thogt' a miosraichibh:
Bhiodh Dughall anus a' chùlaist,
Gun dùil ri gnè iochda bhuaibh;
Ri creatraich air a ghlùinibh
Gun (fh)ùirleach[1] gun spiocaid ann.

Gu'n robh cogadh sònruicht'
De chòmhrag mu bhinid ann,
Eadar Séasar Comhullach
'S an ròis-bhior de bhior a bh'innte;
Tharr e bhean air spròicean
An dòchas a spioladh bhuaith';

[1] *Fùirleach* was in some of the Southern Isles, perhaps also elsewhere, the name given to the skin-covering fastened on a milk-dish when being carried. In any other meaning the word is unknown to me.

Thuit esan anns an òtraich,
'S bha thòn 's an dùn-innearach.

'S neonach sid mar fhàgail
Gun chal arain (?) misneachail,
Nach fearr dhuit fear am blàr dhiubh
Na clàrsair, 's e ciotagach ;
'S ged a fhuair iad fàth oirnn
Gu tàrrsuinn ar creiche bhuainn
Le riadh gu'm bi sid pàighte,
'Cur làgain 'na sgiodar asta.

'Nuair a thig Prionns' Tearlach,
D' am b' àbhaist bhi piseachail,
Le Frangaichibh treun làidir,
Gu bràth nach meataicheadh ;
'S iomadh fear tha 'n dràsta
Gle stràiceil fìor-neo-chiontach,
Ris an dealaich pàirt diubh,—
Gu'n àirmhinn dhiubh ficheadan.

O ! cha b'iad luchd a chlàideadh,
'S a chràgradh na miosraichean,
A bh' againn' ach fìor Ghaidheil,—
Na sàr dhaoine sgiobalta ;
Cabhain ghlas nan spàrdan,
Bhiodh càbain air ghiob aca ;
An aparsaig na gràisge,
Bhiodh spàil agus iteachain.

'S iomadh bodach tarra-ghlas
Gun nàir' air bheag misniche,—
Bu mhaith gu rurach chàrn iad,
'S gach àit anns am b'fhiosrach iad,
Am faighte balgain shnàtha,
Is càise gu mhion-sgapadh ;
Bu mhaith gu ruathar chàrd iad,
'S gu tàrcadh nam measganan.

Bha boladh agus fàileadh,
Cho làidir 's cho bìorach aca,
Ri mìol-chu beinne fàsaich,
Gu làn-damh a shireachd as ;
Cha bhiodh prìs na spàine
An àite fo'n ghrinneal-sa,
Nach biodh am pòc' a' phràbair,
Is càil de na binidean.

Ged a dheanadh Hàli[1]
'Ur fàsgadh chur bliochd asaibh,
An deamhan drùb gu bràth,
A thàirngte' dheagh shiltich bhuaibh;
A' mhathair-ghuir ged spàirnicht'
Le cràdh as 'ur niosgaidibh;
Cha bhiodh ann ach fàilinn,
'S bog làìb na droch mhisniche.

A bhruthaisdich' a' bhròis
From Lorn tha droch mhiotailteach,
Gu dé do chuid-sa chòmhrag,
Do nòs a bhi biotailteach?
Bu tric leat an déis nòna
Bhi 'g òl do chrump liteannach;
Dol rìst gu d' shabhal eòrna,
Le d' chòta 's le d' mhiotagan.

Tha 'n goile-san cho cra'iteach
Ri cràin mhuic nan sitigean;
Cha robh sid ach nàdarra,
'S gur pàirt d'a fìor-shliochd a bh' ann:
'Nuair bhiodh iad làn de gharbhan
Bhiodh dairearach 'n am brigisean,
O! 's gàbhaidh nach do sgàin iad,
'S nach gnàthach leo miosaran.

'S goileachan chon fior-ghiar
So-dhìl'eadh na binidean;
Ach 's goirisneach ri innseadh,
Mar mhill iad na sineachan,
Ri doichleadh nan gabhar grìsionn,
Bha shìos ann am Miongaraidh;
'S e sid a chuir an ìghnean
Bhi sgrìobadh nam minneanan.

Ròsail iad an Siùna
Spòld ùr gun dad butair air,
Le eanaraich dhonn a' chrùisgein,
Fìor-ùilleadh nan cudaigean;
Chaisg iad an toil bhrùideil
. . . . .
O! 's iad a bhios gu mùirneach,
'S a' chùirt a th'aig *Lusifer*.

[1] A well-known physician of the Middle Ages, frequently cited in the Gaelic Medical MSS. He died about 995.

Mo ghràdh-sa Tearlach Stiùbhard
Mac ùiseil Rìgh Breatuinn;
Cha b' ionann 's mac na siùrsaich,
Ri bùidsear a sgreataich sinn:
Gu'm b'annsa leam 'nam phùidse,
Do chùinneadh beag leth-chrunach,
Na leth-ghini le dhùrachd
Bho'n bhrùid tha neo-dhleasannach.

Gu faca mi cuig réisimeid
Threun' aig a' ghille-sa,
Nach do cham am beul
De na dh' eug no na chinnich dhiubh;
Na Gaidheala reubalach,
Breuna gach cinneadh dhiubh,
Nach cuireadh iad 's na speuraibh,
Le eutromas gioragach.

FINID.

SCENES IN LEWIS

AIR AN ÀIRIGH

I

[These essays, written by Lewis school-children, show how the scenery, the occupations, the tales and customs of their own district may be used in schools as subjects for composition, and in this way the children may be encouraged to take a higher view of and a keener interest in their surroundings, their homeland, their language, and their race. They are also in this way trained to habits of observation and reflection, to reality of treatment, and to individuality. Essays in Gaelic are very specially to be commended, and the one included in this collection, if not before the others, is certainly not behind any of them. It is one of the best of the group, and one regrets it is the only one in Gaelic.

These simple little essays will be found to contain a good deal of interest for those who do not know the life and surroundings of Highland children, while to those who do they will recall pleasantly their own childhood. Their publication here will, it is hoped, give the young writers and other Highland children a further interest and pride in their country and all that belongs to it.—ED.]

THE morning sun was shining brightly as we stepped out into

the open air. Every summer the crofters send out their cows to the moor with one of their daughters to look after them. All day the girls sit on the heather singing Gaelic songs, many of them melancholy and plaintive, as most Gaelic songs are; but all the while they are busy with their knitting-needles. They cook their food and sleep at night in low, turf huts. We wanted to see one of these sheilings, so we went off to the moor with one of the girls. When we got there we were offered a bowl of cream mixed with crowdie, which they always give to any one who comes to visit them.

The sun had now become so hot that we could not make the least exertion, so we lay down on the heather, my companions to read. As for me, it was so hot that I found it pleasanter to lie dreaming on my purple couch. The sky above was a clear blue, flecked here and there with delicate, feathery clouds. In front was a large hill, its scarred and seared side, even on that glorious day, showing barren, its top wreathed in a light mist. A little to the left the sea sparkled and shimmered in the glorious sunshine, and away out on the horizon could be seen, dim and shadowy, two of the Flannan Isles. There were no sounds except those of nature. A bee came booming past us, and a sea-gull in its flight startled the echoes with its shrill, mournful cry. The stillness was oppressive, and these sounds only helped to make it more so. There was solitude everywhere, not a house, not a creature in sight, everywhere the long stretches of purple heather. At last we turned our faces homeward, but very reluctantly. Crossing the sand-hills near the shore on the way back, we found them full of rabbits. They were sitting about washing their innocent faces, but at first sight of us they scurried back to their holes.

By the time we returned the sun was low in the west, and the red and gold of a fine sunset that betokened a good day on the morrow were reflected in the water. We were surprised to hear the sad *baa* of many sheep and lambs, and were told that they were 'lambing the sheep,' that is, weaning the

lambs, the most affecting part of the shepherd's work. The flocks are driven into a *fank* or fold from all the moors and hills. Then the separation takes place, the ewes being returned to the moors and the lambs sent to richer pasture. An hour or two after we went to bed.

At midnight I wakened suddenly. It was a glorious night. The sky was covered with a network of stars. Suddenly I heard a low, mournful cry, which gradually grew louder and then died away. It was the lambs. Sometimes a ewe breaks into the flock and runs to comfort her young. All through the night I could hear at intervals the mournful cry of the motherless. It was a comfort to be told in the morning that after a time they get used to the separation.

D. M.

II

Tha e 'na chleachdadh o' chionn fhada air feadh Leodhais gu lèir a bhi teicheadh leis an sprèidh gu aite taghta air a' mhòinteach agus a fuireach an sin ag ionaltradh na sprèidh rè mios no sè seachdainnean de'n t-samhradh.

'S ann air cnoc beag ri taobh lochain mu thri mìle seachad air Loch-Airigh-na-Lic, tha cuid de àirighean a' bhaile againn fhein, agus gu dearbh 'se àite boidheach a th'ann aig an àm so de'n bhliadhna.

Tha'm bothan ris an can sinn an àirigh air a thogail de chip glasaich agus de chlachan (ma bhios iad r'am faotainn), agus mullach air a chur air de sgrathan.

Tha dà dhorus air an àirigh ach cha bhi fosgailt ach am fear a bhios air cùl na gaoithe.

Tha a chaileach—an t-aite laidhe—air a deanamh de fheur 's de luachar air an sgaoileadh air sgrathan; agus tha aite anns a'bhalla airson a bhi cumail na biota agus soithichean eile.

Bhithinn ag èirigh a h-uile maduinn mu shè uairean airson an crodh a ghluasad o'n àirigh gus am biodh tìd a'm bleodhan. Cha do dhearc mi air sealladh a riamh a b'àillidh na bha romham an uair sin agus an dealt fhathast air gach feòrnan.

Bha'n cnoc air a' chòmhdach gu trom le fraoch dorch purpur: bha glasach rèidh ri cois an locha agus dìtheanan de gach seorsa am measg an fheoir, agus uisgeachan an locha a' dealradh mar ghloinne anns a' ghrèin shamhraidh—iad sin uile a' cuideachadh le àilleachd an aite.

Cha robh mi fad air m'adhart 'nuair a chuir guth na circe-fraoich no na naoisg fàilt orm, 's iad ag eirigh romham o an neadan anns an fhraoch. Cha robh feannag ghorm air an tiginn nach biodh coineanaich gheal-earbalach a' ruith romham agus 'g am folach fèin am measg an fhraoich.

Chaidh agam gu tric air an leantainn gu 'n tuill, agus uair no dhà air dhomh mo ghairdean a chur a steach fhuair mi nead le leth-dusan de fheadhainn bheaga a bha dubh, gun an suilean fhosgladh.

A tighinn dhachaidh gu na h-àirih 'se 'n comhnuidh an rathad a tha ri cois an locha bha mi 'gabhail. Bha am feur ann an so gu fada rèidh agus ditheanan fiadhaich de gach seorsa a' fàs 'na mheasg agus mar so bha e anabarrach breagha, cuairticht' mar a bha e le fraoch tròm dearg. Air sealltainn dhomh am mach air an loch chunnaic mi faoileagan agus tunnagan fiadhaich agus learg no dhà agus thòisich mi ri smaoineachadh c'àite am biodh na neadan aca. Bha gob caol a'dol am mach fada do'n uisge agus smuainich mi gur math dh'fhaoidt' gu'm faighinn neadan ann.

Air dhomh a righinn thòisich mi ri sealltainn am measg an fheoir agus chaidh agam mu dheireadh beagan uibhean tunnaig agus dhà no tri uibhean faoileig fhaighinn. Cha d' fhuair mi aon ubh leirg agus fhuair mi mach gu'n robh iad a neadachadh ann an eilean beag am meadhon an locha.

Bha mi mar an ceudna a' gabhail tlachd mhór ann a bhi 'g iasgach bhreac le slat 's le lion oir bha iad gle phailt anns an loch ged nach robh iad ro mhór.

Cha do chaith mi mìos a riamh na bu thoilicht' no a'mhios so air an àirigh. Cha robh taobh a sheallainn nach robh rud-eigin a thogadh smuaintean àrd anam.

Bha uaigneas agus aonranachd an àite, bha fàileadh cùbh-raidh a bha 'tighinn o'n fhraoch, agus a bhi faicinn na laoigh

òga ga'n cluiche fhèin, gu lèir a' dùsgadh smuaintean diomhair agus aoibhneach anam. T. M.

OUT WITH THE HERRING FLEET

One fine afternoon towards the close of the summer fishing I found myself looking back at the swiftly receding wharves of Stornoway Harbour from the stern of the fishing-boat *Mermaid.* I had been asked by the skipper to come out with them for a night, and had accepted his invitation. We were soon bowling along under a stiff breeze from the south-west. At the wheel was seated the skipper, and I was sitting near him listening to his talk about their success so far and their further prospects. Some of the crew were lounging about in the bow; others were down below. So far it seems a lazy business; but wait! By eight o'clock we are in sight of the Butt, and a short time afterwards the boat's head is brought up into the wind and the sail lowered smartly. The skipper holds the wheel, two men begin to haul the spring-rope out of the hold and to attach the net to it. Two more tie on the buoys and heave them over, and the remaining two see that the nets themselves are all clear. The nets being 'shot' the swing of the rope is brought in over the stern, and with the aid of the capstan the mast is lowered into its crutch. Two hours have passed away at this work. The lantern is lighted and hung up, and the crew tumble below to snatch a few hours of sleep before daybreak, leaving one man to act as look-out.

I decide to stay on deck, and, warmly muffled up, I sit in the bow of the boat and look around me. Above, the summer moon floats serenely in a cloudless sky. All around can be seen the twinkle of innumerable lights showing where the rest of the fleet have 'shot.' Yet even with these, it is very lonely out here on the heaving bosom of the mighty ocean. An indefinable sensation of fear takes possession of me. I long for some one to talk to. I walk aft and strike up a conversation with the silent watcher. He begins to

talk of past great hauls, and of the great gales they have fought. He talks and I listen. By and by the talk drifts round to superstition. It is a fine, eerie situation for such a subject—the deep stillness of the summer night coupled with the soft, dreamy murmur of the sea. He talks of the deeds of the fairies, and of the ghosts and visions people have seen. He himself has never seen them, but he has heard these stories told in the long winter evenings around the blazing fire. The conversation drops, and I sit silent. 'No wonder,' think I, 'sailors and fishermen are superstitious. How could they be otherwise than imaginative in these surroundings?'

My teeth begin to chatter, even though I am loaded with wraps. My companion advises me to go below. I do so, and leave him to his lonely vigil.

After many attempts I manage to climb into the spare bunk, but not to sleep. Around me the timbers of the boat are creaking and groaning. I lie awake thinking of all I have heard and seen. I begin to think of the danger of those 'that go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters.' At last, however, I fall asleep.

I seem to have slept for hardly ten minutes, when I hear the voice of the man on deck rouse up the others. They get up yawning and rubbing their eyes. Shivering in the damp, grey air of the dawn, I go on deck. A thin, misty glimmer is over the sea. To the south the land lies wreathed in mist. But on board, all is bustle and activity. The men turn to with a will. The spring-rope is attached to the capstan and hauled steadily on board. Some detach the buoys, some the nets themselves, shaking the silvery mass of herring into the hold. In about an hour this wearisome work is over. With the ever-useful capstan the mast is hoisted, and the sail, still with the aid of the capstan, is hauled up. The cook—generally the youngest of the crew—goes below to prepare breakfast, and the boat, with all the sail she can carry, makes for the harbour. On all sides are boats making for the same goal, pleased, or otherwise, with their catch as the case may be. By nine o'clock we reach the harbour, and

I step on to firm land once more, heartily thanking my friends for such a novel experience. R. M.

FROM THE CLIFFS

'There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.'

I have found it so, sitting alone away there on the black Barvas cliffs. Often have I gone to them and wormed myself out to the point of a long, low promontory. It is a hard task to keep from being blown over; your hair lies flat back, and you have to turn your face from the wind when you breathe. Once settled, you give a gasp of awesome wonder. Before you is stretched the Atlantic, and you see the 'league-long' rollers come sweeping in. Look at one. Far out in the expanse of blue you see a seemingly small ripple. It glides slowly in. Gradually, but surely, it grows. Larger and higher it becomes as it nears us. It rushes on, gaining volume and velocity with every heave. It shows its teeth with an angry growl at a rock in its way, and roaring defiance comes thundering on, its white crest growing larger, and its hovering halo of spray rising higher, till with a mighty roar it hurls itself against the black, frowning barrier of rock, and sends the foam flying high above the cliff tops, to settle in the *muran* (bent-grass).

Below you, the round gneiss boulders are rumbling in the seething backwash; and the broken water is rushing between the rocks, clamouring petulantly to overtake the parent wave. The din is terrifying. Even the seagulls above are screaming out their discordant cries; and the scarts and puffins appear to think it is their duty to add their hoarse croaks to the tumult. Behind, the wind is whistling in the *muran*; and not far off a tiny rabbit, looking like a ball of fur, is haunched up under the shelter of a ridge—hardly to be distinguished from the sand on which it sits. Now and then, as the wind pauses, the wail of the

curlew floats faintly down. It is a sign of the approach of evening—of the twilight, when the birds and beasts go to rest—but the sea roars on untired. A. L. R.

A RÈITEACH

There is an old Highland custom which is now, I am afraid, almost confined to the island of Lewis. This is the *rèiteach* or betrothal ceremony. After a couple have 'contracted' they are almost looked upon as married, and it is a most unusual occurrence for the engagement to be broken.

About a month or three weeks before the wedding the relatives of the prospective bride and the bridegroom are one day invited to come that night to the house of the bride's father. The usual preparations for a feast are made, and the guests arrive to find that the kitchen has undergone a great change. The black, sooty walls have been papered with clean newspapers; the dresser, lit up by the glow of the huge peat fire, is shining brilliantly, and every stool and bench has been scrubbed vigorously. In the 'room' a table is spread with the best things the village shop can supply. The future bride and bridegroom sit at one of the tables, the bridesmaid by her side, and the groomsman by his. An old man, a relative (usually an uncle) of the bridegroom, then stands up and solemnly declares that none there shall eat or drink until they know why they have been brought together. Whereupon a relation of the bride's stands up and announces the engagement.

Immediately the couple stand up and shake hands amidst the cheers and congratulations of all, and toasts are drunk. After the supper, dancing and other usual amusements are carried on till morning.

Some years ago this ceremony was much more elaborate, but of late years it has been shorn of some of its characteristic features. Soon the *rèiteach*, like many another delightful Highland custom, will be a thing of the past. J. M.

OIDHCHE NA CALAINN

No other ceremony in the Highlands affords more pleasure to the young than the celebration of the Eve of the Bannock. The 15th of January, the date on which it is usually held, is looked forward to by every boy with great eagerness. Long before New Year's Day a party of about ten boys is formed and a chief is appointed. This one carries 'the bank' into which every penny, from whatever source obtained, is put. Often so many pennies are collected that the village shopkeepers find 'the bank' a convenient means of getting their money changed.

The week preceding the Eve is a busy one for this enthusiastic party. A sheep's skin is procured and is strengthened by a coating of hard leather from old sea-boots. A list is drawn up of all the articles that are to be bought and their prices, and a barn is engaged in which to hold the ceremony. The celebration begins about six o'clock in the evening, when the party proceeds to call at every house for the ceremonial bannock, prepared for the purpose, and which every house must at any cost produce. One boy carries the sheep's skin on his back and is first to enter; another carries a bag for the cakes; another stays at the door to repeat the 'door-rhyme,' and another at the widow for the 'window-rhyme.'

The one who is to repeat the door-rhyme begins by blessing the inhabitants of the house and concludes by saying that 'the crow has come to the door and has croaked for admittance.' Then the one with the sheep's skin enters and goes thrice round the fire, while the inhabitants of the house deal him blows with tongs, broom, or whatever else they can lay hold of. The toughness of the skin preserves him. With him also is the boy with the bag. Meanwhile the one who is to repeat the window-rhyme begins by saying that to-night is Oidhche na Calainn; that he will take bread without butter, and butter without bread, and potatoes by themselves, why therefore should he go away obtaining nothing? Then

he goes on to bless them if they are liberal, but to call down upon them the most awful dooms if they are stingy. There are many variations of the rhymes but they are all skilfully composed and have a fine flow.

When the party have enough bread they carry it to their barn and go shopping, and it is about ten o'clock before they come back. Then the jollity begins. The feasting, music, dancing, and story-telling continue till daylight, when the party disperses. No school for them in the morning!

N. M.

ON THE MOOR

I

We had often wished to spend a day on the moor, and when at last the weather condescended to smile approval on our plans, we seized the opportunity, and with our provision-bags slung over our shoulders we prepared for a four or five mile tramp. Between ten and eleven on a fine August morning about half a dozen of us set out. After getting clear of the townships we had for some time to walk along a peat track. Nothing was to be seen but peats, and more peats, and beyond that peats again. An occasional cart, which a woman was busily engaged in filling, alone broke the monotony of the scene. But gradually we left all this behind us, and before us was stretched out in all its grandeur the moor. Beneath our feet was a carpet of springy heather; in front of us and around us was the purple moor; to the left we could see the waves of the Atlantic dazzling and dancing in the sun. Before us the ground rose in gentle undulations and occasionally in the hollows thus formed little streams ran down to the sea. At one of these we cried a halt, the beauty of the spot and the close vicinity of a sheiling proclaiming it a suitable place wherein to pitch our tent.

We had walked about two hours and were quite ready for 'the cup that cheers,' so proceeded at once to see what could be done in the way of making a fire. Our first thought

was to pay a visit to the little àirigh standing near, and as there seemed no sign of life about we went up and reconnoitred. Finding the door open we walked in and had a look round. The little dwelling in which we found ourselves may be taken as a fair specimen of the sheilings on the moor. The roof and walls were made of turf, and the only seats it possessed were also turf, but the bed was partly formed of stones. The only other article of furniture, a small wooden cupboard, soon attracted our attention and on opening it we tacitly agreed to break the eighth commandment. There in front of us was the very thing we wanted—one, two, three bowls of cream!—for we had neglected to bring any, feeling sure some such chance as this would offer itself. In the middle of the floor there burned a good peat fire, over which some tusk, probably the owner's dinner, was boiling. Carrying some of the live peats down to our camping-ground we soon had a fire of our own, and returned to search for a kettle in some shape or form. The nearest approach to this that we could get was a pot which served the purpose, however, equally well. Lid there was none, but 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and we found that a flat stone made a good substitute. The water taken from the stream was soon boiling, and not many minutes afterwards we were enjoying what we all declared to be 'the best cup of tea we ever tasted.' While we were serenely drinking it, however, we noticed a woman approaching the sheiling, and a sense of our guilt stole over us. Two of us rose at once to go and confess our theft and offer some compensation, but got instead a pleasant surprise to find in her an old friend who joined our tea-party, and would willingly have placed the rest of the cream at our disposal.

After this some of us walked on about a mile farther, the rest lazily preferring to lie in the sun. The excessive heat soon drove us back to do the same, and the time passed quickly in this indolent fashion till we thought it time to prepare for the march back.

Strengthening ourselves for the return journey by another

cup of tea, we took a last look round and reluctantly turned homewards. The four or five miles seemed like so many yards, so quickly did the time pass with song and story, and we re-entered the villages just as the dusk was beginning to creep over the scene. C. J. M.

II

It was the twilight of a day in early August. I was staying in the country for a week and was taking my customary evening walk over the moors, with the daughter of my hostess, to herd home the cows, for milking-time had come.

The mossy grass on which we walked edged the vast expanse of brown and purple moor. The tiny flowers in the marsh beside the road were closing up, but here and there a clump of rushes or a sturdy thistle stood up like sentinels guarding their more fragile companions. We jumped across a peat-bank, at the side of which a stretch of white cotton-grass shivered in the wind, lonely and ghost-like.

We were now on the moor. The purple, red, and pink hues of the heather were growing indistinct under the shades of evening. From the west spread outward a faint purple haze, which slowly enshrouded the whole moor. The calm of the scene was disturbed only by the distant lowing of the cattle, the occasional good-night twitter of one of the smaller birds and the rustling of the heather as we trod on it.

We walked on, now picking some ragged-robins from their marshy bed, now stopping to watch a mavis giving its little ones their supper. A mist rose in front of us from behind a little hill, and the cry of some wild-fowl came from the same direction. We climbed the hillock; in front of us lay a little loch, still and grey in the fading light. The mist rising from it seemed to carry away with it all the heat of the day and leave in its place the chill of evening. The water lapped gently against the stones on the grassy bank. Now and then a lively trout widened by its leap the ripples on the glassy surface and swayed the clumps of water-lilies

that floated at the loch-side. Past us through the heather scurried a timid little rabbit. At last we reached the cows. They had grown impatient, and were beginning to seek their own way home, now stopping to chew a tempting morsel, now turning round with a friendly 'moo.' Night fell slowly and wrapped the August tints of the moor in a cloak of sombre brown. All the flowers had long gone to sleep. The birds also had ceased their good-night song, except the wild ducks, whose hoarse cries increased the feeling of mystery and the dreariness that night had brought with it. From the house, the plaintive notes of a Gaelic lament rose and fell on the still air, for Mairi, the milk-maid, had a sweetheart away at the fishing, and she never ceased singing 'Fear a' Bhata.'

One backward glance over the broad expanse of sleeping moor, and chilled by the loneliness of the scene, I sprang on to the road, and up the hill, home, to watch the evening milking and afterwards listen to the tale of the 'Crippled Tailor,' or the terrors of Mac-an-t-Srònaich, told not for the first time, but listened to with never-failing interest as we sat round the blazing peat-fire in the twilight. J. C. M.

III

The rugged moorland was bathed in the rosy light of the risen sun as I set out for an early ramble. Stretching to meet the clear blue sky was the undulating stretch of purple heath, broken here and there by a glistening pool. Purple, green, and brown were all steeped in the warm light of the morning sun. In the wet hollows groups of graceful cotton-flowers nodded their silvery heads to the morning breeze, and the birds in their swift flight poured forth their joyful song of welcome to the day.

Outlined against the bright blue of the heavens stood a lonely sheiling. Nature alone reigned in this spot. Not even the little sheiling suggested man and his works; but seemed instead as if it had sprung up with the flowers. Everything appeared to be full of new life. The soft, caressing

breeze seemed to waft to me the tiny, mysterious whispers of elves and strange sounds of fairyland.

As I walked briskly across the springy turf I felt as if I too had begun life anew, had as it were begun to breathe again. The pure, bracing air, the fragrant scent of the heather, and the wild beauty of my surroundings all combined to make me feel as free and joyous as the wild duck among the rushes. It seemed to me as if I, too, could, like the strong-winged birds passing overhead, cry 'honck, honck,' and be content. To throw out my arms and let the wind blow me whither it willed was what I would fain have done.

Each little flower had raised its dewy head to greet the morning, and from afar came faintly the lowing of cattle. Farther on I came upon one of the sheiling cows, leisurely chewing the cud. Hearing my footsteps she turned her head and gazed quietly at me with her great mild eyes. Then, no doubt deciding that I was a harmless creature, she turned again and took no further notice.

Continuing my walk I suddenly spied the good lady of the sheiling coming towards me. Like her quaint little hut, she seemed to fit properly her surroundings. With a bright and cheery 'La math' she invited me, with the ever-ready Highland hospitality, to come to her sheiling and refresh myself with some of the warm milk just drawn from the cow. Such an invitation was of course accepted. J. M.

EVENING ON THE LAND

I

It was evening. A pink flush lingered on the western horizon, and the long barred clouds of evening were tinged with a gleam of golden red. From where we sat in the heather, the hill, purple-splashed, with here and there a rough boulder, fell ruggedly to the shore. In front spread the calm, full waters of the harbour, and their gentle lapping on the rocks was borne to us faintly from afar. Away down on the left across the water lay Stornoway, and leading from it, along the sea's edge, Newton and Sandwich formed the left

boundary of the harbour. There, rising back from the water's edge, nestled the town, its walls and roofs touched with the tints of evening, and over all—the grey town, the village by the sea, and the haven of the old Norse Vikings with its green potato-fields and yellow, ripening cornfields—brooded a quiet peace. As we looked the pink faded slowly from the sky and left the grey. A slight rustle passed over all, a rabbit's face peeped out and disappeared, the blue-grey smoke floated up, and night began to settle loth over the earth. Away to the right rolled the vast, silent, darkening moor. A yellow road wound into it and got lost. Through the swellings of the waste we caught the gleam of a river on its journey towards the sea. A peninsula jutted out, guarded by a lighthouse; in front and behind it the moor stretched on till it dropped into the sea in rounded, softened hills. Lights peeped out in the town, the shadows melted into the dark, and we turned home. D. M.

ON THE SEA

II

The tide had turned; so for four long hours the fish would not take. We meant to wait it out, so lazily on the long groundswell that heaved in sleepy folds we floated out two miles beyond the Chicken Rock. The lingering flush of the dying day was fading in the west. In the growing darkness the outlines of the Lochs hills melted into one another, and the mountains lay a huddled mass of shadows against the glowing sky. To the south Cleisham, wrapped in the mists of distance, was still touched by the glory of the departed day. From where we lay we could see the entrance to Stornoway Harbour, and in the thickening darkness Holm Point and the headland of Arnish seemed to be one, whilst the lighthouse, lone and white, kept its vigil among the brown hills. In front of us lay the Braigh where the waves are always murmuring of the mysteries of the deep. Far beyond the little homestead of Melbost rose the twin hills of Barvas, and further to the north, lonely Monach.

Slowly the pink in the west faded, the shadows of the evening deepened, and soft peace came down on the sea. The shrill *stearnaich* ceased their wheelings around Sgeir na Sgriamh, and the wild pigeons sought the shelter of their dark caves and rock-fissures. Over the surface of the silent sea skipped homeward a flock of sea-parrots, and higher up a silent pair of solan geese swept from sight. Darkness fell at last; but, as if night were shaking herself from sleep, a short gasp of wind, followed by a second and third, came out of the east, whilst great dark clouds rolled up from the sea. Soon a gentle 'easter' was blowing warmly though clamily, bearing with it its usual burden of mist, and almost in a moment everything was blotted out by the fog. N. C.

AIG AN TEINE

I

We were all gathered round the fire. It was a great big fireplace, and every little while the wide, black chimney was lit up by an extra large flame. Outside the wind roared and dashed the rain furiously against the window-panes. The night was black as pitch. But inside were warmth and comfort. We children would not have the lamp lit. Stories were best when told by firelight. The old shepherd was story-teller. He was very old, but the older he became the more stories he had to tell. We wanted fairy stories.

'There are no such things as fairies,' said young Murdo. 'Are there not?' said the old shepherd. ''Tis your ignorance that makes you say so.' 'Did you ever see them, Ian?' I asked. 'Tell me about them.' 'Well then, if the "men of peace" did not change Tormad Dubh's baby, who did? And did not we use to see their red lights when they danced round their little green hills? And they could dance, and no wonder!' 'Why, Ian?' 'Because they had music that would make a minister dance.' 'What are they like?' 'They are very beautiful and very small. Their dresses are green in colour, the green of their hills. There is a woman I

know from Carloway who has communication with the "good neighbours." They sing their songs to her, but she does not see them. They come to her at night. Green is their favourite colour, and they become angry with any person who wears it. That is why green is considered unlucky. And it is no little matter to anger them. When they quarrelled among themselves, they fought with great fury. Their hills echoed with the din of the conflict.' 'Are they ever seen now, Ian?' 'No—not so often at any rate; but they still attend weddings and funerals, though invisible. My grandmother would never eat at a wedding. She believed that the *Sithich* (fairies) took away the food provided, and put in its stead food that was hurtful. Ah, what have I been saying? It is well this is not Friday.' And not another word would he speak of the 'Daoine Sith.' So he told us instead some of the things he had from his grandmother.

'Many years have passed since my old grandmother told me the tale; and she said that it was a very old story then. In the lochs there dwelt a huge monster, a water-horse. He was very dangerous. He used to swell the loch, so that any one that happened to be in the neighbourhood was swept into it, and afterwards devoured. This monster had a liking for women and children, whom he enticed to his dwellings under the loch, there to eat them up. The grass round the loch also served him for food. Not very long ago there was a *seileig* in a loch over the way of Leurbost. A *seileig* is not the same as the *each-uisge*. It is like an enormous eel, and is supposed to come from the sea. Several people saw a part of this *seileig* rise like an island in the middle of the loch. They got a big hook and fastened it to a long chain. On the hook they hung the carcass of a sheep, and threw it into the loch. Next day they pulled out the chain. The sheep was gone, and the great hook had been pulled straight. There was a burn running from the loch to the sea, and some time after, when it was in spate, the people saw traces along the sides of the burn as if some slimy monster had been making its way from the loch to the sea.

It must have been the *seileig*, for nothing more was seen of it in the loch.' J. M.

II

It is a cold, frosty night in November. The stars are twinkling in the dark sky and the scent of peat fills the air. The village seems to be asleep, but behind the closed doors happy faces are glowing in the firelight. At this hour many are going out to *céilidh*, and we may see the young lads donning their beautiful pink and green socks, while the girls are showing to advantage their gay blouses, trophies of the fishing season.

A little distance behind the other houses is a little bothy where Mairi Mhor and her brother live. Everybody knows Mairi, the old maid, for her house is the *tigh céilidh* of the village, and many are the plots hatched under her roof, and many the sly cup of tea read there. She is wrinkled and grey, but she has the quick head for devising tricks, and her laugh rings out as joyous and clear as the trilling of the lark. To-night her little kitchen is swept clean and is lit up by the blazing fire which sends out a cheerful, hearty glow. Not a sound disturbs the stillness, but the whir of Mairi's wheel as she spins her winter store of thread. She has been very busy since harvest for six large balls of thread are hanging on the wall beside her. On the other side of the kitchen her brother is lying on the *beinc* puffing at the blackened stump of an old clay pipe. He is gazing complacently at the strings of dry haddocks that stretch across the kitchen, but he finds that his pipe has gone out, so he picks up a glowing peat with the tongs and relights it. Suddenly talking and laughter is heard, and Mairi rises from her wheel. He knows what that means, and with a grunt rises and goes out to have a chat with his cronies about the potatoes or the weather.

Three girls enter, their faces glowing with health, and their hair combed tightly back off their foreheads. Mary of the black eyes sits on the *beinc*. She is rather quiet to-night, but the other two dive beneath the *beinc* and come out with

their arms full of peats. These they place one above the other on the floor, and are thus supplied with seats which they can draw near the fire, for Mairi has only one chair in her establishment. Now the tongues begin to go. The harvest, the fishing, their cows, are discussed; then they begin to comment on the forthcoming marriages, for there are to be many this winter as the fishing season has been so successful. Mary of the black eyes works feverishly at her sock, a heather coloured one with crimson diamonds, and the burning colour mounts to her forehead. Mairi Mhor nods to the others and glances slyly at her. They understand. Although their tongues are busy, so are their hands. Mairi Mhor is carding, one is knitting a guernsey, while Christy Ruadh is frowning over a fold of pink flannelette which, along with her red hair, has rather a fiery effect. Three lads enter, and with a 'Tha sibh anny.' They bring out more peats and sit down beside the girls. The tongues go quicker than ever, and Mary has a bad time of it; she is teased mercilessly. In this genial atmosphere the lads are at their best, and bursts of laughter ring out as their stories of England and the other places they have seen are listened to with delight. But time flies and the eyes are beginning to get drowsy, so leaving Mairi nodding by the fire they make their way homeward.

A. M.

THE GLAISTIG AND THE BLACK LAD

A LOCHABER LEGEND FROM THE GAELIC

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

This tale would Donald
The Bard, recite
By the Ceilidh fire
On a winter night.

'TIS in Lochaber dwells the man—
Mac Cuaric of Lianachan:
Bold and brave and big was he
And black, who now is white and worn;
Full blithesome he whose heart doth mourn
His spouse and children three:

For they have passed before their time,
And he is faded in his prime—
Ah! the fairies' curse and the goblins' curse,
And the Glaistig's curse, are on the man.
Alas for thee, and for all thy kind,
That thou didst ever the Glaistig bind—
Mac Cuaric of Lianachan!

Hearken and hear the story told:
Mac Cuaric was brave and bold
That lonesome night when he would set
In yonder river the salmon net,
When up the bank he clambered sprightly
To reach the steed as black as jet,
To grasp the bridle tightly—
That night, that night he 'll ne'er forget!
For an awesome cry he heard,
As into the saddle he leapt full lightly;
And he said, ''Tis the lone night bird
Crying up through the valley wide.'
When the winsome moon came out all brightly,
And he saw the Glaistig by his side,
Like the vision of a lady fair,
With beaming eyes and blowing hair,
With mantle green that floated wide
And showed her shape from neck to knee—
Beautiful in all her pride!
'All hail to thee! all hail to thee!
'O big black lad, all hail!' said she.
'Is there room for a rider behind?' she cried.
'Yes, and a rider before,' said he.
And she came nearer and more near,
Then in his arms he locked her there.
His heart was bold—he had no fear—
For she was, oh, so fair!
And ere she could flit beyond his reach,
He swung her lightly from the beach;
And set her before him on the steed—
While the wind tossed out her yellow hair—
So strong was he, so bold indeed!
And with Fillan's wizard belt he tied
Her struggling arms on either side;
And there she sat secure,
As the mettlesome steed fled over the moor.

'Let me go, oho!'
She would wail in her woe.
He would answer her, 'No,
Thus will I hold thee,
I shall ne'er let thee go,
Till men will behold thee
And laugh at thy woe!'

For the steed fled fast, the steed fled free,
With the big black lad and the green ladye.

'Let me go,' she would wail—
She would wail, she would cry.
'No wish I'll deny.
Thou shalt have without fail
Of cattle a fold,
Speckled and bold,
Black over, white under,
At which men will wonder;
And a white-crowned bull;
And thy barns all full;
And success in the chase
On the hill and the moor.
To you and your race
For evermore!
If thou wilt but steady
Thy steed by yon shore,
If thou wilt but steady—
If thou 'lt set me free.'—
'All mine already,
Already,' said he.—

And the steed fled fast, and the steed fled free,
With the big black lad and the green ladye.

'Oho! let me go,'
She would wail in her woe.
'I will flee from yon strand
Yon knoll of my home,
I will flee from yon land.
Over hills I will roam,
Over seas I will go—
If thou 'lt free me, oho!
Oh, hearken!' she cried,

'To-night I would build thee
A home for thy bride;
Four strong walls will shield thee,
And the roof will be wide.
O hearken!' she cried,
'On yon field—'tis my plight—
I will build it to-night.
Fire will not burn it,
Water o'erturn it,
Nor caterans harm it,
From fairies I'll charm it,
Goblins will dread it,
With comfort I'll spread it,
Set me free—set me free!'
'When thou shalt fulfil thy promise,' said he.

Then on the moor she shrieked full loud,
And the moon sprang back behind a cloud.
Her shriek was like a thousand rills
In one fierce cataract borne.
'Twas heard all over seven hills,
Like Fionn's mighty horn—
The Horn of Worth he blew at morn.

Then from every crag on the mountain-side
The fairy echoes awoke and cried,
And swept and rang through the valley wide.
Like a thunder roll
In the heart of night,
From every knoll
And every height,
From every cliff and every cave,
Out of the mist, and out of the shadow,
In a flash, like the sweep of a falling wave,
The fairies fluttered across the meadow,
Thick as snowflakes in the air,
Thick as daisies in the valley,
Flitting here and flitting there,
Like the waves about the galley,
Round the Glaistig see them rally:
Prancing, stuttering, dancing, muttering,
Ogling beadily, leering greedily—
But the Glaistig is her orders uttering,
And they set to work right speedily.

Where Clianig's wild cascade moans,
See them quarry slabs and stones;
In one long line the fairies stand,
And reach them on from hand to hand.

Hearken! in the Rowan Wood,
On the Isle of Knoll of Shore—
Crash the trees as they are hewed,
And the beams are carried o'er,
And the rafters straight and thick—
Carried sure and carried quick.

And ever at MacCuaric's side
The Glaistig wailed, the Glaistig cried—
And ever she made moan,
'Midst her shrieks and groans—
'*Two stones over one stone,*
One stone over two stones;
Fetch the stake and fetch the hod,
Fetch the pin, and fetch the clod,
Speedily, oh speedily!
And every timber in the wood,
But mulbery, but mulbery.'

Alas for him who recks not of his woe
And fairy wrath forgets!
Alas for him who gets not as he sows
And sows not as he gets!

Now o'er the mountains all aloof
The grey dawn flings its cloak;
But now the clod is on the roof,
And on the roof the smoke.

MacCuaric crouches by the fire,
He keeps the coulter red and hot,
To save him from the Glaistig's ire—
To guard him from a fairy plot,
And from enchantments dire.

Then the Glaistig knelt,
He took off the charm;
He unloosed the belt,
And suffered no harm.

When through the window she stretched a hand
To bid him farewell, ere she'd leave the land,
He knew in his heart, 'twas an evil plot—
In her hand he thrust the coulter hot.

Then with a groan,
And a face of gloom,
She leapt on a stone
To pronounce his doom.

She gave him the curse of the fairies old,
And the curse of the goblins too;
And if we would heed as we hear, 'tis told
That every curse came true.

'Grow like the rushes,
But wither like thyme;
Grow grey in your youth
And fade in your prime.
When your heart is strong
Your heart will bleed;
And I ask not a son—
Not a son to succeed.

'Oh! I am the sorrowing Glaistig
That stayed on the silvern shore;
For I built thy house on the Meadow,
And it cleaved my heart to the core

'For I must pass like a shadow
And, oh, I must spill my gore
On Finisgeig—its peak, its peak
Will be red for evermore!

And ere he could blame—
And ere he could speak—
She leapt in a flame
Of green o'er the peak.

Such is the tale the bard would recite
By the Ceilidh fire on the winter night;
Such is the tale of the shattered man—
MacCuaric of Lianachan.

TARBH MÓR NA H-IORBHAIG

(From the MSS. of the late Rev. Father Allan Macdonald.)

[A tale told me by Mary Macmillan, Eriskay. As her Gaelic style is slovenly I did not take it down from dictation, but I have kept all the incidents she gave, though I know she cannot have given the story completely, as there is a want of finish all through.]

A king had three daughters all marriageable. The first would not be given in marriage unless her father got her weight in gold. I don't know about the second, but the third was to have her weight in gold given with her to the man who married her. They were odd conditions, and as girls will be speaking about such things the king's three daughters were speaking about what kind of husbands they would likely get. The young one said she did not care a bit, that she would marry Tarbh Mór na h-Iorbhaig (the Great Bull of Irvaig) himself if he came for her. Little did she think what she was saying.

A week after there was seen coming to the house the Great Bull of Irvaig, and he began hitting and tearing up the ground, and looking as if he would pull the house to pieces. The maiden remembered what she had said and told her sisters that she would go away with the Bull even though it should be death to her. They would not hear of letting her go away, but as the Bull was looking so dreadful and putting them all in danger they let her go down, and when she got out of the door the Bull meekly and reverently lowered his head and made a seat for her between his horns, and away he sped with her till he came to a 'caolas' or channel, which he swam across and came to a little island. There was a house in the island and everything in plenty in it, but not a man or woman or child to be seen. When they got into the house the Bull threw off a 'cochull' or cowl and was the most handsome of men, and he told the maiden how he had been put under spells by a wicked stepmother and that he could

never be freed from the spells unless she had married him and that he was a king's son himself, but that he had to go through a good deal yet before he could get free from the spells laid on him. Though he would be a Bull all day and to everybody else, to her he would be a human being as she saw him then every night when he came home to rest with her.

He was so kind and pleasant that she felt the time passing happily, and, towards the end of three-quarters of a year, he told her that he thought it was not a good place for her to be alone with him, and that if she liked he would convey her to her father's house to be with her mother and sisters who had married since but were not far away. 'Take care,' he said, 'that you never lay a finger on that "cochull," and above all you must promise me never to let them know at home that I ever assume any shape but the shape of the Bull, for if you do it will be bad for you and for me.' She paid heed to his words and promised him what he asked.

He put on the 'cochull,' and was straightway a Bull again. He bent down his head and made a seat for her between his horns. He swam the channel between the island and the mainland, and sped away till he came to her father's house. When they saw the Bull coming with her they were in great alarm, but when he let her down gently at the door and departed they went to welcome her, and her mother and sisters were soon with her.

In due time she had a baby boy, and all were so pleased, but many a time was she asked by them what appearance the Bull assumed when at his own place. She was faithful to her promise and would not say a word about those things.

One evening, as the baby was being nursed and all were happy talking and laughing, a huge hand came in at the chimney and seized the baby and disappeared with it. The mirth was changed to sorrow and lamenting and the young mother was very sad.

A fortnight after the birth of the child the Bull was seen hurrying along to the house, and they knew he came for her

and they made every effort to detain her but with no effect. On her going to the door the Bull reverently bent his head and made a seat for her between his horns and sped away, swam the sound, and got to the island and into the house, and threw off the 'cochull' and was again a handsome young man. 'You are sad,' said he, 'not to have your baby with you.' She said she was. 'Do not be sad then, for the boy is being well looked after and I know where he is.' This relieved her mind and she lived very happily. The Bull was absent during the day generally, but in coming home in the evening he threw off the 'cochull,' and his beautiful appearance and pleasant ways made her feel happy with him.

After a due interval it was thought proper she should go again to her father's house, and the same cautions as to talking were given to her. She had a second baby boy, and just as happened to the first the second was also taken away by a huge hand, though all present were keeping strict watch and holding on to the baby when it was being seized. The Bull came for the Princess as before, and told her the second boy was also alive and well cared for.

A third time she came to her father's house and had a third baby boy, but this time she was so sorely tempted by her sisters and mother to tell about her mysterious husband that she told them all about him and about the 'cochull' and the beautiful and handsome and kind man he was, and how she was happier with him, she felt sure, than any of them felt in their homes. The third baby was also snatched away and the Bull came this time on the thirteenth day showing great signs of anger. He tossed his head and his eyes were wild, and he lashed his tail in anger and he tore at the ground and butted against the house, so that they were all in terror. One of her sisters had told her to burn the 'cochull' and to keep her husband in his right appearance always. The poor young wife felt she had to blame herself for breaking her promises and was afraid of the Bull, but she made up her mind to go to him in any case, even though she should be killed. When she got to the door the Bull lowered his head

and made a seat for her between his horns, and away he sped, and never stopped till he swam the channel and came to the island and into the house. He told her that she had caused his and her mishap, and that he was afraid he was bound to lose her for ever as he had to go alone on a perilous journey and leave her behind. He told her that their three boys were each in the keeping of a giant, and that their only chance of escape was through his interest with these giants. He was very much afraid that she would never overtake him, and that if he reached his own country he would be forced to marry one whom he had half promised to marry, and he felt this more than anything else.

He bade her good-bye, and said he could do nothing for her but give her a pair of boots that would serve in good stead. The nearest of the giants was a year and a day's walk away, but with the boots she could do it in a day, and it was only by going to them she could hope to get out of this land of enchantment. He left in great sadness, and she was in equally great sadness.

When morning came she set off on her journey to the giants, and at nightfall saw a glimmer of light on the floor of a glen, and she made for it, not knowing whether it would be to her happiness or to her misfortune. On saluting at the door she was welcomed by a great kindly voice, which told her that she was expected, and that her husband had been there last night. The giant told her that the boy who was playing with a shinty on the floor was her oldest boy. 'You will rest to-night in my house, and I will give you another pair of boots that will enable you to get to my brother's house in a day, though it is a year and a day's journey away.

After supping she was sent to sleep in the soft, white, woollen blankets, and though the daylight came early she was afoot earlier, and away in quest of her husband.

The second night she came to the second giant's house, and found her second boy, and was treated with equal kindness, and provided with another pair of boots. The

giant told her that the journey was a difficult one, but that he thought she could get along to the third brother well enough, but then the most difficult part was to begin. He told her also that her husband had been there the night before.

Before daylight next morning she was afoot and started on her journey, but thanks to the boots she found the third giant's house that night. He welcomed her kindly, and pointed out to her the third boy, and told her that her husband had left his house in the morning, but that he was afraid she might not be able to follow him. He promised, however, that he would do his best for her, and if she did anything as he directed, that there was still a chance for her. 'To-night you must rest here. You will leave the boots also, as we have need of them ourselves. You will have to cross a river of fire, and if a spark touch you, you will be all burnt by the fire. You will then have to cross a hill of pointed glass, and the slightest wound will make you bleed to death. Then you will have to cross a mountain of thorns, and if they seize you they will keep you till you die. And last of all, there is a mountain of fire which, if you touch it, will burn you to a coal [cinder].' She was frightened to hear what she had to go through, but when she thought of her husband it gave her courage for everything. When she was thinking that there was no way for her of getting out of where she was the giant told her that he had a 'falarg' or magic horse, and that he would lend it to her for her journey, and that if she gave the 'falarg' an apple of a special colour before each great leap he had to make, that he would take her safe through if she could only keep in the saddle.

After resting that night she got up early in the morning, and the giant saw her mounted on the 'falarg,' and gave her the four apples of different colours, and told her that if she got to her journey's end she was to tie the bridle in a special knot, and that would be a sign to him that she had arrived safely. If the 'falarg' arrived with the bridle hanging loose

about him he would know that she had perished. She thanked the giant and went her way. She had not long gone when she came to the river of fire, with the fire boiling and rolling over and sputtering. She tightened her dress about her, fixed herself well in the saddle, gave the 'falarg' an apple, and he bounded high and clean over the river of fire. She then went on and came to the foot of the hill of glass. It looked very dreadful. She gave the 'falarg' another apple, and he bounded high over the hill and landed her on the floor of a glen at the other side. She rode on and came to the foot of the mountain of thorns, and giving the magic horse another apple she was borne swiftly right over the mountain without even touching it. She came down on another glen and rode on till at last she came to the mountain of fire. She gave the 'falarg' the last apple, and at once he leapt high into the air over the top of the burning mountain, and landed gently on the other side, where her way was easier. She tied the bridle about his neck, and he bounded at once over the mountain out of her sight, and the giant knew that the king's daughter had got safely over the mountains. The country now was easy to walk. It was not enchanted at all. As she was going along, not exactly knowing where she should direct her feet, she came to a river, but she did not see a bridge up or down. As she was walking along the bank she noticed a woman washing on the other side, and she asked her how she was to get across. The one who was washing told her to walk a little way up till she came to a ford, and walked up on her side of the river so as to point it out. On getting over the princess thanked her guide and asked her what news was going.

'Indeed, this is news. The king's son, who was away under enchantments for many years, has come back, and they are anxious that he should marry at once. But he says he won't marry any one except the one who washes a stain of blood out of his three white shirts.'

The poor wife knew it was her husband, and knew that the stains of blood were tears of blood he had shed for herself,

and she said she would try to wash them. 'You need not try,' said the other. 'I am the fifth who has tried already, and we have all failed.'

'I will try, however,' said the princess, 'and if I succeed you must promise to let me sleep with the prince the first three nights after your marriage.' The other agreed to this, and the prince's wife began to wash the shirts, and she made them as white as snow, and the other woman went home to the king and the prince with the white shirts, and the poor prince sorely against his wishes was forced to celebrate a wedding with her. At night as he was going to sleep this woman gave him a sleeping draught and then put the other in her place.

But do what she could or say what she would the prince never in any way recognised her. In the morning she had to leave him. At night she came again, but he had been given another sleeping draught, and it had the same power over him. She lamented and wailed all night, saying:—

'I bore three sons.
I crossed a river of fire,
A mountain of glass,
A mountain of thorns,
A burning mountain for you.
And I washed the bloodstains from your three shirts,
But you pay no heed to me.'

All night long she crooned this, but to no effect.

There was a waiting-woman who overheard her and picked up her words, and went next day to the prince, saying, 'What a strange wife you have got, who keeps on crooning all night.' And she repeated her words. 'I am sure I don't know,' said the prince. 'I did not hear her.' 'She was so last night and the night before last, and you must have taken a sleeping draught not to have heard her,' said the woman. The prince on the third night noticed the sleeping draught prepared for him, and contrived to make believe that he had taken it. When he went to bed he pretended to sleep more deeply than ever. His wife was allowed to go to his bed for

the third and last night. She began her crooning before long. He listened as patiently as he could. He then spoke to her, and got up and brought her to his father, and he told him he would never have another wife but herself. He told the story of his enchanted life, and how if it had not been for her and for her three children, which had been given to the giants to procure their goodwill and assistance, he could never have escaped from the spells that had been laid upon him.

AN CUAN SIAR

Coinneach MacLeoid

Bha Binne-bheul fad air a h-aineol an tir an eorna, 's latha de na laithean thuirt i gu'm bu mhithich dith nis dol dhachaidh d'a flaitheas fein, far nach laigheadh grian, 's far nach eireadh gaoth, 's far nach sguireadh ceol. An ciaradh na h-oidhche chaidh i steach 'na bhirlinn nach iarradh seol no stiuir ach rùn a cridhe fein, 's mar an eala shiab i as an t-sealladh. Ach air oiteig fhann an fhoghair dh' fhàg i iomadh soiridh slàn is beannachd as a deigh. Slàn leibh, a mhuinntir mo ghràidh, tha solus-iuil air sgeir as eol domh, agus Siar air sin tha mo dhachaidh. Slàn leibh, a mhuinntir mo ghràidh, ri tràghadh 's ri lìonadh, 's am fear a leanadh mise gabhadh e aiseag nan tonn.

Riamh o'n oidhche sin, tha sùil na h-òige agus cridhe na h-aoise a' sireadh Siar—ma tha no nach 'eil an solus-iùil fathast air an sgeir.

. . . . . .

Shuidh mi air creig an oir a' chladaich, ann an sùil na gréine, a dh' òl mo leoir de 'n Chéitein. Air mo chùlaibh, anns a' ghleann, bha na h-uain a' mèilich 's na laoigh a' geumraich; air mo bheulaibh, bha na h-eoin a' neadachadh an tiurr na feamann, bha long a' fuaradh an rudha, bha balachan bàn a' ruideis air an tràigh 's a' tilgeadh choilleag air na faoileannan a bha sgiathagraich ris na tonnan. 'Ille bhig,' ghlaodh mi ris, 'tha do sheanair feadh nan caorach,

's do mhathair anns a' bhuaile, 's nach b'àbhacas do 'n bhalachan bhi measg nan uan 's nan laogh!' 'Is docha leam bhi cleasachd ris na faoileannan,' ars' esan, 'bhuail mi naoi diubh cheana, 's tha mi feuchainn ri tri eile bhualadh mus toir an rudha am bàta diom.' ''Ille bhig, 'ille bhig,'—ach cha b'ann ris-san 'na aonar bha mi bruidhinn—'tha t'athair 'na laighe an aigeal a' chuain, 's cha 'n 'eil bodha shir no sheachainn ainm eadar so agus Rocabarraidh[1] nach bu leaba- bàis uair no uaireigin do na daoine o'n tainig thu, agus is mór m' amharus, mur dean am Freasdal fein a chaochladh, nach ann ris an uaigh, ach ris a' chuan, a ta thusa 's do leithid a' fàs.' 'Is e cron m' fhàis a mhaillead,' ars' esan; 'ach tha 'n reabhairt 'san fhannadh, 's an teis-mheadhon na contraigh bheir mi leam a 'gheolag, 's ni mi 'n Sgeir Bhreac dheth.' 'Seadh, a laochain, a dh' fhaicinn an ruic a chuir an suaineadh-bàis mu dhà chois do bhrathar.' Ach cha b' ann air m' fhacail a bha 'aire. 'An teis-mheadhon na contraigh,' ars' esan, 'bidh ròin a' chaolais gu leir cruinn comhla air an Sgeir Bhric, a' gusgal a' chiuil sin a dh' ionnsaich iad o chionn fhada ann an Lochlainn, mus do chuir am muime na truaghain fo na geasa. Chuala mi an cuid phort aig mo sheanair, ach b' fhearr leam gu mór an cluinntinn o 'm beoil fein.' 'Seadh, seadh, a laochain, 's theid mi an urras nach i an Sgeir Bhreac as ceann-uidhe dhuit an deireadh sgeòil.' 'Cha 'n i, le 'r cead; ma bhios mi am ghille maith 's nach bàthar mi a' cleasachd ris na faoileannan, gheabh mi 'san sgoth mhóir an ath uair a theid i air sàil; an taobh thall de 'n rudha tha 'n Traigh Bàn far am bi a' mhaighdean-mhara 'ga failceadh fein, 's an uamh mhór far am bi i ag itheadh nam morair;[2] 's na'm faighinn fein treis air an stiuir, rud nach dual gu faigh, ruiginn an geodha nas fhaide shios, far a bheil òr na Spàinte am falach 's an taibhse caol dubh 'ga dhìon.' 'Seadh, seadh, a bhobain ghaolaich, 's cha 'n fhada gus am bi an sgoth 'na làn-luing, le stiuir òir is tri chroinn airgid, 's an Cuan Siar fo 'sròin! Bha uair agus b' eòlach mise air a'

[1] Eilean-sgeòil eadar Uibhist is Barraidh agus Tìr-nan-Og.

[2] Iasg beag boidheach dearg air a bheil a' mhaighdean-mhara ro-dheigheil.

cheart luing sin; is iomadh sgeul thug mi as a croinn, 's cha robh slat no calpa, achlais no aisinn dith, air nach cuirinn ainm. An Cuan Siar! an Cuan Siar! b' e 'n taladh- sìthe a gàir! teòghaidh a' ghrian fein g'a h-ionnsaidh 'san fheasgar, 's mus 'eil reabhairt nan eun[1] 'na h-àirde, tha bruadar na h-òige air an iteig chum a doimhne siogaidhe.[2] Ach O! 'ille bhig, 'ille bhig——.' Thuit coilleag eile am measg nam faoileann. 'Trì eile!' ars' esan gu moiteil, ''s cha tug an rudha am bàta diom fhathast!'

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Is fhada bhios cuimhne air an oidhche ud. Tha a sgeul sgriobhta an iomadh cluaineig 's an iomadh tobhtaidh an cois na mara, is anns na làithean nach tainig innsidh fear le moit gu'n d' rugadh e Feill-Brìghde nan seachd sian. Cha b' e an éiginn ach an t-àilghis a chuir o thigh mi fein an oidhche sin, 's na'n toireadh toil dhachaidh mi, cha b' ann a muigh fo sgàth creige a bhithinn gu h-àinn an là. Ach bu shaor an ceannach na dh' fhuiling air na chunnaic mi; mur do thuig mi riamh roimhe uamhas nan dùl is iad air bhoile, dh' fhairich is thuig a nis. Bha gach sgal gaoithe a thigeadh a sior dhol an cruaithead, gus mu dheireadh am b' aon sgal an doineann gu leir 's i air fior bhàrr a comais. 'S mar a chuireas damh le bheucail damh eile gu bùirich, dhùisg an fhairge fo dhùbhlan na gaoithe; dh' at is fhrion is stìll i an aodann a buaireadair, 's 'nuair nach fhaigheadh i greim oirre dhioghail i air an neo-chiontach e, 's le leum-roid shlachdraich i i fein an aghaidh nan creag. Leis a' ghaoir 's leis an stàirn chaidh mo cheann 'na bhreislich, 's 'nuair a chunnaic mi na dealanaich ri falach-fead anns an dorchadas, ar leam gu'm bu sradagan teine iad a armaibh nan gaisgeach a bha garbh-chomhraig ri chéile; 's ma bha tàirneanaich an lorg an teine, bha iad fein 's an doineann air an aon ghleus 's cha chomharaichte o chéile iad. Ach ge b' fhada dubh an oidhche, thainig crioch oirre mu dheireadh, 's cho luath 's a stiuirinn mo cheum 's a chead-

[1] Theirear reabhairt nan eun ri làin àrda an earraich; anns an tiùrr a dh' fhàga iad sin as an deigh, is ro-thoigh leis na h-eoin a bhi neadachadh.

[2] Tàladh nathrach air an eun.

aicheadh an doineann sin domh, thog mi orm gu baile. Air an rathad dé b' iongantaiche leam na boireannach fhaicinn 'na crùban air torr staimh, siaban nan tonn a' stealladh thairte, 's i fàsgadh a bas mar thé an dubh-bhròn. 'A bhean, a bhean,' ghlaodh mi rithe, 'is olc an ceann-uidhe taobh na mara ri an-uair.' 'Seadh, a choigrich,' ars' ise, 'ach nach maith a' chas air tìr; bha m' aona-mhac air bhàrr nan tonn a raoir, 's aig Righ nan Dùl tha brath ciod a chàramh an diugh. Is mairg a dh' earbadh a chuid no dhuine ris a' chuan—bha i riamh gun iochd gun truas—'s bha manadh a bhàthaidh air-san co-dhiu. 'Nuair a bhiodh giollain eile a' breacladh 'san allt no ag eunadaireachd anns a' chreig, b' e chluich-san a bhi cleasachd ris na tonnan 's ris na faoileannan. 'S gu cinnteach cha b' e cion rabhaidh a chuir gu muir e. Chaill e 'athair 's chaill e bhràthair le dosgainn-mhara, is b' ainneamh riamh bàs a' chinn-adhairt a measg nan daoine o 'n tainig e. Ach nach aimideach mise! gus an deanar sùgan de ghainmhich na tràghad, cha chuirear teadhair air fuil na marachd 's i òg.' Leis a so dh' eirich i 'na seasamh, chrath i an sàl as a h-aodach, chuir i a h-aghaidh air baile. Chunnaic i màileid 'san tiùrr—am prioba na sùla, bha sid a mach aic' air bàrr an t-sàile. 'Biodh sid aice comhla ris a' chòrr,' ars' ise, 'an duine 's a chuid maraon.' Chunnaic i duilleag de 'n Bhìoball 'ga luasgadh anns a' ghaoith—chrom i 's chuir i sid 'na broilleach. 'Sìth gu'n d'fhuair an làmh a rug 's an t-sùil a leugh.' Chunnaic i dealbh an sgor creige—chuir i sid ri taobh na duilleige. 'Bha dealbh aig mo mhac-sa cuideachd, mur a robh a dhà—na leigeadh Dia gu bheil màthair eile 'gan togail air cladach-céin an diugh!'

Mo thruaighe! mo thruaighe! ge blàth anail na màthar 's ge làn tataidh a guth, breugnaichidh an Cuan Siar a h-aona-mhac uaipe, a' cur ionndrainn 'na chridhe nach mùchar le faoil na dachaidh no le gaol nam ban.

. . . . .

'Le 'r cead,' ars' esan, 's e 'na shuidhe ri taobh an rathaid, a' leigeadh a sgìos, 'mur cuir mi dragh air 'ur n- inntinn no maille 'nur ceum, b' fhior thoigh leam an aon-fhalbh a bhi

againn.' 'Ro-mhaith, a charaid,' arsa mi fein, 'is mothaid a' chuideachd, is lughaid an rathad e, —— 's tha aithne gun chuimhne agam ort co-dhiu.' 'Is càraid sinn anns a' chùis,' ars' esan, 'ach is eagal leam gu bheil siubhal iomadh latha 's bliadhna cur nan eolach as mo chuimhne.' Dh' innis e dhomh an sin an liuthad cuan a sheòl e 's an liuthad cladach a bhuail e, an tòir air an fhortan—' 'S ged nach do thog mi fathast e', ars' esan, 'thig mo latha gun teagamh, ma bhios mi fein furachail 's am Freasdal deònach.' Anns an fhacal, thog an ceò bharr nam beann; chuir rughadh na gréine trian ri àilleachd a' ghlinne; theò mo chridhe ri mo dhùthaich fein, 's b' ann de m' ioghnadh gu'n smaointicheadh duine cneasda sam bith air a fàgail. An làrach nam bonn, bha smuain mo chridhe 'na bheul-san. 'An dachaidh, an dachaidh,' ars' esan, 'cha dhuine duine as a h-aonais; ach cha robh taobh an teine riamh aig a bhlàths gus an tigeadh am feasgar, 's am biodh an coigreach làn -sgìth de shiubhal céin 's de dh' allaban. Air mo shon fein, cha d' fhuair mi mo leoir fathast de na soluis 's de na bailtean 's de na beanntan gorma ta fad air falbh; 's ma tha no nach 'eil mi aimideach, is e mo làn-dùil, mus mìosaich an t-Earrach 's mus tig an ra-dorcha air a' ghealaich, a bhi aon uair eile air luing, a' seòladh gus na dùthchannan Siar.'

An fhuil! an fhuil! smaointich mi annam fein; cha d' fhuaraich tri mile bliadhn' i; cuiridh i fathast an cridhe gu h-ionndrainn 's a' chas gu siubhal, 's ni i an dà nì cho dian: iarraidh na maidne gu falbh agus iarraidh an fheasgair gu tilleadh.

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Cha robh ann ach tigh-tughaidh, ach b' fhada shiubhladh tu mus faiceadh tu a leithid eile. Thug monadh is coille seasgaireachd dha, sruthan ceol-gàire, fosgladh an iochdar a' ghlinne sealladh-mara, 's na'n iarradh an righ na b' fhearr, bu mhotha mhiann na chomas. Bha fear-an-tighe 'na shuidhe air geòlaidh, 's a beul foidhpe, e uair a' sniomh sìomain, 's dà uair a' brìodal ri chuid leanaban 's iad a' ruideis mu chasan. 'Cha teid i so tuilleadh gu muir,' thuirt

mi ris, 's mi cur mo choise air druim a' bhàta. 'Cha teid i fein no a stiuireamaiche tuilleadh gu muir,' ars' esan. 'Seadh, seadh, a charaid, "Ge b'e dh' àiticheas an talamh, cha d' fhàg i falamh riamh e."' 'Cha d' fhàg buileach, co-dhiu,' ars' esan; 'air a miosad is fhearr atharnach an fhearainn na atharnach nan tonn. B' òg a dh' earb mise mo chuid 's mo bheatha ris a' chuan, 's thug i dhiom trian de m' bheatha, 's mo chuid gu leir. Ach fhuair i na gheabh i de m' chuid, 's mur dàna dhomh ràdh! de m' dhuine. Chìr mo mhàthair, 's i 'na bantraich, falt liath iomadh bliadhna roimh-mhithich leis a' bhron-mhara; 's na leigeadh Dia gu'n cuir mac dhomhsa gu brath cas air clàr luinge, 's a h-aghaidh ri muir. Cha'n urrainn nach 'eil an Droch Shùil aig a' Chuan Shiar! chuir i a cuid draoitheachd ormsa o'n chiad latha thog mi coilleag 'san tràigh, 's cha mhór nach robh mi buileach fo 'smàig, corp is anam, an deireadh sgeòil. Ach latha bh' ann, s' b' e lath' an àigh dhomhsa e, rinn gaol mnatha seun domh, 's tha mi nis saor gu brath o sgleò 's o gheasa na Doimhne.' Thug e sùil bhlàth air a chuid leanaban, is las 'aodann le teas-ghradh athar. 'Nach buidhe dhomhsa mo chàramh an diugh!' ars' esan—'na laoigh a' geumraich, na h-uain a' mèilich, mo choimhleabach anns a' bhuaile, mo chuid cloinne mu m' dhà ghlùin, 's gun mi ach ceum o 'n dachaidh. 'S 'nuair dhùnas mi 'n dorus am beul na h-oidhche, ma thig gàir na mara a steach, cha'n ann mar ghlaodh bàis am chluais, ach mar thàladh muime a' cur mo chuid leanaban 'nan suain. Nach buidhe dhomhsa mo chas air tìr!'

Och! och! an deachaidh an solus as air an Sgeir as eol duinn? A bheil Binne-bheul 'na tosd? 's an do sguir an ceòl a bha tàladh nam fear thar aiseag nan tonn?

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'An Dàn 's an Cuan!' ars' esan, 's e air tachairt rium anns a' chladach air feasgar fann foghair, 'an Dàn 's an Cuan! an Dàn 's an Cuan! is ionnan an dà nì—bheir iad le chéile an cuid fein a mach. Bha mise, 's mi am dhallaran truagh, an dùil gu robh mi fein 's mo chuid cloinne saor gu brath o dhraoitheachd na Doimhne, ach cha robh 's cha bhi

fear de m' dhaoine. Ged a thuinichinn an teis-mheadhon na h-Eorpa, gheabhadh mo leanabain lorg na lacha chon a' chuain —'s tha dithis dhiubh nis ('s gu cinnteach cha'n ann air an aineol !) 'san Tìr-fo-thuinn. 'S ged nach còir do fhear m'aoise a radh, cha'n fhaic mi fein seòl air cuan nach iarrainn bhi air an stiuir, 's luimein maith gaoithe am leth-cheann.' 'Seadh, a charaid, ach nach maith a' chas air tìr, gu sonraichte am bràigh a' ghlinne !—crodh is caoirich air an raon, bric anns an allt, earbag no dhà anns a' choille !' 'Cha chùm,' ars' esan, 'crodh no caoirich, breac no earbag, fuil na marachd o 'n chuan—'s Dia thoirt maitheanais domh ! cha chùm no gaol nam ban.' Bha ghrian nis a' dol fodha ; bha cuan an lionaidh a' cniadachadh feamainn a' chladaich, 's bha feamainn a' chladaich a' dol air mhire 's air rughadh mar mhaighdean a phògar. 'An Cuan Siar ! an Cuan Siar !' ars' esan, 's e air bhoile le gaol nach gabhadh mùchadh, ach a bha mar an lasair ag iarraidh nan speur, 'an Cuan Siar ! an Cuan Siar ! thug i dhiom mo chuid 's mo dhuine uair is uair, ach m' eudail a tràghadh 's a lìonadh, 's a gàir 'san fheasgar. Bàs a' chinn-adhairt is reilig na cille, cha b' iad mo roghainn—ùir dhubh 'gad thachdadh—cnuimheagan 'gad tholladh—gun chreutair bèo ri d' thaobh a chumas sgìos no fadal dhiot. Cha 'n ionnan 's an cuan—i plosgadh le beatha a latha 's a dh' oidhche, 's i cho uirsgeulach lasgarra. Is comunn na féile shios agus shuas ! Ròn is eala is maighdean-mhara ! Faoileann bhàn is cathan is sùlaire ! 'S na lachain !—lacha bheag, lacha mhór, lacha-stiurach, lach a' chinn uaine—'s blas na meala air gach ainm diubh ! An Cuan Siar ! an Cuan Siar ! a Dhia, 'se 'n cuan i !—ceann-uidhe mo dhaoine am beatha 's am bàs —fuil na marachd, eadhon an craiceann na h-aoise, a' sior-ospagaich g'a h-ionnsaidh.'

A SEQUEL TO THE LEGEND OF ST. BRENDAN

Dominick Daly

In an early number of the *Celtic Review* there appeared an article on the famous metrical Latin composition written in the middle of the sixth century by St. Brendan (or Brandon), 'The Navigator,' in his monastery at Clonfert, Kerry, where he ruled over a great industrial community of three thousand monks. It was then submitted that the 'Navigator's' account of his seven years' Atlantic adventures was—in fact and intention—only a sort of pious romance designed for popular entertainment and edification, but intermixed with myths, traditions, and reports current amongst the maritime Celts of Western Europe, especially the Irish and Bretons. Taking the narrative in conjunction with supplementary information supplied by such learned investigators as the author of *Alt-Bretonische Mythen*, it is made quite obvious that those Celts had a fixed belief—correct in fact, however arrived at—in the existence of transatlantic lands, and of attempts having been made to reach them. Those myths, as a mass, were confused, inharmonious, contradictory and sometimes fabulous—all of which is not to be wondered at, considering the intellectual condition of the age in which they arose or were current.

Two transatlantic voyages, at least, are indicated more or less specifically, one by a company of sixty sailor monks in either one or three wooden ships; the other by fifteen such monks in a hide-covered sailing boat. Some versions give the command of one or both expeditions to St. Brendan, others bring in the Breton St. Maclovis as associated with him. One of the objects of those excursions was apparently the finding of the abiding-place of a certain mysterious Mernoc, who was reputed to have established a monastic retreat in some remote tropical island of the Atlantic. St. Byrenthus, the godfather of Mernoc, by his tearful supplica-

tions, persuaded St. Brendan to go in search of this godson, in the hide-covered boat which is so particularly described in Brendan's poem. St. Maclovis, too, is represented as taking an interest in the quest for Mernoc, his objective point being named as the island of 'Yma.' He, however, failed in finding the singularly named island, notwithstanding the assistance he received from a pagan giant named 'Mildu,' who resided in one of the islands visited, and who was properly grateful to the saint for having raised him from the dead and baptized him.

Here it may be noted that St. Maclovis (like St. Brendan) was a real historical personage, having a place in the Calendar under the Latinised name of 'Maclutus'—'Maclovis' being an Irish variation of the name. In Brittany he was best known as St. Malo, and the important seaport town of that name was called after him. He had been educated and ordained in Ireland—then a famous educational and ecclesiastical centre—and was for years a friend and co-worker with St. Brendan.

Although the search for the vanished Mernoc seems to have been a matter of great interest to Brendan and Maclovis and their brethren, the myths supply little information about him. The name is clearly Breton, or Welsh, as one may infer; but nothing is said as to who he was, where he sailed from, the circumstances of his out-going, and what subsequently befell him and his companions. It can only be gathered that he was believed to have established a monastic retreat, isolated from the dangers and temptations of a sinful world, in some far-distant island. It is, perhaps, a permissible conjecture that it was he who conducted the expedition of sixty monks to such an island, and that the vague and fragmentary myths confuse this with subsequent voyages by Brendan and Maclovis. It does not seem reasonable that the latter should take with them such a large number of monks on what appear to have been voyages of mere discovery or search, unassociated with any intention of settlement or colonisation.

However, as Mernoc was not found, and never again heard of, the presumption would naturally be that he and his fifty-nine fellow-monks died out in the course of time in their insular seclusion without leaving successors to perpetuate their memory.[1] But quite recently some remarkable disclosures have been fortuitously made which seem to have a distinct bearing on the Mernoc Myth. The literary industry of Sir Clements Markham has brought to light the existence and contents of an old and curious Spanish book, published in 1594, treating on the Guanches, or aboriginal natives, of Tenerife, the author being a friar of the name of Alfonso de Espinosa.[2] The cause of the book having been written was this :—

For many years there had been in Tenerife a famous, miraculous wooden image, about three and a half feet high, of the Virgin and Child, celebrated far and wide amongst Spanish Catholics as having wrought many wonderful cures, and conferred great benefits on its devotees. The fame of this image so impressed Father Espinosa (then stationed in Guatemala, South America) that he came to Tenerife for the express purpose of devoting himself to the service of this wonderful 'Virgin of the Candelaria'—so called because the burning of candles at her shrine was esteemed an appropriate form of reverence, inasmuch as the hand of the Child had a receptacle for holding a candle. Having thoroughly investigated the history of the image, and satisfied himself of its divine origin and miraculous powers, the worthy friar sat down and commenced the writing of the book, which was published, as aforesaid, in the year 1594, under the title of *Del Origen y Milagros de la Santa Imagen de Nuestra Señora de Candelaria*, etc. (The Origin and Miracles of the Holy Image of Our Lady of the Candelaria).

It is not necessary for the present purpose to go into the details of this curious old book to any great extent; but it

[1] See Tennyson's 'Voyage of Maeldune; founded on an Irish legend, A.D. 700,' Stanza XI.

[2] A copy of the book is in the British Museum. The translation of the work by Espinosa on Tenerife and Our Lady of Candelaria forms a recent volume of the series of the Hakluyt Society, edited by Sir Clements Markham, the President (1906).

may be said, generally, that it shows the author to have been very painstaking and earnest, but of such an abounding simplicity of piety and faith that he sees miracles everywhere and in everything, and always prefers a miraculous solution of a problem to a commonplace one, however obvious. Bearing in mind this tendency of his, one may accept the book as presenting faithfully the account the Guanches gave him of what they knew about the image, which the earliest European visitants found in possession of a tribe or family of Guanches occupying the district of Gumar, on the eastern side of Tenerife, south of the present city of Santa Cruz.

These natives told Espinosa (who had established most friendly relations with them) that at a very remote time in the past their forefathers had found the image standing upright on a flat stone in a cavern or grotto near the coast, which is here very dry and sandy. For hundreds of years it had been regarded with reverence by the Guanches, and carefully preserved by them, because it was believed to insure good fortune to its possessors. That was all those benighted pagans knew about it; but when the enlightened Spaniards came on the scene they soon discovered that it was a miraculous image which had descended direct from heaven. Espinosa zealously supports this view, and repels (almost with indignation) the possibility of any contrary or alternative theory. He will not, for instance, have it that the image might have belonged to some shipwrecked vessel —its fresh and undamaged condition was opposed to any such idea—and, besides, there was the high improbability of an object of the kind being afloat in the western ocean at so early an epoch as that of its finding, or of being cast up from the sea in the position in which it was found by the Guanches of Gumar.

This is the tone and temper of the book throughout—the image and the innumerable miracles it wrought being its theme from first to last. But its interest (in the present connection) lies in its incidental references to the natives and their traditions. These were very secondary matters with

Espinosa, and his rendering of them is all the more valuable on that account, because he was not interested enough in them to be led into the temptation of misrepresenting them, consciously or unconsciously. He may therefore be credited with good faith, at least in his repetition of the old legends which the Guanches narrated to him.

Here is an extract from Chapter iv. page 16 of his book, which I think it is desirable to give in the original as well as in translation :—

'Los naturales Guanches viejos dizé que tiene noticia de inmemorable tiépo, que vinieron a esta Isla sesenta personas, mas no saben de donde, y se juntaron y hizieron su habitacion junto a Icode, que es un lugar desta Isla, y el lugar de su morada llamanan en su lengua: *Alzanxiquian abcanahac xerax*, que quiere dezir: Lugar del ayuntamiento del hijos del grande.' ['The old native Guanches say that they knew from immemorial tradition that there came to this island (Tenerife) sixty people, but where from they did not know, and they united and made habitation near Icod, which is a place on this island, and they called it so, as meaning (in their language) the place of the union of the sons of the Great One.']

Icod is a place on the other, or western, side of Tenerife from Gumar.

Father Espinosa was apparently not struck with any idea of a possible connection between the foreign religious community of sixty established at Icod in bygone days (according to the legend), and the presence of the holy image at Gumar only some sixteen or seventeen miles away in a straight line across the hills. He was so completely absorbed in the conviction of the divine origin of the image that his mind was closed against all speculation on the subject.

In the same chapter he mentions another tradition of the Guanches relating to a religious preacher who had once been amongst them in very remote times. Espinosa insists that this preacher was a bishop sent by inspiration of the Apostles

(presumably in heaven), and he says his name is given in a certain 'Kalanda,' from which he quotes an extract. Here again I think it desirable to quote directly from the book:— 'Es fama que los Apostoles embiaron a ellos a predicar la Fe un Obispo, cuyo nombre me han prometido dezir. . . . Y la Kalenda lo dize por estas palabras: "Fortunatæ insulæ sex numero. . . ." [description of situation and names of the six Canary Islands]. "Hic Blandanus magnæ abstinentiæ vir ex Scotia, pater trium millium monachorum: cum beato Maclunio has insulas septenio perlustrat: Hic dictus Maclouius gigantem mortuum suscitat: qui baptizatus Judeorum ac Paganorum penas refert: et paulo post intervallum moritur, tempore Justiniani Imperatoris."'

This indifferent and disjointed composition, with its obvious errors and omissions, may be subjected to the following free and explanatory rendering:—

'In these islands [Canary] was Brendan, a very austere man from Scotia [one of the ancient names for Ireland], who was the father or pastor of three thousand monks [at Clonfert] from which he was absent seven years, with him the blessed Maclovis who raised a giant [named 'Mildu' in the Celtic myths] from the dead and baptized him, and he [the giant] told of the tortures inflicted [in hell] on Jews and Pagans, and a little time afterwards he again died, and this was in the time of the Emperor Justinian [*i.e.* middle of sixth century].' The defects of the Latin quotation may be due to careless copying by Espinosa, for in addition to such obvious mistakes as 'Blandanus' for 'Brandanus,' 'Maclunio' and 'Maclouius' for 'Maclovis,' other faults may be suspected which a reference to the original might disclose. But, after much trouble, I have been unable to trace the 'Kalenda' mentioned by Espinosa. Even as the quotation stands it is highly interesting and important, as giving, for the first time, a name and a geographical position to the islands of the Brendanian legend and the myths relating to Maclovis and his performances and adventures.

The Guanches' account of the establishment of the sixty

'sons of the Great One' at Icod is in striking harmony with the whole story of Mernoc. Had Espinosa ever heard of Mernoc, and been aware of this curious coincidence, he might possibly have been less insistent than he was on the image having been placed in the grotto by angelic hands, though he would probably have remained convinced of its heavenly creation and miraculous powers. He found additional evidence of such creation in its perfection of form, the freshness and beauty of its colours and gilding, and particularly in the many mysterious words inscribed on various parts of it in Latin letters of gold. These he reproduces in his book as follows :—

TIEPFSEPMERI ✠ EAFM ✠ IRENINI ✠ FMEAREI ✠
LPVRINENIPEPNEIFANT ✠ NARMPRLMOTARE ✠
OLM ✠ INRANFR ✠ IAEBNPFM ✠ RFVEN ✠ NVINAPI
MLIFINVIPI ✠ NIPIAN ✠ FVPMIRNA ✠ ENVPMTI ✠
✠ EPNMPIR ✠ VRVIVINRN ✠ APVIMFRI ✠ PIVNIAN ✠
NTRHN ✠ NBIMEI ✠ ANNEIPERFMIVIFVF ✠

I suppose it is impossible (as Espinosa found it) to make anything out of those groups of letters, though (assuming them to be some kind of archaic Latin) a wild guess might be made at a meaning here and there. For instance, the word 'Irenini' might mean 'people of Irene'—an ancient name from which the modern name 'Ireland' is derived. No such meaning might have been intended, but it would be likely enough if the Guanches' legend of the existence of a religious community (presumably Christian) at Icod were reliable. And that, too, would sufficiently account for the presence of the image in the grotto at Gumar; for it might very well have been brought there for some pious purpose by monks from Icod, or it might be a solitary relic for their monastery there, which had found its way through native agency across the island to the Gumar grotto in the course of the long ages which followed the dying out of the monks.

Nor is it necessary to assume a miraculous cause for the condition of pristine freshness in which, it is alleged, the image was found. In Egypt, with a like dry and uniform

climate, similar objects have been preserved for thousands of years as bright and fresh in appearance as on the day when they passed from the hands of the painter and gilder. As to the alleged artistic carving and decorations of the image there is no need to dwell upon the ability of the monks of old to produce, in the seclusion of their monasteries, excellent and unsurpassed works of such a description.

It may here be pointed out that one of the islands said (in the 'Legend') to have been visited by St. Brendan he called the 'Island of Goats,' from the number of those animals he saw there. He describes it as an enormous rocky mountain rising abruptly from the sea, and so steep that he sailed about it for three days before finding a landing-place. This is quite descriptive of Tenerife. The aborigines were mainly dependent for their sustenance on goats' milk and flesh, and used the skins for clothing and other purposes, including manifold wrappings for the mummified remains of their dead. It is still 'an island of goats,' though the present inhabitants are less dependent on that animal than their predecessors. It looks as if 'del chievre oil de St. Brendan' (in the words of the old Breton 'lai') was not wholly imaginary, but that the saint had knowledge of it, direct or indirect, but certainly correct.

The disclosures furnished by Father de Espinosa's book (for which we are indebted to Sir Clements Markham) are, I think, of importance, and certainly interesting to all students of the Brendanian legend and its associated myths. They carry these much beyond the point where they ended when they engaged the attention of such eminent critics as Jubinal, Michel, von Schröder, Goeje, Wright, etc. They at least offer a plausible sequel and conclusion to a set of legendary myths which have invoked the speculations of learned antiquarians for centuries; and it is certain that had they been known earlier they would have received that serious attention from the above writers which they are bound to have from any future writers on the subject.

MICHEAL BREATHNACH

THE death of Micheal Breathnach, Principal of the Connacht Training College, is very deeply lamented by Gaelic workers everywhere. Intensity is added to the sorrow at the loss by the fact that he was in his young manhood, and equipped in no ordinary degree with every quality and accomplishment most necessary for a teacher and leader in our national revival movement. Ireland has many ardent advocates, but living in a world where opposition and scorn and ridicule are daily to be contended with, many of the worthiest and most learned have, of necessity, acquired the stern qualities of combatants and pioneers.

I have been wondering how it came that Micheal, living in the same environment as others, retained to the very end an unsullied radiance and sweetness of temper, that hopefulness and ardour should still warm his heart even when he was passing under the shadow of death.

I think I can understand, for in this Irish movement I have met some few, though far too few, of whom the same could be said. It was because there was something in his personality and character which silenced opposition, and changed opponents into fellow-workers.

I give some extracts from an article in *The Peasant*, written by one who knew him intimately:—

'One evening in his early period as an organiser of the Gaelic League, Tomas Concannon was walking along the Cois Fhairrge Road, between Galway and Spiddal. The old road by the sea is a noted highway in Gaeldom, but it takes some time to appreciate it. All the winds of Connacht seem to concentrate thereon, at intervals, and they seem determined to freeze the bones and the heart of the stranger to the locality. It takes a good deal to cloud the spirit of Tomas Concannon; but that chilly evening he had come to the conclusion that Cois Fhairrge was a poor place compared with his native Aran. Passing through Lochan Beag, near Spiddal, he met a genial, bright-faced boy, whom he saluted, of course in Irish. The boy answered in a rill of Irish that charmed the heart of Tomas. There was a rare *seanchus* between the twain on the old roadside. No, the boy had not heard of the Gaelic League, and it struck him as curious that there was any need for a society to preserve Irish. Why, around Lochan Beag, where the old folk met and told the great Fenian tales, and sang the immemorial songs in the genial night, there was Irish enough to last till the Day of Judgment. He described the nights and the gala gatherings with such glow and raciness that Tomas began to think that Fionn and Oisin and all the Fianna were still living in Cois Fhairrge. The boy, he found, was a monitor in the local school, but already he had composed lyrics *go leor*, was a sgeuluidhe and a seanchaidhe and a walking embodiment of the lore of the Irish ages in Cois Fhairrge. The boy was Micheal Breathnach. What Tomas had told him of the new work for Irish ideas beyond Cois Fhairrge

was not lost on him, gave him in fact a new outlook on Ireland, a new interest in the Irish lore in which Cois Fhairrge abounded. Then, early in the new century, the London Gaelic League, being determined to widen its field of work, wanted an assistant secretary, racy of the soil, one who was a Gaelic expert in every way. Micheal obtained the post—Seaghan O'Cathain, who was then secretary, declared that the Irish letter in which he applied for it was literature. He went straight to London. At first he saw only the glow and not the pathos of Irish life in London. The whole order of things was delightfully suggestive of the new spirit aroused by the language movement. The London League worked over an area some fifteen or twenty miles long by more than ten broad, so it had both variety and spaciousness. Micheal entered promptly into the spirit of it all, having his fill of language teaching, going from a seanchus in one sphere to a ceilidh in another, hurrying to take his part in an Irish play in a third, and doing duty as a singer, story-teller, reciter and Irish orator, as occasion demanded. When he had time he studied French and Latin and wrote Irish poetry. To the general Gael Micheal is known as a story-teller for shorter flights that took Oireachtas prizes, and for his translation of Kickham's *Knocknagow*. This is still running serially in *An Claidheamh*, and the first part appeared a couple of years ago in book form. It is a very curious contrast to his sensation novel.

'We have mentioned his Oireachtas prizes. Far and away the most important of all was for a History of Ireland. This was won over four years ago. It is a voluminous work, treating of Irish fate and fortunes from early times to our own. It was penned, unknown to almost everybody, in quiet nights after the stress of all sorts of Gaelic League work. There has been much and very regrettable delay in regard to it, and it was only last month that the Publication Committee of the Gaelic League was able to arrange definitely for its issue. It will now have a new and touching interest for readers in Gaeldom.

'Early in 1905 Micheal, to the intense regret of all who knew him, was stricken for a period by a severe illness, and when he rallied he turned to Connacht again. He was appointed Principal of the Connacht Training College at Tourmakeady, and there through happy summer months he carried out a really Irish education course under well-nigh ideal conditions. Amongst his pupils the first session were a young Gaelic poet, a folk-lore collector, who had gathered a hundred and fifty wonder-stories from the people in Mayo, half a dozen schoolmasters, and sundry buachailli and cailini full of the spirit of New Ireland. When teaching was over they went a-boating and a-singing on Lough Mask, thus gaily rounding culture with gaiety. For a period, too, that same year Micheal acted as Professor of Irish at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. Unhappily his health gave way again, and a trip to the Continent was thought advisable. Each succeeding winter he was obliged to spend abroad, returning at the beginning of the summer to take up the work of the college, which grew and prospered under him.

'He made the Connacht College, by the shore of Loch Mask, an institution which was a credit and a joy. He and it were beloved by the students, and the tributes paid this summer to his work and method by Continental litterateurs, who were there for a period, were unreservedly and whole-heartedly enthusiastic. However, it is with his gracious and most winning personality that the memory of those who knew and worked with him will specially and lovingly dwell. It was an irony and, as it proved, a tragedy that his first years of serious work after leaving his native village were spent in London, though amongst Gaels. They ought to have been spent in the capital of Connacht or of Ireland; and so they would have been if Ireland were normal and appreciated truly the talents of her own children and realised her own native possibilities. Let us trust that the old order is really and deeply changing, and that she is growing saner and stronger.

'Micheal was full of the freshness, the romance, the dreams and the blitheness of the Gael. He made Irish teaching almost as interesting as poetry. He was master of as many tales and poems as an ancient seanchaidhe. He wrote as easily as a river runs to the sea. And he had all the charm of the unspoiled Gael to the last.'

I do not think it possible that any one was ever found to argue to his face that the Gaels of Irish-speaking Ireland were an inferior and uncivilised race, for in appearance, in speech, in manner, he stood as a proof to the contrary. Nor can I think that any one ever taunted or tormented him with the assertion that the Irish language was dying and must die. On his young lips it was obviously and gloriously alive, and his eyes had in them the radiant hope of one who is sure of ultimate triumph. He had that air of proud self-confidence which inspires confidence in others, and it is our consolation in this time of sorrowing to think that amongst his band of pupils and disciples, his example will be for ever remembered and followed. We think, too, that amongst the Western Irish-speaking people from whom he sprang, there may come from time to time others of his type.

His memory will endure during the lives of all whom he influenced and taught, and the result of his work long beyond that, for it is our trust that he is yet to be numbered amongst the preservers of our language, the builders of our Nation. ALICE MILLIGAN.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Making of Ireland and its Undoing, 1200—1600. By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. Macmillan and Co. Pp. xiii+511. 10*s. net.*

The history of Ireland has suffered more than that of most countries in having been written mostly from the point of view of a conquering people who differed widely in race, traditions, laws, manners and customs from the

people whom they overcame. Geoffrey Keating indeed wrote the history of Ireland from the inside and in Irish about 1625, but his work was not published till 1723, and was then long unknown outside of Irish circles.

To English eyes the Irish people have ever presented marvellously few virtues; from the twelfth century onwards the English recognised it as a sacred duty laid on them to bring that barbarous people to a 'state of civility,' to 'make a godly conquest' of them, or in lieu thereof—to certain English statesmen a commendable alternative—to 'extirp' them clean out of the land, and plant in the same a goodly Saxon stock. In this view the native men of Ireland did not concur. They preferred Gaelic to English; they preferred their own ancient laws and customs to those of the feudal system. They were provokingly slow to recognise their uncivil and barbarous condition. Strange to say, the great Norman barons who were settled in Ireland at the time of the twelfth century conquest came over to the Irish point of view, became Irishmen, nay, *Hiberniores ipsis Hibernis*, more Irish than the Irish themselves. They 'not only forgot the English tongue, but scorned the use of it.'

The question naturally arises whether the traditional English view of Irish culture in the Middle Ages is to be accepted as final, or admits of qualification. One also feels curious to know whether, apart from motives of high philanthropy, the English had any substantial advantages in view that might serve incidentally to recompense their civilising ardour. Mrs. Green's book is an attempt to answer these questions.

It is an accepted historical fact that Scotland was never more generally prosperous than in the century preceding the Wars of Independence, and that indeed it was this prosperity, coupled with grit and good leadership, that enabled her to withstand the pressing advances of her English neighbours. Mrs. Green, in great and convincing detail, points out that Ireland enjoyed a similar period of prosperity which reached its height in the fifteenth century. It is pointed out that the union of the Danish settlers with the native population was followed by a remarkable movement in the twelfth century towards an organised national life. Ireland absorbed the Danes. Then came the violence of the Norman invasion, but continued intercourse produced a new race of 'Ireland men,' zealous for the good and self-government of their common home. The fifteenth century Mrs. Green regards as a new period of national reconstruction, rich with the promise of development. Ireland at this period had an extensive commerce, both internal and continental. Her roads and waterways were busy, and her harbours all round her coasts frequented. The land was diligently tilled; the pastures were stocked with cattle; chiefs and others waxed wealthy by trade, and the people as a whole enjoyed comfort and plenty. Alongside of this went encouragement of art and literature, of which the chiefs were generous patrons. The rewards of learning and of skill in mediæval Ireland were not inferior in their way to those enjoyed now by successful novelists

and writers of plays. Spenser admitted the quality of Irish poetry; convincing specimens of exceeding skill in metal-work are extant. The Irish Brehon law was highly developed, and equitable in its operation. There is no difficulty in showing that Ireland possessed a continental culture. Her scholars were well known and respected in Italy, France, and Spain, as in Oxford also. A list (incomplete) of translations into Irish from Latin, French, Spanish, and English comprises thirty-one works of various character. That there was another and a less pleasing side to this fair picture is well known. The tribal system was weak on the political side, whence the disunion, raids and bickerings which have been represented as forming the staple of Irish history. Mrs. Green is aware of this, but her business is with the peaceful activities that can be proved to have occupied after all the great part of the people's life.

As to practical motives for the conquest of Ireland, the answer is simple. Ireland was a fair and fertile country, with large exports, and flourishing commerce, 'a nation and kingdom to transfer into the superfluous multitude of fruitless and idle people here at home daily increasing.' The 'perfecting' of Ireland involved a deliberate policy to 'exterminate and exile the country people of the Irishry,' the only limits to the said policy being 'the marvellous sumptious charge' entailed, and the great difficulty in face of 'the hardness and misery those Irishmen can endure both of hunger, cold, thirst, and evil lodging, and to eat roots and drink water continually'—clear proofs these of their 'uncivil and barbarous' state. If the desired result was not obtained, it was not for want of straightforward and practical measures on the part of English statesmen. Some of these measures may be noted. Irish trade had long been discouraged unsuccessfully by Acts of Parliament. In the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, however, more efficient measures succeeded in choking off the foreign trade and ruining the island industries. In the case of the great woollen trade, for instance, it was reasonably urged 'if they should manufacture their own wools, which grow to very great quantities, we should not only lose the profit we make now by indraping their wools, but it might be feared they would beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us, which they *were* well able to do.' Later, in 1633, Strafford writes, 'to serve your Majesty completely well . . . we must make sure still to hold them dependent on the Crown, and not able to subsist without us, which will be effected by wholly laying aside the manufacture of wools into cloth or stuff there, and by furnishing them from this kingdom, and then making your Majesty sole merchant of all salts on that side: for thus shall they not only have their clothing [but] the improvement of all their native commodities (which are principally preserved by salt) and their victual itself from hence . . . and thereby become so dependent upon this Crown, as they could not depart from us without nakedness to themselves and their children.' Another recommends: 'Take first from them their corn so that the Irishry shall not live thereupon; then to have their cattle and

beasts, and then shall they be without corn, victual or cattle, and thereof shall ensue *the putting in effect* of all these wars against them.'

The financial relations of Ireland and England were ably regulated to serve the same purpose. Irish money was kept debased at least a quarter below the English standard. 'The King saved expense by paying his Irish army in Ireland not in sterling coin but in a cheaper coin. The English trader could profit by buying with bad money in Ireland, and selling for good money in England. And a blow was struck at the foreign commerce of Ireland: no foreign merchant would bring goods where money was light and bad.' The Four Masters chronicle, under 1499: 'New money was introduced into Ireland, *i.e.* copper, and the men of Ireland were obliged to use it as silver.' For, said the sagacious Cecil, 'that realm cannot be rich whose coin is poor and base, nor that hath not intercourse and trade of merchandise with other nations.' The story of the commercial ruin of such towns as Galway, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford shows that the policy of 'thorough' had at least a considerable measure of success.

Part of the same policy was the extinction of the Irish language and learning, for these 'procure a talent of Irish disposition and conversation in them which is likewise convenient to be expelled.' Latin was forbidden to be used in treaties and negotiations, 'lest it might be falsely expounded by deceitful friars.' English, being understood of few, was the safer medium when questions of exposition arose. It need hardly be added that Irishmen were debarred from the English Universities, where formerly they had been wont to resort, as also from all lucrative positions at home.

Yet after all the pains thus thoughtfully taken on their behalf, the Irishry returned only black ingratitude. Their iniquity was preternatural. 'As I suppose, it is predestinate in this country to bring forth seditions, inventions, lies, and such other naughty fruits, also that no man shall have thanks for services done here.'

Mrs. Green's remarkable book, backed up as it is by references for every statement, makes reading that to-day must sadden the hearts of all right-thinking men, English and Irish alike. At the root of the whole matter is the difference in race; and, probably, there is no instance in mediæval and modern history in which the intensity of racial hatred is shown to greater advantage. In Scotland, thanks to our forefathers, thanks perhaps also to our poverty, such conflicts have been spared us largely, not wholly. In any case they have left behind no root of bitterness such as still rankles, and small wonder, in the hearts of Irishmen who know their country's history.

W. J. WATSON.

Laoidhean agus Dàin Spioradail—le MURCHADH MACLEOID (nach maireann) Scalpaidh na h-Earradh—air a dheasachadh leis an URR. CALUM MAC'ILLINNEIN B.D. an Dunéidean. Published by Norman Macleod, 25 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh. *Price* 2*s.*

This is a neat little volume of Gaelic verse, extending over xi+83 pp.

The get-up of it reflects credit on printers and publishers—and is such as will be sure to appeal to the taste of the real book-lover. It is described and commended in an editorial note—in English—and the reader is introduced to the life of the author in a plain, unpretentious narrative, couched in smooth, idiomatic Gaelic.

In many respects it is a remarkable volume. If it is examined purely and severely as a literary production it would be easy for men of much lower stature than the author measured to point to defects more or less serious. The range of subjects may be neither very wide nor very varied, and the author confined himself to a small patch of the great field of religious experience. Judged as poetry one misses much of the rich imagery and obscure and elevated style with which some of our great poets have made us familiar. Nevertheless we find in this volume very many of those features which give charm to some of our finest modern Gaelic bards.

To give true justice to the book, however, it must be read and examined in full light of the author's life and opportunities. He had only the advantage of an elementary education, say between the ages of six and fourteen. At the age of seventeen he became an ordinary sailor, and for six years gave no evidence of any higher ambition. At the end of that period he made his way home and found himself suffering from a disease which he knew would prove fatal before very long. He lingered for some four years, during the first two of which he was much troubled and downcast. Then, however, the cloud lifted and he began to give expression to his thoughts in poetic form. We submit that under such circumstances the little volume which he left us is remarkable for its excellence and pathos. With insignificant exceptions, the language and idiom are of the pure stream, and taste of the right *blas*. They are real *Harris texture* and smell of the peat.

NOTES

The charming little peep into the past afforded by Father Allan MacDonald's legend in the last number of the *Review* touched a chord in at least one reader's heart—a chord, too, which, struck in early childhood, has never ceased to throb.

Rushes abounded in our parish: chairs, tables, and whip-making were a never-failing source of pleasure. We used the pith to ornament card-board boxes, but the little brown tips were always a trouble. I have spent hours in trying to get enough all-over-green rushes even to make one chair, but never succeeded. It gave me a feeling very much akin to pain to find that they were all spoilt by that wretched little 'brown bit.'

There was always a pleasant feeling when we pulled up a spike of scabious to find that the fairies had bitten their little share off; and when we cut a thick bracken stem, to find the spread-eagle, or counted the

'shoes' on the horse-chestnut, the delight was always new, but those rushes!—they were a continual vexation, only to be understood or appreciated by a country-bred child. I never spoke about my feeling to any one, which perhaps intensified it.

Father Allan's solution, none the less thrilling that the rush-gathering days are long gone, is like a mountain burn, whose water is not only refreshing to drink, but whose tumbling rhythm brings back a living memory of days of yore. E. S. M.

Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz. — A. Holder (Teubner, Leipzig). The eighteenth part (Vesontio-Zusemo), which has now appeared, contains many articles of interest. The Vettones, a Lusitanian folk, yield an adjective Vettonicus, whence *Vettonica herba*, a specific against snake bites of minor order, according to Celsus, whence our betony. The article on *Victoria* shows that the Celts had a goddess of victory named Andraste or Andate, who has often been wrongly connected with our Annat, a Celtic Church term. The most important individual word treated of is *vindos*, white, Gaelic *fionn*, Welsh *gwyn*, which with its derivatives runs to about twenty-two columns. Ptolemy's Vindogara, a bay and town of the Damnonii in Scotland, is equated as to situation with Girvan in Ayrshire. It has been thought to be the bay of Ayr, but we suspect that Girvan, formerly Garvane, is simply Vindo-gara, with the parts of the compound reversed. In fact Girvan appears to be the place noted in Professor Anwyl's paper in the *Celtic Review* (January 1908) as Garanwynyon, mentioned in the Black Book of Caermarthen. 'From the expression Gro Garanwynyon (the gravel of Garanwynyon),' says Professor Anwyl, 'it is not improbable that it was on the seashore.' The latter part of Garanwynyon appears to be from *gwyn*, white, and if so, the name is simply Vindo-gara reversed. If this is correct, it should furnish a much-needed caution to the people who derive names offhand with a light heart.

The editor adds 45 pages by way of *addenda* to vol. i. pp. 1-47, of the *Sprachschatz*, at which rate it will be seen that there is no immediate prospect of A. Holder's great work coming to a conclusion. Among these *addenda* may be noted an inscription, *D(eae) s(anctae) T(uribrigensi) Ad(aeginae)*, 'To the holy goddess Adaegina of Turobriga,' in Spain, with whose name he compares O. Ir. *adaig* night, our Gaelic oidhche.

The Royal Irish Academy Todd Lecture Series, vol. xiv. (52 pp.; 1s. 6d.), is by Dr. Kuno Meyer, and is entitled *The Death Tales of the Ulster Heroes*. The tales comprise the deaths of Conchobar, Loegaire Buadach, Celtchar mac Uthechar, Fergus mac Róich, and Cet mac Magach. Three of these have not hitherto been published, and of a fourth, the *Death of Fergus*, the only source hitherto has been Keating's version. Dr. Meyer prints four of these tales from the Edinburgh MS. XL., for several of which that MS. is the only authority. A version of the fifth is found in the same MS. Text and translation are placed on opposite pages, and the book is furnished with

notes, indexes of persons and places, and a glossary. The whole is of uncommon interest and value. We may quote, for its rhythm, a verse of a poem by Cináed húa Hartacáin, who died in 975 A.D. It is addressed to the stone formed of Mesgegra's brain, which was slung by Cet mac Mágach at Concobar, and after lodging in his head for seven years ultimately proved his death.

'A chloch thall for elaid ūair Buite buain maic Brōnaig bāin
ropsa mind i tressaib tóir dia mba i cind maic Nessa nāir.'

Translated by Dr. Meyer:

'O stone yonder upon the cold tomb of ever-famous Buite, the blessed son of Brónach, thou wast a diadem in battles of pursuit while thou wast in the head of the noble son of Ness.'

Elad—ailad, a tomb, seems to survive in Scottish Gaelic as *eala(dh)*, a term which Mr. A. Carmichael informs me is used in Lismore and elsewhere to denote the stone marking an ancient tomb (presumably of a cleric).

Rev. Charles M. Robertson pointed out (*Celtic Review*, i. 94) that Ptolemy's Tamia should be sought for on the Tummel, with which it is etymologically connected. Mr. Robertson considered Logierait to be the most likely site, an excellent position where a place of strength existed doubtless. There is, however, another site which is worthy of consideration, as actually preserving the very name itself, viz. *Dùn Teamhalach*, at the east end of Loch Tummel, meaning Tummel Fort. Important forts were often situated at that end of a loch from which its river issues, *e.g.* Dundurn, at the east end of Loch Earn, Dunmore at the east end of Loch Vennachar, the great ruins at the east end of Loch Shin, and the forts in the Ness valley. Dun Teamhalach, therefore, seems to possess strong claims as the site of one of the 'towns' of the Vacomagi. The maps, by the way, with their usual felicity, make it Duntanlich, which may have served to prevent its recognition.

Mr. W. C. Mackenzie's *Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, His Life and Times* (Chapman and Hall), is a handsome volume containing much information as to Simon's early life and struggles. It does not clear his memory, but it helps to explain him. Since publication of the book, Mr. Mackenzie has discovered that Simon's body, thought to rest in Kirkhill, was buried in the Tower of London on 17th April 1747. In course of a newspaper correspondence, however, appeal has been made to an examination of the Wardlaw vault conducted on 25th September 1884 by Sir William Fraser of Ledclune, and Mr. William Mackay, Inverness, has shown from documents in his possession that Sir William Fraser was satisfied that a body which he found therein was that of Simon. It is, of course, quite possible that Simon's remains were quietly conveyed to Kirkhill some time after their interment in the Tower.

One of the best equipped of the many recent school histories of Scotland is *The Story of Our Native Land* (Blackie and Sons) by Mr. Duncan MacGillivray, Rector of Bellahouston Academy. The new edition, which is sure to be soon called for, should give an opportunity of recognising more explicitly the Celtic element in Scotland's story. By the way, Alba, which originally applied to the whole of Britain, and continued to be so used till about the tenth century, is not usually referred to *alp*, a lump. The form Albion is very old. Sir John Rhŷs declines to etymologise it, though Holder says 'Weissland, von seinen Kreidefelsen am Meer,' which is the explanation most in vogue.

'D. M. R.,' writing to the *Northern Chronicle* on official lists of prisoners taken after Culloden, brings out the interesting points that their average height ran rather under 5 feet 5 inches, and that the great majority of them were men of middle age or over it. One might imagine that this latter fact at least might be ascribed to inferior running power, but 'D. M. R.,' from other statistics, is of opinion that most Highland young men of that period were in the habit of migrating or emigrating.

The current number of the *Scottish Historical Review* contains an article by Mr. Evan M. Barron on the part played by the Celtic people north of the Grampians in the Scottish Wars of Independence. Mr. Barron shows good ground for believing that Bruce's main strength lay in the north and west, a position directly contrary to that maintained by Mr. A. Lang. The article is well and ably written, and deserves close study.

An Comunn Gaidhealach propose to establish somewhere in the Highlands a summer school for Gaelic on the lines which have proved so successful in Ireland. The idea is not new, and the scheme deserves hearty support.

A considerable section of the many valuable Celtic books in the library of the late Dr. Alexander MacBain has been acquired by the University of Glasgow through the liberality of a benefactor who withholds his name. The University authorities are to be congratulated on their acquisition, as also on having to a large extent helped to prevent the scattering of a fine collection. *Is fhasa sgapadh na tional.*

Dr. MacBain's Trustees have presented to the University of Glasgow the first draft of his famous Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language. The MS. is large quarto, strongly bound in black leather. Over eight hundred books of Dr. MacBain's collection remain to be disposed of.

W. J. W.

THE CELTIC REVIEW

APRIL 15, 1909

GAELIC GLOSSES

WHITLEY STOKES

THE following glosses have been extracted from the vocabulary contained in pp. 143-153 of a paper manuscript of the seventeenth century, marked xxxviii., belonging to the Highland Society of London, and now deposited in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. This vocabulary contains about seven hundred and fifty entries, which, in my transcript, I have numbered consecutively. Many, perhaps most, of them are identical with the entries in one or other of the glossaries printed in the *Archiv für Celtische Lexikographie*, Halle, 1900, 1904, 1907. But those that follow have never, so far as I know, been printed, and are probably unknown to Celtists :—

41. aillib*us* .1. bradán.

One of the many Irish words for 'salmon.' O'Reilly gives it as *ailliubhar*, an obvious misreading of *ailliubhas*. This is borrowed from a Middle-English **hali-bass*, a compound of *hali* 'holy,' and *base*, now *bass*, a perch, the fish being, like *hali-but*, 'holy plaice,' excellent eating for holidays (Skeat). A similar name is *halli-hoe*, a Cornish word for the skipper fish, *scomberesox saurus* (Wright, *The English Dialect Dictionary*, iii. 33).

86. airdi*cht*ach .1. uchtach.

'high-bosomed, *i.e.* full-chested.' The lemma (corruptly in the MS. airdia*cht*ach) is a compound of *ard*, 'high,' and

ichtach, an adjective, derived from *icht* (= Lat. *pectus*, *Kuhn's Zeitschr.*, xxxv. 84), whence the Middle-Irish nominal prep. *ar icht*. The gloss is an adj. derived from *ucht* from **poktu* in ablaut-relation to *pectus*.

125. buing .1. dabach.

The gloss means a 'large tub,' and the lemma *buing* must be borrowed from MHG. *bunge* 'drum,' or Swed. *bunke* 'a flat-bottomed bowl.' See Falk and Torp's *Etymologisk Ordbog*, i. 85, col. 2.

148. bath .1. bricht.

The gloss means a 'spell' or 'charm'; the lemma seems cognate with Lat. *fatantur* 'multa fantur,' Festus, and *fateor*. See *Urkeltischer Sprachschatz*, p. 159.

198. caindighecht .1. mēidighecht.

The lemma is founded on the Lat. *quantitas*: the gloss is derived from *méid* 'quantity, size.'

224. clannach .1. subhailce.

The gloss means 'virtue': the lemma may be connected with Gr. καλός, Skr. *kalya*-s. O'Brien and his copyist O'Reilly have *clanach* 'virtue.'

333. eilminte .1. dūile.

The gloss means 'elements,' and the lemma is the pl. of *eilmint*, a loan from the gen. sg. of the Lat. *elementum*. O'Reilly has '*element* s. an element, vulg.' a mere pedantic form.

346. foithrebh .1. gort.

The gloss means 'a field,' esp. 'a corn-field.' The lemma is cognate with *fothirbe*, Trip. Life, 82,168, *foithirbe* .1. imaire no gort no achad, H. 3.18, p. 62, col. 1. O'Reilly, apparently mistaking *gort* for *gorta*, translates *foithreibh* by 'hunger.'

424. glann .1. gāire.

The gloss means 'laughter': the lemma (which O'Reilly misspells *glan*) may be = Pindar's γελᾱνής 'laughing, cheer-

ful,' from **γελασνής*, cognate with *γελάω*, *γελαστός*. As Prellwitz says: Lachen ist heiter sein, glänzen; Lat. renidere = ridere; vgl. *γελεῖν · λάμπειν, ἀνθεῖν*, Hesych.

462. imne .1. amal so.

The gloss means 'thus,' as O'Reilly translates it. The lemma is cognate with the O. Ir. *im-tha*, 'so is,' *ním-tha*, 'not so is,' *nim-that*, 'not so are,' and also with Lat. *im-ago*, *im-itor*.

517. marcach .1. imsniōmach.

The gloss means 'anxious,' 'sad': the lemma is from **margach* (*g* provected by *r*), cognate with Ir. *mairg* 'woe,' Gr. *μάργος* 'raging.'

519. muaid .1. fuaim.

The gloss means 'sound,' 'noise': the lemma is obviously cognate with Gr. *μύζω*, *μυγμός*, Lat. *mūgio*, Skr. *muj*, *mójati*.

526. nec*ht* .1. geal.

The gloss means 'bright': the lemma is glossed by *glan* 'pure,' in H. 3.18, p. 637[a]; and see *Archiv* i., pp. 62, 89. The ur-Keltic form is preserved in the corrupt Gaulish gloss *netcos murus* C.G.L.v. 'unwashed' leg. *nectos merus*. Bezz. Beitr. xxix. 169. The Gr. *νιπτος* in *ἄνιπτος* 347 and the Skr. *niktá* are cognate.

572. pros*da* .1. calma.

The gloss means 'brave': the lemma is an adjective derived from *prōs*, a loan from O. Fr. *prouesse* or Mid. Eng. *prowes*, *pruesse*, now *prowess*.

573. poireda .1. cuasac[h].

The gloss means 'hollow': the lemma 'porous' being derived from *poir*, Lat. *porus*, gen. *pori*, Gr. *πόρος*.

678. sidh .1. me*d*hon laoi.

The gloss means 'middle of the day,' 'noon' (when sunlight is brightest): the lemma should be *sídh*, from the root *sveid*,

whence Lett. *swīdu*, *swīst*, 'vom anbrechenden Tageslicht, hell werden,' Lith. *svidūs* 'blank,' 'glänzend,' and Lat. *sīdus con-sīdero*. See Walde, *Lat. Etym. Wörterbuch*, 139, 571.

713. tonn .1. ard *nó* caillech.

The first gloss means *a height*: the lemma, when it means 'height,' may come from *tumno* or **tumnā*, and be cognate with Lat. *tumeo*, *tumor*, *tumulus*, etc. The second gloss, *caillech*, means 'nun' or 'old woman,' and then the lemma may be borrowed from Prov. *domna*, or Ital. *donna*, with the same provection of *d* that we find in *tesc* from *discus*, *péist* from *béstia*, and *Parthalón* from *Bartholomaeus*. A derivative *tuinne* occurs in the compound *sen-tuinne*. Corm. *s. v.* prúll.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD (MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASTAIR)

Professor Mackinnon

V. *Poems hitherto unpublished.*

(*Continued from* vol. v. p. 235)

The following long poem (pp. 177-182) is on the same subject, and equally severe. The first stanza is defective, unless we insert the refrain—'Sid gnìomh còmhraig nan Caimbeulach dubh,' as the MS. does in stanzas 2, 3, 4. It is also doubtful whether the piece is complete. The last lines would suggest the conclusion, but the usual 'Finid' is not appended.

Tha Clannach[1] ainmeil
An dràst ann an Albainn,
Gu'n saoil iad le'n tapadh
Gu'n striochd sinn le'r (n-)armaibh,
Air fas 'nam bòcan
Le bùrach an suic.

[1] Formed by the author from *clann*, 'clan,' as *fineach*, 'clan,' tribe,' from *fine*.

Hoth, hoth ! aig gach aona mhuic,
'S a carbad air (s)amhadh ;
'S a corr-fhiacail rùisgte
Gu cùsanimh [?] bainne.
Cha'n 'eil binid no iomadal,
No meuragan salach,
Nach dean iad a ghiubhladh
Mar arrachdas abhail,—
O sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !

Cha'n 'eil lonaid no taban
No clòimh an déis armadh,
Nach bi 'm ba'ist nan trustar
Dh'ionnsuidh 'm mosaich' a dhearbhadh,
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !
Cha'n 'eil spàin gu òl fuaraig
No creachuinnean tràghad,
Nach bi aca 'ga seòladh
Gu buailtean a thràghadh ;—
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !
Cha'n 'eil uachdar air miosar
Nach dean iad a chràgradh ;
Mulchag no measgan,
No miodraichean blà'cha,
Nach cuir iad 'n am bucaid,
Marri pocannan garbhain ;—
'S fìor ghràineil an turaraich
Thig bho thulchainn na gràisge,
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !

'N uair a theid sibh a chadal,
'S 'ur raidsichean *seàrrsta*,
Bidh 'ur stamagan ciùrrta,
Gus am brùchd air 'ur n-eàrrach,
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
Sid gnìomh còmhraig

Nan Caimbeulach dubh !
Tha 'ur camp air fàs mìomhail,
'S cha'n fhearr 'ur n-*artiliri*
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Druma 'ga *beatadh*,
. . . . .
Cur *ratreut* air . . .
. . . . . .
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !

Ach fuirichidh sibh fhathasd
Anns an ionad as còir dhuibh,
Anns an fhail uirceinich
'Cladhach na h-òtraich,
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !
'S na gabhaibh d' ur n-ionnsuidh
An cliù nach do thoill sibh ;
Mur bhith tapadh Dhiuc Uilleam,
Agus Breatunn bhi foill duinn,
Cha b' fhearr sibh gu còmhrag,
Na siofainn an t-sruth !
Ged bha sibh aig Bhulcan,
Cha d' rinn e 'ur fadhairt ;
'S cha mhò 's ann de'n fhìor chruaidh,
A rinn e 'ur taghadh ;
Ach de'n fheòdar as buige,
'S as measa 's a' mhargadh ;
'N uair thig àm a' chruadail,
Cha dual da bhi marbh(t)ach,
Sid gnìomh còmhraig
Nan Caimbeulach dubh !

Mur biodh oirnne ri cogadh,
Ach luchd chladhaich an òtraich,
Gu'n cuireamaid stopadh
Air bùrach an sròine,—
An armailt' each
A mhilleadh an suth !
Cha bhiodh tromhorc[1] no uircean
Nach cuirteadh gu crònan,

[1] The word is unknown to me.

'G 'ur sgiùrsadh le lannaibh,
Nach faicteadh h-aon beò dhibh,—
Bhithinn gle dheònach
Ri dol air 'ur muin!
Tha mi cho chinnteach
'S tha anail ro'm phòraibh,
Gu faigh sibh cruaidh-chunntas
Fhathasd 'n 'ur dò-bheirt;
Thuirt an sean-fhacal cuimhneach
Nach bi maith gun bhi rathail;
'S nach bi olc gun bhi dìoghlt',
Mu'n tig deireadh an latha,—
Guidheam sgrìob nàmhaid
A theachd air 'ur muin!

Luchd nam bial goileasach,
Spreilleasach, grànnda,
'G a bheil pailteas na foille
'G a sgeith anns gach àite,—
Sid am pòr abhrasach
Ceirtleagach dubh![1]
'Ur *bhomit*, 'ur puinnsean,
A' brùchdadh an àirde;
Gach earra-ghlas bho 'r goile
Dh' fhàg deireasach tàintean,—
Sid am pòr sanntach
Air abhsporaig cruidh![2]
Thig toradh air shìol,
Mar chuir sibh 'ur n-èarlaid;
Gheibh sibh tuarasdal dùbailt',
A réir dùrachd 'ur càirdeis;
Thug de dhùthchas bho'r sìnnsridh
Bhi sanntach air airgiod;
Bho 's e friamhach gach uilc e,
Ni gach peacadh a dhearbhadh,
Air luchd nan stamagan cabhrach,
Nach dean tàir air gnè stuth!

Bidh 'ur *register* lìon'or,
'G a sgrìobhadh an Albainn;
'S 'ur cuimhneachan salach

[1] The line is quoted in H. S. D. to illustrate the meaning of *abhrasach*, with reference *Oran*. I do not remember seeing it in print.

[2] The line is quoted in H. S. D. to illustrate the meaning of *abhsporag*, with reference *Oran*.

Anns gach *histori* seanachais,—
Sid am pòr abhrasach
Ceirtleagach dubh!
Thig aiceidean cruaidh,
'S cha truagh leam 'ur càradh,
'N aghaidh luchd nam bial fiar,
A bha riamh dhuinn 'n an nàmhaid,—
Sid am pòr sanntach
Air abhsporaig cruidh!
Bidh sibh cho tàireil
'S gu'n dean Pàrlamaid éigheach,
Gun triùir (fh)aicinn agaibh,
An caraibh a chéile;
Ach mar chèardainnean peasain,
Gun onair gun cheutaibh,
'G 'ur ruith as gach baile,
Gun fhear no bean réidh ruibh,—
Ri luchd nan stamagan cabhrach,
Nach dean tàir air gnè stuth!

Luchd nam bial foilleil,
'S nan cridheachan cealgach,
Chuir cùl ri'r rìgh dligheil,
'S rinn 'ur Maighistir àicheadh;
Tairgse suimeannan airgid
Dh' fhiach am braitht' e d' a chionn;
Sibh dearbh-bhràithrean Iùdais,
'S neo-chliùiteach 'ur bràthair,
Ged tha cuimhneachan siorruidh
Sios 's a' Bhiob'l air a chàradh,—
Chaill e toradh na pàise,
Phàigh ar Slàn'fhear d'a chionn;
Ma's e cheumannan peacach,
Tha sibhse 'gan leanmhainn;
A' cur neo-choireach laghail
An cunnart cuirp agus anma:
Bithibh cho chinnteach,
'S tha Sgriobtur 'g a dhearbhadh,
Gu'm bi 'ur *sentens* ro phianail,
An tigh a' bhreitheamh as àirde,
'N uair thig sumanadh bàis oirbh
Gu dol a nunn!

Tha Mhaighdeann 'g 'ur tagradh,
Làn acrais sìor-innseadh;
'S cha'n fhàgar i toileach,

Gun fheoil mhothlaich nan Guibhneach,—
Sid a chìos-chnàmh
A th' aic' oirbh a muigh !
Tha i eòlach mu'r n-aitim,
'S fad o rinn sibh dhith strìopach ;
Cha'n 'eil fine measg Ghàidheal,
'S fearr ni 'carbad a lìonadh,
Na na shìolaich a nuas
Bho shliochd Dhiarmaid an tuirc !
Tha gearr o chiad bliadhna,
Bho rinn sibh rith' pàigheadh,
'S 'ur n-ainbheach d' a réir sin
A' sìor dhol an àirdead ;
Tuitidh cudum nam fiach ud
Air fear de shliochd Chailein ;
'S bidh colann gun cheann deth,
Le carbad na caile,—
Sid an deud teann
Tha sanntach air fuil !

Bidh 'ur ceathramhnan deiridh
'G an togail an àirde,
Cur sàradh 'n ur . . .
Le dul nam ball cainbe,—
Sid an t-iomartas bàis
A thig air 'ur muin !
Sibh nach cuirear an duileachd,—
Gach aon fhear is beul cam air,
A' glaodhaich 's a' sgairteachd,
. . . . .
'G an tarruing gu teann
Le sreang as am bun !
Cha bhi bean ann an Latharn'
Nach bi basan ' gam bualadh ;
Sìor thùirse ri gearan,
'Tha m'fhear-tigh' air a ghualadh' ;
Tha na sruithean air tionndadh,
'S cuibhl' an fhortain 'n 'ur n-aghaidh ;
Dh' aindeoin cabhraich no sùgain,
Cha bhi sinn eibhneach an deighidh,
Gach driodfhartan bàis
A thig air 'ur muin !

'S fad o thòisich 'ur puinnsean
'S 'ur nàdur mì-rìoghail ;

B' fheairrd sibh losgadh an teine
Gu fiachainn 'ur gnìomha,
Gu glanadh gach glomh
A thàrmaich 'n 'ur fuil !
Bidh 'ur purgadair soilleir
Air faobhar nan clàidh'ean,
'G 'ur sgiùrsadh le lannaibh,
Cur àir air a phràbar,—
Gach aon fhear 's a' charbad,
'S car cam ann gu bhun !
. . . . . ri[1]
Air a rìgh le dòlas ;
'Ur coguis 'g 'ur n-agradh
Anns na rinn sibh de dhò-bheirt ;
. . . . .[2]
'N 'ur cù no 'n 'ur n-each sibh ;
Air mhodh 's nach biodh cùnntas,
Oirbh ri thoirt seachad,
'N uair thig turaraich a' bhàis
Le spàirn air 'ur muin !

'Nuair gheibh sibh 'ur *charters*,
Air 'ur leapannan caoile ;
'Ur tiomn' air a sgriobhadh,
'S 'ur carcas aig daolan,
Chi sibh suimeannan airgid
'N a dhìomhanas dubh !
An saoghal gu h-uile,
'S gach maoin tha air uachdar,
'G a fhàgail 'n 'ur deighidh,
Ach tri bòrdain mu'n cuairt dibh,
'S aon léine chaol fhuar
Air a fuaigheal mu'r smuig !
Bidh am baigear as bochda
Tha 'g iarraidh na déirce,
Cho saoibhir a dh' fhearann,
'S cho pailt ruibh a dh' eudach :
'S olc a dh' éirich do'n phràbar,
Chaill iad rompa 's 'n an deighidh ;
Gus an teid càmhal tro' shnàthaid,
Cha tig eibhneas an deighidh
Gach traoitearachd ghràineil,
A thàrmaich 'n a tuil !

---

[1] MS. defective. [2] MS. illegible.

The following verses, the last in the MS., occupy pp. 183-4. At the end of the eighth verse 'Finid' is written and afterwards deleted, while the succeeding four verses are added. The concluding verse seems to close the poem, although the usual 'Finid' is not appended. The reader will not fail to observe that this piece differs in conception and expression from the poet's well-known manner. Macdonald, so far as known, was not much of a sportsman, nor could he be charged with being over-sentimental. Besides, it will not be forgotten that the poet published under his own hand, in 1751, two pieces, *Oran air Sean Aois* and *Caraid is Nàmhaid an Uisge-bheatha*, which have been claimed, on good authority, as the composition of Iain MacCodrum. It will be allowed, I believe, by every competent judge, that all the poems in the MS., with the possible exception of this last one, could have been written by none other than *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*.

Och, 's och, och mi féin!
Smaoineachadh air luchd ar cleas;
Cha teid mi dh' fhireach no shealg,
Cha mharbhas earba nam preas.
Damh cròice cha dean mi leòn,
Bidh sinne fo bhròn am feasd;
Bata mar bhaigear 'n ar dòrn,
Cochull còt oirnn, 's beag a mheas.

Cha b'ionann 's ar breacan rìomhach,
B' fhìnealta sgèimh agus snuadh;
Crios ùr de leathair an fhéidh oirnn,
'G a chàradh an éileadh cuaich;
Chumadh e ar n-airm bho mheirgeadh,
Fùdar cha bhàidhteadh 's a' chluais;
Bhiodh e ullamh, ealamh, gleusda,
Dh' ionnsuidh gach feum a bhiodh bhuainn.

Smeoraichean air bharraibh gheug,
'G atharrachadh theudan ciùil;
Sid mo cheòl an éirigh gréin',
Boc a' réiceil os mo chionn;
Coilich air bharraibh nan cnocan,
'S an urbaill paisgte 'na chuaich,
(Mala) dhearg an eòin bu duibhe
Cur siubhail fo m' aighear su(as).

. . . [1]breac-iteach, ceòl-bhinn,
Na h-eòin bhòidheach air bhàrr chraobh ;
. . . [2](b)agonta, cruinn, beitir,
Air bhàrr phreas a' seinn gach ciùil ;
Iad fhéin a' freagairt a chéile,
Le *notaichean* éibhinn caomh,
Rifeid gun tùchan, gun sgreadan,
Aig gach feadaig a b'àrd gl(aodh).

Cò thàirneas sinne gu caòl,
No gu sòlas mòr na seilg,
Gun umainn ach cochuill chraicinn,
'S brigis lachdunn suas gu 'r ma . . [3]
'S éigin fuireach aig a' bhaile,
'N comunn bhan, ge cruaidh an càs ;
Nionagan a' bùrd gu dìomhair,
Ciallachadh nach fiach ar stà.

Gu'm b' e sid mo dhusgadh cadail,
Air leabaidh shocair 's an fhraoch,
Boladh na meala mu'n cuairt domh,
'S mi suainte suas air mo thaobh ;
Mo bhreacan fodham is tharam,
'G am chumail bho fhuachd . . . [3]
'S tu bhiodh eadar mi 's gach cruadal,
'S truagh an diugh thu bhi do m' dh . . [3]

Nis bho chaill sinn geall na coille,
Geall na beinne, langan féi(dh),
Cha teich sinn air astar fada,
Bho chòmhrag (fh)raoch (?) dheirg is dhuinn ;
Gun umainn ach brigis lachdunn
Cochull a' slachdraich m' ar druim,
Call mor bha spòrs na h-abhann
Drathais chlòimh suas gu 'r d . . . [3]

'S i so an ao(na) bhliadhna chòrr,
Tha Tomas ag innseadh gu beachd ;
Gu faigh sinn coinne gu leòir,
Biomaid beò an dòchas rag ;
Fuasglamaid sinn fhìn bho dhraoidheachd,
'S bho gach geas 's a bheil sinn paisgt' ;
'S thugamaid a dheòin no 'r éigin,
Ar cliù 's ar ceutaibh air n-ais.

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[1] MS. defective. [2] MS. illegible.
[3] MS. frayed at the edge and illegible.

Tha mi 'n diugh gun ruith gun leum ;
Tha mo chéile bhuam air chall ;
Nic Suain mhaiseach t' ainm baistidh,
Dh' fhuir'eadh agam, falbh 's an tàmh ;
'S ged a rachainn fad' air astar,
'S tu leanadh riumsa teann ;
Gur tu nach deanadh mo dhìobradh.
'Shneachda no dhìle bhiodh ann.

Tha còrr is da fhichead bliadhna,
Bho rinn sinn ar snaim a chur ;
Cha chualas droch fhacal riamh bhuait,
Aon mhì-mhodh gu'n tugainn duit ;
Ged a cheangladh thu le iallaibh,
'S ged a tholladh thu le bruid,
Bhiodh tusa cho seang ri maighdinn
Cur fasgaidh air cliabh mo chuirp.

Shiùbhlainn leat ìosal is àrd,
Mullach bheann is bàrr nan cnoc,
Faoin-ghlinn nan glacagan tlàth,
Creachainn firich 's coille dhos ;
'Nuair a thigeadh oirnn an oidhche,
Thearnamaid 's an fhraoch gu clos ;
Mo bhreacan suainte mu'm chom,
Cadal trom is éirigh moch.

Còta goirid 's osan gearr,
'S éileadh air a chàradh deas ;
Bhiodh sid aig uaislean na h-Albann,
Aig Righ Robert bu mhòr meas :
Ge b'e theireadh anns an àm sin,
Gun iad a bhi ann am feasd,
'S neonach leam nach buailte' meall air,
Air Sasunn mheallta nan cleas.

If it cannot be maintained that some of these poems add to the fame of the great Jacobite bard, this much at least will be allowed, that no future editor of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair can afford to neglect the interesting and valuable MS. whose contents have now been printed for the first time.

CELTIC RELATIONS OF ST. OSWALD OF NORTHUMBRIA.

J. M. Mackinlay

By relationships I do not mean ties of blood, but ties of circumstance. St. Oswald was Anglic by birth, and ruled over an Anglic people, but at various times during his romantic career he was brought into touch with Celtic influences. When his father, Æthelfrith, King of Northumbria, was killed in battle in the year 617, and was succeeded by Eadwine, brother-in-law of the dead king, Oswald, who was then about thirteen years of age, had to flee from his native land. He went to the north-west, and along with his elder brother Eanwith and a dozen followers, sought refuge in the monastery of Iona. St. Columba had been dead twenty years; but the tradition of his sanctity was still a living force in the island. Celtic monasteries were places of education as well as of devotion. When speaking of monastic institutions in Erin, Miss Eleanor Hull in her *Early Christian Ireland* remarks: 'Let us see what sort of life a boy lived in one of these great schools. It was a busy life, for they had not only to learn lessons and to attend the services of the church, but they had also to take their share in the general work of the place. The monks and students alike seem to have taken part in cultivating the ground, in grinding and baking bread, and in doing the duties both of farmers and cooks. Even the bishops and clergy seem at first to have worked with their hands, and to have laboured in the fields, but as the establishments grew larger the work must have been divided, and the lay brethren no doubt performed the ordinary duties, while the monks and clergy gave themselves to teaching and the services of the Church. But in St. Columcille's time all shared the work, and even men of noble birth ploughed and reaped and attended to the wants of the establishment.'

When Oswald and his brother, along with their companions, entered the monastery of Iona, they apparently did so merely because it supplied an asylum during a time of political unrest, for they were still Pagans. They allowed themselves, however, to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. Eventually they made profession of the new faith and received the seal of baptism. When Oswald came to Iona its Abbot was Fergna Brit, *i.e.* the Briton, otherwise called Virgnous, who was head of the monastery from 605 till 623. He had been one of its inmates when St. Columba was Abbot, and according to Adamnan was witness of a miraculous light which, on one occasion, enveloped the saint, and which he alone of all the brethren was permitted to see.

Meanwhile political changes were making themselves felt in Northumbria, rumours of which penetrated even into the recesses of the Icolmkill monastery. Though evidently content with his mode of life there, with its round of study, labour, and devotion, Oswald did not forget his home-land and his royal ancestry. At Iona he was still an exile. 'Unhappy it is for a man, however good his means and his lot, if he does not see his own country and his own home at the time of rising in the morning and at the time of lying at night.' This sentiment thus expressed in Dr. Alexander Carmichael's admirable version of *Deirdire* was found true in the experiences of the royal exile.

In 633, sixteen years after Oswald became a fugitive, Eadwine fell in battle at Heathfield (now Hatfield), in Yorkshire, crushed by the combined armies of Penda, ruler of Mercia, and his ally Cædwalla, a British prince. Eanwith thereupon ascended the Bernician throne, and Osric, a cousin of Eadwine, that of Deira; but in the following year both these princes were slain, and the two thrones were vacant. This was a call to Oswald to enter public life, and he did not let the opportunity pass. With a small army recruited probably, as Dr. W. F. Skene suggests, from among the men of the Border north of the Tweed, he marched south and met, near the Roman Wall, between the Tyne and the Solway, a

Pagan army much larger than his own, under the leadership of Catlon, who has been identified, though not conclusively, with Cædwalla.

On the day before the battle Oswald was sleeping in his tent, when, according to the narrative of Adamnan, a wonderful and cheering vision was vouchsafed to him. Adamnan says: 'He saw St. Columba in a vision, beaming with angelic brightness, and of figure so majestic that his head seemed to touch the clouds. The blessed man, having announced his name to the king, stood in the midst of the camp, and covered it all with his brilliant garment, except at one small distant point; and at the same time he uttered those cheering words which the Lord spake to Jesua Ben Nun before the passage of the Jordan, after Moses' death, saying, "Be strong and of a good courage; behold, I shall be with thee," etc. Then St. Columba, having said these words to the king in the vision, added, "March out this following night from your camp to battle, for on this occasion the Lord has granted to me that your foes shall be put to flight, that your enemy Catlon shall be delivered into your hands, and that after the battle you shall return in triumph, and have a happy reign."' To give emphasis to the above story Adamnan adds: 'I, Adamnan, had this narrative from the lips of my predecessor, the Abbot Failbe, who solemnly declared that he had himself heard King Oswald relating this same vision to Segine the Abbot.' The incident, however we may interpret it, is of special interest as showing what a hold the monastery of Iona had taken on the mind of Oswald. What he had there heard of its great founder had so impressed him that now, at a critical juncture in his life, his imagination was stirred by memories of what he had been told.

In the battle that followed Oswald and his army obtained a decisive victory. The scene of the conflict was a place some seven or eight miles north of Hexham, styled in the English tongue Heavenfield or the Heavenly Field, 'which name,' according to Bede, 'it formerly received as a presage

of what was afterwards to happen, denoting that there the heavenly trophy would be erected, the heavenly victory begun, and heavenly miracles be wrought.' Bede's reference to the heavenly trophy and the heavenly miracles relates to a wooden cross erected by Oswald before the battle and to the cures believed to have been wrought by chips of its wood when placed in water. The conflict is styled by Nennius the battle of Catscaull, supposed to represent Cad-ys-gual, *i.e.* the battle at the wall. A church was afterwards built on the spot, and dedicated to St. Oswald.

Nothing now lay between Oswald and the throne of Northumbria, and in ascending it he re-united the kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira. In addition he was overlord of practically all England except Kent, of the islands of Anglesea and Man, and even of the Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde, whose capital was Alcluith, now Dunbarton, *i.e.* the hill or fort of the Britons. During the time of Eadwine Christianity had been introduced into Deira by St. Paulinus; but in Bernicia heathenism still prevailed. Accordingly when Oswald formed a plan for evangelising the northern portion of his realm, it was natural that his thoughts should turn to Iona for the help he needed. 'The same Oswald,' says Bede, 'as soon as he ascended the throne, being desirous that all his nation should receive the Christian faith, whereof he had found happy experience in vanquishing the barbarians, sent to the elders of the Scots . . . desiring they would send him a bishop by whose instruction and ministry the English nation, which he governed, might be taught the advantages and receive the sacraments of the Christian faith.' In response to the king's request one of the brethren named Corman, was sent to Bernicia, but he was too austere and had little success in his preaching. On his return to Iona he was succeeded among the Angles by Aidan, whom Bede describes as 'a man of singular meekness, piety, and moderation.' The only blemish in his character hinted at by Bede was his habit of celebrating Easter at the Celtic and not the Roman time of year.

The king assigned to Aidan as his Episcopal seat, Lindisfarne, off the Northumbrian coast, known later as Holy Island. It had a special attraction for the missionary bishop as it recalled his Scottish home. Aidan, as the Rev. Canon Raine points out, 'had been long accustomed to the sea-girt shore of Iona; and Lindisfarne would doubtless appear to him a second Iona embosomed in the waves.' The Bishop, unaccustomed to the Anglic speech, had difficulty in making himself understood in Northumbria; but the king, who had become familiar with Gaelic during his residence in Iona, was in the habit of acting as interpreter to the chief men of the court. Bede tells us that many other Scottish missionaries settled in different parts of the Northumbrian realm, that churches were built, and that money and lands were given by the king to found monasteries. An anecdote told by Bede exemplifies King Oswald's kindness to the poor. One Easter the king was sitting at dinner with Bishop Aidan, and on the table was a silver dish full of dainties. When the king was informed that a number of starving people stood without seeking alms, he at once sent food to them, and ordered the silver dish to be broken up, and divided among them; 'at which sight,' says Bede, 'the bishop, much taken with such an act of piety, laid hold of his right hand and said, "May this hand never perish." Which fell out according to his prayer, for his arm and hand, being cut off from his body, when he was slain in battle, remain entire and uncorrupted to this day.'

In 642, eight years after his accession to the Northumbrian throne, Oswald was slain in battle at a place called by Bede Maserfield, believed to be Oswestry in Shropshire. His conqueror was Penda of Mercia, who, flushed with triumph, caused the dead king's head, arms, and hands to be cut off and fixed on stakes. The story of Oswald's relics forms a picturesque chapter in the annals of hagiology; but the narration of their wanderings lies beyond the scope of the present article. The stake on which the king's head was fixed was believed to have acquired thereby miraculous

powers. Bede tells us that when Acca, afterwards Bishop of Hexham, was in Ireland on pilgrimage he found that the fame of the king's sanctity was already spread far and near. A violent plague was raging at the time. Acca was asked by a certain scholar, who was dangerously ill, if he could supply any relics of St. Oswald, in the hope that they might bring restoration to health. Acca replied that he had with him a piece of the oaken stake on which the king's head had been fixed at Maserfield. He forthwith blessed some water and placed in it a chip of the wood as was done in the case of the cross at Heavenfield, already referred to. The sick man drank the water and recovered, and King Oswald got the credit of the cure.

MACGREGOR GENEALOGIES

Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair

Douglas's *Baronage* was originally published in 1798. It is a valuable work, but far from being trustworthy, especially before the year 1500. Its account of the Macgregors is substantially as follows:—

Gregor, third son of King Alpin, was the progenitor of the Clan Gregor. Dugall, son of Gregor, died about the year 900, leaving two sons, Constantine and Fingon. Constantine succeeded his father as chief of the Clan Gregor. Fingon was the ancestor of the Mackinnons. Griogair na Brataich, or Gregor of the Standard, son of Constantine, was killed in a battle with the Danes in 961. John Mòr, son of Griogair na Brataich, was killed in battle about 1004. Griogair Garbh, or Gregor the Stout, son of John Mòr, and laird of Glenurchy, was one of the most eminent warriors of his day. Sir John, son of Gregor the Stout, was known as Iain Borb nan Cath, or fierce John of the battles. He married an English lady of great beauty, and had by her two sons, Malcolm, his successor in the chiefship, and Gregor, Abbot of Dunkeld. Gregor was the progenitor of the Macnabs, or sons of the

abbot. Sir John Borb died about 1113. Sir Malcolm, son of Sir John, was a man of extraordinary strength of body. He died about 1164, leaving three sons, William, Gregor, and Aodh. Gregor, who was known as Griogair Mor Gràndа or big, ugly Gregor, was the ancestor of the Grants. Aodh, Ay or Hugh, was the progenitor of the Mackays. Sir William, son of Sir Malcolm, died about 1238, leaving two sons, Gregor, his successor, and Alpin, Bishop of Dunblane. Gregor, son of Sir William, died about 1286. Malcolm, son of Gregor, fought at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. He died about 1374, and left two sons, Gregor Àlainn, his heir, and Gilbert, ancestor of the Griersons of Lag. Gregor Àlainn, or handsome Gregor, had five sons: Malcolm, his heir, John of Brackly, Gillespick or Archibald, Gregor, and Dugald Ciar. Gregor, the fourth son, was the ancestor of the Macgregors of Roro. Dugall Ciar, or dark-grey Dugall, was the progenitor of Clann Dughaill Chéir or descendants of Dugall Ciar.

The foregoing genealogy of the Macgregors is utterly erroneous. It is not founded either upon facts or genuine traditions; it is a work of the imagination from beginning to end. The MacKinnons are not descended from the Macgregors; neither are the Grants, nor the Mackays.

The following genealogies may not be free from errors; at the same time they may be of some use to those who are interested in the history of the Clan Gregor.

The Macgregors of Glenurchy

I. Gregor, the founder of the Clan Gregor, was born about the year 1280. He was the son of Duncan, son of Malcolm, son of Gilchrist, son of Ferchar, son of Murdoch, son of Andrew. He possessed the lands of Glenurchy and others.

II. John Cam, son of Gregor, had three sons, Patrick, John Dubh, and Gregor. He died in 1390, and was buried at Dysart.

Patrick, eldest son of John Cam, succeeded his father as

chief of the Clan Gregor. Malcolm, son and successor of Patrick, was chief in 1400.

III. John Dubh, second son of John Cam, was tacksman of Stronmellochan. He married Derval, daughter of Ewen Maclachlan, and had Malcolm, and probably John and Ewen. He died in 1415, and was buried at Dysart.

IV. Malcolm, son of John Dubh, succeeded Malcolm, son of Patrick, as chief of the Clan Gregor. He had four sons: Patrick, the Vicar of Fortingall, Dugall and Duncan. The Vicar's name was probably John or Gregor. Dugall may have been known as Dugall Ciar or dark-grey Dugall.

V. Patrick, son of Malcolm, had two sons, John Dubh and Duncan Beag. He died in 1461, and was buried at Dysart. Duncan Beag became tacksman of Roro in 1470, and died there in 1477. He left two sons, Patrick and Gregor.

VI. John Dubh, son of Patrick, was tenant of Glenstrae and Stronmellochan. He died in 1519, and was buried at Dysart. He was about ninety years of age.

VII. Malcolm, son and heir of John Dubh, had two sons, Patrick and Duncan. He died in Glenlyon in 1498.

VIII. Patrick, son of Malcolm, died at Auchinchallane in 1518, and was buried at Dysart. He left two sons, Gregor and Duncan.

IX. Gregor, elder son of Patrick, succeeded his great-grandfather in 1519 as chief of the Clan Gregor, and also as tenant of Stronmellochan. He was appointed tutor to Alister Roy Macgregor of Glenstrae in 1528. He died at Auchinchallane in 1547, and was buried at Dysart. He was succeeded as chief of the Clan Gregor, or Laird Macgregor, by his brother Duncan, who was born about the year 1505.

The Macgregors of Glenstrae

Dugall, son of Malcolm, son of John Dubh, had Alister, Malcolm, John, Patrick, Duncan, and Dugall. Ewen, son of Alister, son of Dugall, had three sons, John, Alister, and Duncan. Mary, daughter of Duncan, son of John, son of Dugall, died in 1548.

I. John mac Ewen mac Alister succeeded John Macgregor in Glenstrae in 1519. We find him described in 1522 as the heir and successor of John Dubh. According to the Black Book of Taymouth he was principal of the Clan Dugall Ciar, but not the right heir to the chiefship of the Clan Gregor. He ravished Helen Campbell, daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, and widow of Maclean of Lochbuie. He married her, and had by her a son named Alister or Alexander. He had a son named Gregor, who may possibly have been by a former wife. Gregor died shortly after the birth of Alister. John MacEwen was nominally captain of the Clan Gregor of Glenstrae, but in reality captain of the whole clan. He was not chief of the Clan Gregor; he was only chieftain of a branch of it. He died at Achallader, April 12, 1528, and was buried at Dysart.

II. Alister, son and successor of John MacEwen, was born in 1525, and infeoffed in the lands of Glenstrae in 1528. He married a daughter of Campbell of Ardkinglass, and by her had John, Gregor Roy, Ewen, Duncan of the Glens, and Patrick Odhar in Cadernoch, Glencorf. He was succeeded by his son John, who, as the result of a wound from an arrow, died in early life.

Gregor Roy succeeded his brother John in Glenstrae. He married a daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon, and had by her Alister Roy and John Dubh. He was executed at Kenmore by Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, April 7, 1570. His wife composed a pathetic and beautiful elegy about him.

Alister Roy, son and successor of Gregor Roy, defeated the Colquhouns at Glenfreoin, February 7, 1603. He was unjustly executed in Edinburgh, January 20, 1604. John Dubh, second son of Gregor Roy, was known as Iain Dubh na Lùirich or John Dubh of the coat of mail. John Dubh married a daughter of John Murray of Strowan, and by her had Gregor Roy, Patrick Roy, and John. He was killed at the battle of Glenfreoin.

Gregor Roy, eldest son of John Dubh, succeeded his uncle

in Glenstrae in 1604. He sold Glenstrae and Stronmellochan, in July 1624, to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy. He was succeeded by his brother Patrick Roy.

Patrick Roy, second son of John Dubh, had two children, James and Jean. He died about 1648. Jean was married in 1666 to Allan Cameron, brother of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. James, son and successor of Patrick Roy, entered into a bond of friendship with Lachlan MacKinnon of Strathordill, June 4, 1671. In this bond he is described as James Macgregor of that Ilk. He died without issue.

v. Ewen, third son of Alister, son of John MacEwen, was born about 1550. He appears on record as tutor of Glenstrae in January 1584. He had three sons, Gregor in Morinsh, John Dubh, and Duncan. Gregor and John Dubh were executed in 1604, simply for having fought at the battle of Glenfreoin.

vi. Duncan, third son of Ewen, married, in 1603, Margaret MacFarlane, by whom he had Malcolm of Stuckinroy, and Ewen of Kilmanan. He was appointed tutor of Glenstrae in 1604.

vii. Ewen of Kilmanan married in 1656 Mary Napier, by whom he had two sons, John and Archibald. John died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Archibald.

viii. Archibald of Kilmanan married Ann Cochrane in 1680, and by her had a son named Ewen. He succeeded Gregor, son of Gregor of Stuckinroy, as chief of the clan Gregor, in 1693. Ewen, his son, died unmarried about 1702. Archibald of Kilmanan died in Ireland between 1710 and 1715.

The Macgregors of Glengyle

i. Malcolm Macgregor, progenitor of the Macgregors of Inverlochlarig and Glengyle, was born about the year 1440. He was a son of Dugall, son of Malcolm, son of John Dubh of Glenstrae.

ii. Dugall Ciar, son of Malcolm, had three sons,

Malcolm, Duncan, and Patrick. The word Ciar means dark-grey.

III. Malcolm, son of Dugall Ciar, appears on record in 1533. He was put to the horn in that year, together with Duncan and Patrick his brothers. He lived at Carnlea, and married Fingula MacIntyre. He had four sons, Dugall, Gregor Dubh, Duncan, and Finlay. Dugall, his eldest son, had three sons, Malcolm, Dugall Og, and Gregor. Malcolm lived at Inverlochlarig in Balquidder. He was executed in 1604. Gregor, son and heir of Malcolm, appears on record in 1613. Dugall Og, second son of Dugall, son of Malcolm, lived in Glengyle, and was slain at Bentoig, along with Duncan his son, in 1604.

IV. Gregor Dubh, second son of Malcolm, married a daughter of Thomas Buchanan of Carbeth, and had by her Malcolm Og and other sons. He was living in Glengyle in 1581 and at Caol-letter in 1586. He became tacksman of Glengyle sometime afterwards.

V. Malcolm Og, son of Gregor Dubh, was executed in 1613. He left Malcolm, Gregor, Duncan, John, Donald, Duncan Beag, and other sons. It is said that he had nine sons in all.

VI. Malcolm, son of Malcolm Og, married a daughter of Macdonald of Keppoch, and had by her Donald Glas and John.

VII. Donald Glas was born about 1630, and appears on record for the first time in 1655. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the army that fought for King Charles II. He married a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, and had by her three sons, John, Duncan, and Robert. He had also a daughter who became the wife of Donald, second son of Macdonald of Glencoe. Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, the officer who took such an active part in the horrible massacre of Glencoe, was a brother of Donald Glas's wife and an uncle of the wife of Donald, son of Macdonald of Glencoe.

Robert, third son of Donald Glas—the Rob Roy of history—is the best known of all the Macgregors. Indeed, next to Wallace and Bruce, he is probably the best known of all

Scotsmen. He was born in 1660, and died in December 1734.

VIII. John, eldest son of Donald Glas, succeeded his father in Glengyle. He had two sons, Gregor and Donald.

IX. Gregor, son of John, was born in 1689. He obtained from the Marquis of Montrose a feu-charter of Glengyle. He was known as Griogair na Glùin Duibh, or Gregor of the black knee. He died in 1777, leaving two sons, John and Robert.

The Macgregors of Brackly

I. Duncan Liomhanach, or Duncan who lived in Glenlyon, must have been born about the year 1400. He was a brother of the Vicar of Fortingall. He had three sons, John, Gregor, and Gilbert, or possibly Gregor, John, and Gilbert. Gilbert was Vicar of Kilmartin, and died in 1511.

II. John, son of Duncan Liomhanach, or John Duncanson, married Catherine, daughter of William Cardney, laird of Foss, and had Duncan, William, John, and Andrew. He lived at Balloch, and died there in 1491. He was buried at Inchadin or Kenmore. William, his son, died at Garth in 1511, leaving a son named Malcolm.

III. Duncan, eldest son of John Duncanson, became tacksman of Brackly, a two-mark land in Glenurchy, and also captain of Glenurchy Castle. He died in 1518 and was buried at Dysart. He had four sons, John Dubh his successor, Donald Dubh, Neil, and Malcolm. Neil died in 1524.

IV. John Dubh of Brackly and Glenurchy Castle died in 1562.

V. Gregor, son of John Dubh, had two sons, John and Charles. The later was slain at Bentoig in 1604.

VI. John, son of Gregor, appears on record in 1629 as John Graham, *alias* Macgregor of Brackly.

VII. James Graham, son of John, succeeded his father in Brackly or Breacshliabh.

VIII. Patrick, son of James, appears on record in 1655 and 1682.

IX. John, son of Patrick, succeeded his father, and is referred to in 1686.

X. Gregor Macgregor, son of John, appears on record in 1714 as head of the family of Brackly.

The Macgregors of Brackly were for a long time hereditary captains of the castle of Glenurchy.

The Macgregors of Roro

I. Gregor, progenitors of the Macgregors of Roro, was a son of Duncan Liomhanach. He had four sons, Duncan, Ewen, Neil, and John. He died in 1515. Ewen his son died in 1505. Neil his son had a son named Gregor, who died in 1512.

II. Duncan, son of Gregor, had Gregor, Ewen, and other sons. Ewen murdered Gregor Clerk in 1552. He died in 1554, and was buried with great lamentation of men and women. John Dubh, son of Ewen, died at Bunrannoch in 1564, and was buried at Fortingall.

III. Gregor, son of Duncan, succeeded his father. He married Mariotta Barre. He died at a comparatively early age.

IV. Duncan, son of Gregor, appears on record in 1563. He had four sons, Gregor, John Dubh Mor, Alister Breck, and Malcolm Dubh. Alister Breck had three sons, Duncan, John Dubh, and Alister. Duncan lived in Ferna. He fought at the battle of Glenfreoin, and was executed in 1604. John Dubh lived in Stronfernan. He was slain by John Campbell, brother of the laird of Lawers, in 1611. His slayer sent his head to the Privy Council and obtained a handsome reward for it. Alister, son of Alister Breck, appears on record in 1614.

V. Gregor and John Dubh Mor, sons of Duncan, appear on record in 1589. Gregor had three sons, Duncan, George, and John Dubh Sinclair.

VI. Duncan, son of Gregor, is mentioned in 1631. He married Catherine, daughter of Dugall Campbell of Glenlyon,

and had by her Alexander and Gregor. Alexander was slain at the battle of Inverlochy in 1645.

VII. Gregor, second son of Duncan, had three sons, Gregor, Duncan Roy, and Neil.

VIII. Gregor, son of Gregor, fought for the Stewarts in 1715.

IX. Duncan, son of Gregor, was born probably about 1700. He fought for Prince Charles in 1745. He got deeply into debt and had to part with Roro. He died in 1763.

THE MALLOCHS.—Ewen, son of Gregor Duncanson, was born probably about 1470. He died in 1505, leaving three sons, John Malloch, Neil, and James. Neil, son of Ewen, lived in Ardennaig, and had three sons, Gregor, William, and Malcolm. Gregor succeeded his father in Ardennaig. Malcolm mac Neil vic Ewen was living at Lagferna in 1558.

John Malloch (Iain Malach or John of the heavy eyebrows) had Neil, Ewen, John Roy, Duncan, Donald, and other children. He died at Tullichcamin in 1523, and was buried at Killin. Duncan, son of Patrick, son of Duncan, son of Neil, son of John Malloch, purchased the estate of Balhaldies. Alexander of Balhaldies, son of Duncan, married in 1686 Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and had by her William, Ewen, John, Duncan, Alexander, and Donald. John was the author of the *Memoirs of Lochiel* —a very valuable work. David Mallet the poet, whose name was really David Malloch, was a descendant of John Malloch.

THE GREGORYS.—James, son of Gregor Duncanson of Roro, settled in Aberdeenshire about the year 1500. James Gregory, his son, lived at Woodland in Udney, and had three children, James, Thomas, and Janet. James, son of James, was a saddler in Aberdeen. He had two sons, John and James. John was born in 1598. He studied for the Church and became minister of Drumoak, where he died in 1652. Donald Gregory, the accomplished historian of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland, was descended from him.

The Macgregors of Glencarnock

I. Duncan Làdasach was born about the year 1505, and lived at Ardchoille in Glendochart. In 1550 Alister Odhar, son of Patrick, son of Duncan Beag, slew John, son of Donald Bane Macgregor. On Sunday, November 22, 1551, Duncan Làdasach and Gregor his son slew Alister Odhar, and took from him his purse and forty pounds of money. Duncan Làdasach had four sons, Gregor, Malcolm Roy, Patrick Dubh, and Duncan Og. He was executed at Finlarig in June 1552 by Colin Campbell of Glenurchy and Duncan Roy Campbell of Glenlyon. Two of his sons, Gregor and Malcolm, were executed along with him. The word Làdasach means bold of speech, arrogant.

II. Gregor Roy, eldest son of Duncan Làdasach, married Isabel Cameron, and had seven sons: Duncan, Patrick, Alister Scorach, Gregor Gearr, Malcolm, Patrick Athollach, and Dugall. Duncan was brought up in Lochaber, and was known as Duncan Abrach. Patrick fought under Alister of Glenstrae at Glenfreoin, and was executed in Edinburgh in 1604. He had five sons: Duncan, Alister, Patrick, Donald, and John.

III. Duncan Abrach lived at Ardchoille. He was forfeited in 1569. He had two sons, Gregor and Patrick. He was slain at the massacre of Bentoig in April 1604. Gregor, his elder son, was slain at the same time.

IV. Patrick, second son of Duncan Abrach, had a son named John.

V. John, son of Patrick, is described in 1670 as John Macgregor, *alias* mac Phadraig mhic Dhonnachaidh Abraich in Glenlochy. He was succeeded by his son, John Og.

VI. John Og, son of Duncan, was born in 1668. He married Catherine Campbell, and by her had Robert, Peter or Patrick, Duncan, Evan, and John. He amassed a good deal of wealth, and purchased the estate of Glencarnack in Balquidder. He died in 1744.

VII. Evan, fourth son of John Og, was born in 1710. He was an officer in the army. He married Janet, daughter of

John Macdonald of Balcony, son of Sir James of Sleat, and had by her John Macgregor Murray and other sons.

VIII. John Macgregor Murray was a general in the East India Company's Service and auditor-general of Bengal. He was a man of ability, culture, and wealth. In 1784 he was acknowledged by eight hundred and twenty-six Macgregors as chief of their clan. He was created a baronet in 1795. He died a few months afterwards.

THE NEW NATIONAL UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE

AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

IT is safe to say that not since the death of Parnell in 1891 has Ireland been in such a state of excitement as at present. Certainly not since Parnell's time has any such deep and widespread interest in public affairs been manifested (except perhaps when the Liberal Government introduced their Council Bill) as has been shown over the University question during the last few months. Almost every elective body in Ireland has been thrown into excitement and forced to decide one way or another upon a question which would *à priori* appear to be the very last one in the world to arouse the interest of public bodies. For it is after all an academic question which has created all this trouble, namely, what sort of entrance examination is the new University going to have, and is the Irish language to be an essential subject in it.

I have said that this is an academic question, and at first sight it appears, to the outsider, to be nothing more. But the instinct of the Irish people has discerned, and I think rightly discerned, that under an academic disguise there really lies involved a national question of the first magnitude, a question in its own way as fraught with weighty possibilities for the future of the Irish nation as the land question or even the question of Home Rule itself.

Every one knows in a general way that the Catholics and Nationalists of Ireland have always been practically deprived of university education, or rather that they never had any university to which they could go without sacrificing their principles or running counter to their bishops. Trinity College (also called Dublin University), with a splendid income, was for over two hundred and fifty years the only university in Ireland, and no Catholic was admitted to a degree in it (although it was largely financed by the rents of land taken from the Catholic Irish) until 1793, nor could a Catholic obtain even a scholarship in it until the year 1873, when the Test Act was repealed. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel created a second university of three colleges, one each in Belfast, Cork, and Galway, and called it the Queen's University. He meant thereby to solve the Catholic difficulty, and probably went as far as public opinion for the moment would let him, but the Colleges were almost from the outset dubbed the godless Colleges and were rejected by the Irish Catholics, for whom two at least of them had been intended. This Queen's University having failed to solve the difficulty was dissolved in 1879, and the Royal University of Ireland was established to take its place. This new University, however, was only an examining body. Candidates from the Queen's Colleges, or from any school that wished, or from private study, came up to Dublin once a year, and passed, if they could, the examinations held in the Royal Buildings. A degree of the Royal University of Ireland did not carry with it any assurance that its owner had ever attended lectures, had ever come under the guiding eye of a professor, had ever mixed with fellow-students, or, in a word, had ever absorbed into himself that finer essence of university education which is not to be expressed in terms of marks at an annual examination. And now in 1909 Irish university education is once more thrown into the melting-pot, and two new Universities have taken or are to take the place of the old Royal, which will expire before next year. The College at Belfast has been enriched and converted into an independent University,

chiefly designed for Presbyterians, while the Colleges of Cork and Galway are to have a new and richer sister added to them in Dublin, and these three are to form the National University of Ireland. This is to be a real University, which will give no degrees without attendance at lectures, and it is a University which will be national in the sense that it will be open to everybody and contain no tests, and it has been accepted by the spokesmen of the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has just been elected its Chancellor. It appears at first sight, and no doubt will turn out to be, a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the university difficulty, for though the first Senate has been nominated by the Crown, the next Senate, which will supersede the present one in five years' time, will be an academic Senate, on which the Crown has reserved to itself the power of appointing only four nominees out of thirty-five, and one of these four must be a woman. In other words it is the biggest piece of Home Rule ever conceded by England to Ireland since the establishment of Local Government. At the present moment a statutory committee, also appointed by the Crown, but consisting of men both trusted and reliable, are busy drafting statutes, considering what the site of the new College will be, deliberating what chairs are to be founded, what professors appointed, how much money will be spent upon various subjects of learning, and so on, while the Senate meets occasionally to keep in touch with the Committee.

And here it is that the country has suddenly, to the intense astonishment of those who did not know the popular feeling, sprung to its feet, galvanised as it were into an absorbing interest in the proceedings of the Senate. The question now fiercely debated in the newspapers, in the County Councils, in the Boards of Guardians, in the District Councils, in branches of the Gaelic League, in debating societies, in branches of the United Irish League, as well as at great public meetings in Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Limerick, Galway, and scores of other towns is this, 'What is the Senate going to do about the Irish language? Is it going to be merely an

optional subject, or will they make it an essential?' That, of course, is what we do not yet know.

The Gaelic League, while laying stress upon the fact that this is really a great national question and not a Gaelic League question at all, has of course thrown itself altogether upon the side of making Irish an essential for matriculation, and hundreds of thousands of people who have never joined the Gaelic League have taken the same side. Their argument is that now, at last, Ireland has got a real University of her own, which she can mould after her own fashion, and that she does not wish it to be a mere Catholic replica of Trinity College or a University to rear people for export, but a self-centred national institution, far more interested in raising Irishmen for home consumption than for colonial posts, and almost as much interested in turning them out good Irishmen as good scholars. They argue that if their University, for which they have made such unheard-of sacrifices in the past (generation after generation growing up without any university education whatever, and thus voluntarily condemning themselves to obscurity and poverty rather than go to Trinity College), is to be only an imitation of an English institution, Irishmen will be greatly distressed, and indeed violently indignant. They point out that in the long-run the money for this University will come out of their own pockets, and that consequently the people who pay for it have the right to make their voice heard as to the kind of University they desire. They insist that in spite of all the battles fought with the Boards of Primary and Intermediate Education, and all the concessions wrung from them during the last fifteen years, the old Irish nation must yet go down and Ireland become an English province—an unhappy, second-hand, second-rate English province—unless she now succeeds in nationalising her higher education also, and thus continuing the national language and tradition.

In order to do this they put forward a very simple and at the same time a very far-reaching demand, which is that a knowledge of the Irish language should be essential for

entrance into the new University. They point out that little or no hardship can be caused by this regulation, because of the six thousand or seven thousand Catholic students who went in for the intermediate examinations last year about eighty-five per cent. took up Irish. This shows that the Catholic secondary colleges have really and truly the machinery at hand for teaching Irish to every one, and that they do in fact teach it to all who go in for the intermediate examinations except some fifteen per cent. There can therefore be no difficulty for the Catholic schools and secondary colleges, which are the institutions which will naturally supply the new University with students, in making Irish one of the essential subjects for examination for entrance.

It is being freely said in print in Ireland by Catholic laymen, many of them men of position and approved loyalty to the Church, like Colonel Moore, C.B., of Moore Hall, commander of the Connacht Rangers in the late African War, and Mr. Edward Martyn of Tullira Castle, who has given thousands of pounds towards the establishment of a Palestrina choir in the Catholic Cathedral in Dublin, that the reason for opposing Irish as an essential for matriculation is probably the desire on the part of certain authorities and orders to create in Dublin (ultimately of course at the expense of the Irish taxpayer) a great Catholic University for all the English-speaking Catholics of the British Empire. Certain it is that the Standing Committee of the Catholic Bishops have gone out of their way to publicly disapprove of making Irish an essential, and the person who first led the campaign against it was the Jesuit Father who is the most celebrated educationalist in Ireland.

It is needless to say that if this be really the desire of the ecclesiastical authorities, upon which subject I express no view, it is not that of the people. The people care nothing about the wants of the Empire, but very much indeed about the wants of Ireland, and they think that nothing in the world could be better for those snobbish Catholics who have been hitherto educated in utter ignorance of their country—

and I fear not seldom in absolute hostility to it—than to make them at long last learn something about their own land, at least sufficient to let them know that they had a history, a language, and a country. The demand that Irish should be an essential for entrance is made with the intention of Irishising the secondary schools of the country. Boys and girls, over eighty per cent. of whom are already taught the language in those institutions, will then be all taught it, and taught it much better and more carefully ; and those superior people who either really despise or affect to despise the language and country of their ancestors will then have to fall into line with their humble or more patriotic brothers and sisters. Again, if Irish is made an essential for matriculation, it will ensure that Irish-minded people enter the University but it will not handicap anybody whatsoever inside the University itself, for it can, if the student wishes, be dropped by him the moment he begins to specialise.

There have, however, been objections raised by the opponents of essential Irish which are worthy of the deepest consideration. The first is that Protestants would be prevented from going to the University because Irish is not taught in the Protestant schools, or is taught in very few of them. In answer to this it is said that the new University was not established for Protestants, who can go to Trinity College or Belfast if they will, and it is not fair to frustrate the desire of the nation for the sake of a possible handful of Protestant students. My own opinion on this point is that if the University be made frankly Irish it will absorb every national Protestant in the country, and gain in the long-run perhaps ten times as many Protestant students (many of whom are very national) as if it pursued a contrary course.

A second objection is that there are many good Irishmen in England in the Civil Service and elsewhere, and that it would not be fair to demand a knowledge of Irish from their children. The answer is that there is a branch of the Gaelic League in every big city in England, where Irish can always be learnt, and that though there may be a residuum who

could not so learn it, still they, like the Protestants, are few in number, and it is not worth while to warp the University in order to please them only. It has also been suggested that such students could be admitted to the university without a knowledge of Irish, provided they took out an Irish course before their degree.

A third objection is that it would shut out the Colonial and American Irish. But the American Irish have already held many meetings of their own in many parts of the States, and protested loudly that no Irish American would dream of turning his back upon the splendid universities of the United States except for the one thing alone—the hope of a real Irish education. Besides special exceptions might be made in favour of Colonials and foreigners. This is a matter of detail. It seems certain that the University will attract many more Irish-Americans by making Irish an essential than by not doing so.

The general objection against Irish as an essential is, as we have said, that it will drive away students from the new University and send them into Trinity College, Belfast, or London University. But nobody has yet specified, so far as I know, what students exactly, other than the classes I have mentioned, will be driven away. In my opinion the new University would not lose more than a few dozens for the first few years, and none at all after that; but on the other hand it would attract to itself after five years hundreds who would never have gone to it had it remained a West British institution with Irish as a mere optional subject, as in the present Royal University.

I believe, and this is the last word, that as the Irish language did not die naturally but was killed by force, so a little gentle pressure is necessary for its restoration. I am sure that this can be applied without the smallest difficulty, or the slightest injustice to any one whatever, provided only that nothing be unduly rushed or hurried. I am persuaded that nothing less than making the national language essential in the national University can convince the Irish-

speaking population that they really and truly possess in their language a great asset of the highest national importance, and that nothing short of this will bring home to the mind of the Gaelic Irishman that after three or four hundred years of oppression he is at last ceasing to be the under dog in Ireland, and I firmly believe that until he loses the sense of inferiority that has been so long and so sedulously impressed upon him the Irish nation can neither thrive nor prosper.

That the country at large is of this way of thinking is shown by the fact that nineteen County Councils, including the whole of Munster and Connacht, two of the provinces that will most largely feed the University, have passed resolutions calling on the Senate to make Irish an essential. . . . Several of these County Councils have gone further and pledged themselves to raise no rates for the University (they have the statutory power to raise a penny in the pound) unless this be done. About one hundred and thirty District and Urban Councils and Boards of Guardians out of about one hundred and seventy have adopted the same resolution. The General Council of County Councils (the nearest approach to an all-Ireland representative body) have adopted it also with only one dissentient. The great national convention held last February, at which two thousand delegates were present from County Councils, Borough Councils, District Councils and branches of the United Irish League from all over Ireland, passed the Gaelic League resolution by a majority of three to one, although Mr. John Dillon, M.P., in a most powerful speech tried to dissuade them from doing so. On no other subject except that of Home Rule has the country been so unanimous. If the Senate consider themselves as in a fiduciary rather than a didactic position, and consequently bound to administer Irish education in the way demanded by the Irish people, then the result has been already decided.

But the Senate may not take this view.

MILITARY PERTHSHIRE

WILLIAM MACKAY, Inverness

THIS paper has been suggested, and, if I may use the word, inspired, by the remarkable volumes recently published by the Marchioness of Tullibardine—*A Military History of Perthshire, 1660-1902*, and *A Military History of Perthshire, 1899-1902*.[1] It can be said with truth that no county in Scotland has given to the British Empire so many soldiers and sailors of distinction as the great half-Highland, half-Lowland County of Perth, or has done more to place the deeds of the brave on record. Among other works dealing more or less with military affairs, it has given us Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, which, although published so long ago as 1822, is still the acknowledged authority on the military history of the Highlands; *The Atholl Chronicles*, by the present Duke of Atholl; *The History of the Clan Gregor*, by Miss Murray Macgregor, of Macgregor; and now these two sumptuous volumes, of which Lady Tullibardine is editor, and, for the most part, author.

The second of the volumes is, in her Ladyship's words, 'intended in the first instance as an appreciation of the services rendered by Perthshire men who served in South Africa during the late war, and, indirectly, as a tribute to British soldiers and sailors in general.' It records the services of Perthshire men, and of men serving in Perthshire regiments in the Boer war, the last Soudan expedition, and the various campaigns on the Indian frontier during the decade which closed in 1903. The volume, with its numerous portraits—upwards of 1000—of officers and men, is one of great interest, and its value will become even greater as the generations pass; but to present-day readers, and especially to readers who have Highland blood in their veins, or are moved by

[1] Perth: R. A. and J. Hay. Glasgow: J. Maclehose and Sons. Edinburgh: William Brown.

Highland sentiment, the volume of supreme interest is the first and larger one. Within its 634 pages it contains a great quantity of material which no future historian of any Scottish district can safely leave unexamined. Primarily it is a Perthshire book, but the writers, in describing Perthshire battles, and recording events in which Perthshire soldiers and sailors took a part, of necessity give much information regarding men and occurrences in other parts of the country. And, while the volume is a rich storehouse on which future writers are certain to draw, it is much more than an accumulation of antiquarian facts. It is full of well-written literary articles, without a speck of dry-as-dustness about them ; and its portraits, illustrations, and maps are of the utmost interest and value.

The work divides itself into six sections. The first consists of thirteen articles on the Perthshire Regiments of the Regular Army, of which the Editor contributes five, Mr. Andrew Ross four, and Mr. Allan M'Aulay, the Duke of Atholl, Mr. W. B. Blaikie, and Sir James Ramsay of Bamff one each. These run from the Earl of Atholl's and Major-General William Drummond's Troops of Horse, 1666-67, to the 116th Regiment of Foot, 1794-95. The second section is taken up with nine articles on the Reserve Forces of Perthshire, from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, six of which are by the Editor, one by her and Colonel Smythe of Methven, and two by Mr. Ross. Of the three articles on battles fought in Perthshire, which fill the third section, Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine contributes the one on 'Some Early Perthshire Battles,' while those on the 'Battle of Killiecrankie and the Battle of Sheriffmuir' are by the Editor. The fourth section contains articles by Mr. W. B. Blaikie on 'Perthshire in the 'Fifteen and the Affair of Glenshiel,' 'Perthshire in the 'Forty-five' and 'Lord George Murray' ; and the fifth consists of forty-six sketches by the Editor, Miss Eleanor C. Sellar, Mrs. W. J. Watson, Miss Murray Macgregor, Mr. Graham Hope, Mr. Andrew Ross, Mr. W. B. Blaikie, and Mr. Blaikie Murdoch,

of 'Perthshire's Men of Action,' among whom we find men whose reputation is world-wide, from the Marquis of Montrose, 1612-50, to Sir Charles Metcalfe Macgregor, 1840-87. Of these numerous contributions we can only refer to a few of those which are likely to prove of most interest to Highlanders.

The origin of the Black Watch (of which Mr. Ross and Mr. M'Aulay write) is traced to the Independent Companies which were formed as early as 1667, for the purpose of 'securing the peace of the Highlands,' and which were recruited from clansmen all over the Highlands, and commanded by representatives of influential Highland families. In 1725 six companies of Highlanders were raised, which in time became known as *Am Freiceadan Dubh*, or 'The Black Watch,' from the contrast of the 'sombreness of their attire, their dark-hued tartan, and general lack of military embellishment,' to the bright uniform of the *Saighdearan Dearg*, or 'Red Soldiers.' In 1740 these companies were embodied as a Regiment of the Line at Aberfeldy. The regiment is therefore justly enough claimed by Perthshire, but the lists given in this volume show that it and the companies which were merged into it contain many names from the counties of Inverness, Ross, Banff, Argyll, and Dumbarton, including the name of Simon, Lord Lovat.

In connection with the raising, in 1780, of the 73rd or Perthshire Regiment (originally the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch), Mr. Blaikie commends the Highlanders for loyally accepting the inevitable after the feelings raised by the events connected with the 'Forty-five had subsided, and patriotically placing their services at the disposal of their country, which was then and for many years afterwards in much need of them. 'The list of the original officers of the second battalion of the 42nd,' he writes, 'shows many historic Highland names, both Whig and Jacobite. The colonel was Lord John Murray, who had commanded the Royal Highland Regiment since 1745. The lieutenant-colonel was Norman Macleod of Macleod,

grandson and successor of the Macleod who so fiercely opposed Prince Charles. The major was Patrick Græme, second son of the Jacobite Laird of Inchbrakie, who married a daughter of Oliphant of Gask. Among the captains and subalterns were James Drummond, who afterwards bore the historic title of Lord Perth; Colin Campbell, a nephew of Glenure, the victim of the Appin murder; John Grant, grandson of the Jacobite Chief of Glenmoriston; Alexander Macgregor of Balhaldies, son of the Jacobite agent of the previous generation; and Robert Robertson, a younger son of Lude, and a grandson of "Lady Lude" of the 'Forty-five, the most ardent Jacobite in Perthshire.' The same preference of country to party was shown in connection with other Highland regiments. The most striking instances, perhaps, are the raising of the Fraser Regiment by Lord Lovat's eldest son, Simon Fraser, who had commanded his clan in Prince Charles's interest, and the raising of the 73rd Regiment by Lord Macleod, who, with his father, the Earl of Cromartie, had been out in the same cause.

The story of the Battle of Killiecrankie is interestingly told by the Editor, who discusses the route taken by Dundee from Blair to Killiecrankie, and the true site of the battle. Upon these points much controversy has taken place, but Lady Tullibardine appears to have conclusively proved that Dundee marched his main force up the left bank of the Fender, behind the hill of Lude, and, proceeding down the Clune Burn, gave battle to Mackay on the lower slopes of Craig Eallaich, a short distance behind, or to the north of, Urrard House. A helpful map accompanies the article.

Of the many Perthshire personages of whom accounts are given, two of the most interesting are the Marquess of Tullibardine and Lord George Murray, brothers, who in defiance of the wishes of their father, the first Duke of Atholl, joined the Earl of Mar in the 'Fifteen. On the collapse of the rising, they escaped to the Hebrides, from which they sailed for France. Tullibardine was attainted, and lost his birthright, his younger brother, Lord James Murray, taking his

place in the Atholl title and estates. Tullibardine commanded the Jacobites in the Affair of Glenshiel in 1719. With a price of £2000 on his head, he wandered for a time in Glengarry, Knoydart, and the Hebrides. He ultimately found his way to France, where he resided until 1745, 'often in great poverty, sometimes in prison for debt.' Finally, he accompanied Prince Charles to Scotland, unfurled the standard at Glenfinnan, and on the march south rested with the Prince for a few days in his ancestral castle of Blair. 'His reception,' remarks Mr. Blaikie, 'might well be hailed as a happy omen by the disinherited Prince Charles, for no sooner had the Marquess set foot in Atholl than he was met by "men, women, and children who came running from their houses, kissing and caressing their master, whom they had not seen for thirty years"; and he was given a welcome evincing "the strongest affection, which could not fail to move every generous mind with a mixture of grief and joy." The people of Atholl accepted him as their Duke, and his arrival gave a great impetus to the Cause.' But the Cause was not destined to succeed. After Culloden, Tullibardine wandered in Badenoch, Rannoch, Balquidder, and the Loch Lomond district, so ill and weak that he had to be carried in a pannier on horseback, until, betrayed by William Buchanan, younger of Drummikill, who fell before the £1000 blood-money —never paid!—when the starving Seven Men of Glenmoriston were successfully resisting the £30,000 bribe, he was captured, sent to London and imprisoned in the Tower, where he soon died, at the age of fifty-seven.

The career of Lord George was equally romantic. He joined the Expedition of 1719, and was wounded while commanding the right wing at Glenshiel, on 10th June. He wandered among the mountains of Inverness-shire, Strathbogie, and Mar until the following April, when he crossed to Holland. He was pardoned in 1725, and, returning to Scotland, married and settled down in the old house of Tullibardine as a quiet, country gentleman, the friend and adviser of his neighbours, delighting in husbandry, gardening, and

sport. Until 1745 he lived the most peaceful of lives, taking no part in plot or intrigue; and the world, and probably himself, came to believe that he had abandoned the Cause of the Stewarts. But a letter written by Prince Charles to him from Blair Castle changed all, and, on 4th September, he joined his brother in the Jacobite army at Perth, and became Lieutenant-General. He faithfully adhered to the Cause until all was ended at Culloden, but, as an experienced soldier, who in the estimation of Mr. Blaikie 'ranks with Montrose and Dundee as one of the great leaders of Highlanders,' he had nothing but contempt for the capacity of the Irish adventurers who were the Prince's advisers; and, unfortunately for himself, he took no pains to conceal his feelings. The result was that almost from the outset he suffered from the ill-will of the Irishmen, and from the suspicion of the Prince. He approved of the proposed surprise march from Culloden to Nairn, but, when it became evident that the project had failed, he, notwithstanding the Prince's orders to the contrary, turned back the Highlanders to Culloden, where they awaited Cumberland's attack. Charges of treachery were hurled at his head, and the famous John Roy Stewart, with true Celtic impulse, came to believe that they were true. That soldier bard, in his poem on Culloden Day, does not spare his discredited chief:—

Is mor eucoir an luchd-òrduigh,
An fhuil ud a dhòrtadh le foill;
Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deòrsa,
Fhuair e 'n lath' ud air òrdugh dha féin!
. . . . . .
Mheall e sinne le 'chòmhradh,
'S gu'n robh ar barail ro mhòir air r'a linn.

[Great is the iniquity of the commanders,
To have spilt that blood with treachery;
My seven curses on George,
He got that day to his own ordering!
. . . . . .
He deceived us with his conversation,
And that our opinion of him was too high in his time.']

And in another lay on the same unhappy day, Stewart returns to the charge :—

Mas fior an dàna gu' cheann,
Gu 'n robh Àchan 's a' champ—
Dearg mheirleach nan raud [?] 's nam breugan !

B'e sin an Seanalair mòr !
Gràin is mallachd an t-slòigh !
Reic e onoir 's a chòir air eucoir !

Thionndaidh e 'choileir 's a chleòc,
Air son an sporain bu mhò—
Rinn sud dolaidh do sheòid righ Seumas !

[If my lay be true to its end,
There was an Achan in the camp—
Fell thief, full of deceits [?] and lies.

That was the great General !
The loathing and the curse of the people !
He sold his honour and his integrity for evil !

He turned his collar and his cloak
For the purse that was biggest—
Which did hurt to the heroes of King James !]

Although with the ordinary clansmen, for whose comfort and well-being he had always been solicitous, Lord George was popular, many of them followed John Roy Stewart in the belief in his guilt. The general verdict of chiefs and officers was, however, in his favour.

Many years after Culloden, that devoted Jacobite without guile, Alexander MacNab of Inishewen, who had himself been a captain in the Prince's army, and had in the days of trouble befriended the Glenmoriston saviours of Prince Charles, wrote a Vindication of Lord George which, so far as I am aware, has not hitherto been printed. In it he attributes the charge to private malice, and declares : 'From my own observations, Lord George's conduct was not only blameless, but likewise true and loyal to his Prince, from his first entering into the service until the whole affair was over.'

The Vindication—a MS. copy of which is in my possession —is worth quoting :—

'In the first place, it was owing to his [Lord George's] intelligence and advice we retreated from Derby, having received information that General Wade was to the east, the Duke of Cumberland marching towards the centre, and Ligoneer at Newcastle-under-Line, within six miles of Derby, so that we were nearly surrounded by these three different armies.

'In the second place, previous to the battle of Falkirk, Lord George marched from that town before daylight to Linlithgow, to carry off all the provisions and forage which General Hawley had ordered to be ready for the use of his own troops. General Hawley's advance guard unexpectedly met ours at the east end of Linlithgow, upon which they retired to General Hawley. Immediately we marched out of the town to meet Hawley, when we observed he had retreated as far as Wineburgh, and, imagining he had gone back to Edinburgh, we returned to Linlithgow to execute our first design. But Hawley, marching to Bathgate, the first information we had of his route was seeing his troops advancing in three colums above the town. Immediately Lord George ordered the bagpipes to play and march slowly through the town to make a point to meet General Hawley till all our men were out of the houses, when, making a front of our rear, we retreated to Falkirk, the enemy pursuing us by the back of the town in order to intercept us before passing the Bridge of Linlithgow, so that their front came to the Braehead at the one end when our rear was at the other. If Lord George had been so inclined, it was easy for him, without the least suspicion upon his part, to have frustrated that very day the whole of his Prince's views, as matters were situated.

'Thirdly, at the battle of Falkirk he shewed both courage and good conduct, being placed on the right wing. Standing himself in the front line, he put his wig in his pocket, and, *scrogging* his bonnet, gave orders not to fire till the dragoons had fired first, as they made several attempts to make us discharge first. This I was eye-witness to, being placed at a small distance from his Lordship, where John Roy Stewart and Mr. Oliphant of Gask stood beside him. The Dragoons being broke by our fire, and a great number killed, as they were so near, the Highlanders threw away their guns to attack them sword in hand, when Lord George sent Mr. Oliphant, his aide-de-camp, ordering the men to take up their guns and charge immediately, as he supposed the infantry to be nigh the Dragoons, as there was a small eminence that intercepted our view, and would be ready

to receive us with their fire; but he could not prevail with the common soldiers from rushing forward and meeting the Glasgow militia behind the Dragoons, as he at first judiciously suspected.

'In the fourth place, before the Battle of Culloden we rested a night and part of two days on Culloden Muir, expecting the enemy from Nairn, during which time we received no refreshment, only a hard sea biscuit each man towards the evening of the second day, and as soon as it turned dark that night we marched to surprise and attack the enemy in their camp at Nairn before daylight, and Lord George in front. The tediousness of our march through bad roads and bad weather, joined to the darkness of the night, so that you could not decern a white from a black horse altho' standing beside you, retarded our march so much that at break of day we were two miles from Nairn, so that Lord George and the whole Commanding officers saw it prudent to retire for that day, as the troops were so much fatigued, until they got some refreshment and rest, not expecting the enemy to follow them that day, as it did not promise to be fair and, tho' this was judged prudent by the whole Commanding Officers, yet the common soldiers reflected upon Lord George for the fatigue and retreat, as if he had corresponded with the enemy, which was merely impossible at that time. The most of our army went to Inverness for some refreshment, the rest remained with the Prince about Culloden House, when information was brought that the Enemy were on their march to Culloden Muir. Immediately a party of horse were dispatched to reconnoitre the enemy, and their advanced guard met our reconnoitring party on the height about a mile South-East of Culloden House, and immediately retired upon seeing us. The Prince, with all that remained of his army about Culloden House, marched directly up the hill, when the enemy were on their march in three colums, about a mile distant, and, when those at Inverness were informed of it, each ran with the best speed they could, and so were coming up in different parties without observing order, and, as I was afterwards informed, the Prince sent orders to Lord George to attack immediately with the handful of men that remained, before the Enemy had formed, which Lord George refused to do till the whole would come up from Inverness; for a gentleman that was present informed me of a conversation that passed betwixt the Prince and John Roy Stewart in the suilking [skulking] time, when the former expressing his displeasure of Lord George's conduct at Culloden, John Roy Stewart replied, had it been any other than his Highness, he could take upon him to vindicate Lord George's Conduct. Then the Prince said, "Well, John, I am another person, let

me hear your vindication"; after which John Roy Stewart vindicated Lord George; the Prince then asked, "Well, John, have you done?" John replied, Please his Highness, he had. "Well," says the Prince, "before the Enemy had formed, I sent Lord George an Aide-de-Camp with orders to attack immediately, in which if I had been obeyed I would drive their front in their rear; which order I repeated several times without being obeyed, and, by the time the enemy had formed, I sent orders to the Duke of Perth, who immediately obeyed, but it was then too late. I know," continued he, "Lord George would make a very good Dragoon, but he knows very little of the General"; and so the conversation ended; but he did not express during the whole the least insinuation or suspicion of his disloyalty in any manner, only he was highly displeased with his disobeying orders at the Battle of Culloden.

'It was no matter of surprise that Lord George was unwilling to engage with the few who came up the hill at first, till the whole at Inverness would arrive; for, as I heard afterwards, it was computed we only had seventeen hundred in our front, and only line, for we had no other except Lord John Drummond's regiment, and the Prince's Guard, amounting to about two hundred, and only one field piece, and we were flanked on the right by the Argyllshire Militia, and Dragoons, and none to cover the horse on our left; most of the Regiments there wanted near a third of their men, who went to see their wives at home, but did not come up in time, Cluny Macpherson and all his men, with Lord Cromarty's Regiment, Barisdale and the Macgregors, with such others as went to Sutherland to collect the cess, as our finances were quite exhausted; so that it was no matter of surprise that Lord George should wait the coming up of those at Inverness, considering the fewness of the number in whole, before engaging the Enemy, as they had at least thrice our number, with suitable Artillery. I was well informed that after Lord George went abroad he employed the Scots College at Paris to receive all the accusations against him, which he would make it his business to make satisfactory answers to; but I did not hear of one single act of accusation having been lodged against him.

'I have no motive or inducement for the above vindication but merely doing justice to injured innocence, which I am sure is the case here, and that I flatter myself there are few in life now who knew the different circumstances as I did. At Inishewen, the fourteenth of March, Seventeen hundred and ninety-five years.

'Alexr. MacNab.'

In view of John Roy Stewart's poetic maledictions, MacNab's reference to his opinion of Lord George is curious, and the questions arise—When did Stewart become convinced of Lord George's guilt? and—Was the change of opinion the result of his intercourse in France with Prince Charles's Irish officers? Lord George died an exile in 1760, thirty-five years before Inishewen wrote his Vindication, and eleven years after the death of the other exile, John Roy Stewart. Four years after Lord George's death his son became Duke of Atholl.

TOPOGRAPHICAL VARIA

W. J. Watson

tros

Old Welsh *tros*, across, modern Welsh *traws*, is paralleled in several Perthshire names. To the south of Loch Rannoch is *Troscraig*, Cross-rock, applied to a rock which lies athwart the general run of its neighbours. The same base with extensions is seen in *na Tròisichean*, the Trossachs, *i.e.* the places lying athwart, between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray. This exactly describes the Trossachs, which fill the gap at the end of Loch Katrine so completely that Loch Katrine's waters have to seek a way for themselves between the Trossachs and the foot of Ben Venue. The curious name Throsk in Stirlingshire, situated near the Forth, may be a derivative of *tros* as *crosg*, a cross place, is from *crois* or rather *cross*, a cross. With this again may be compared the great hill *Trosgaich* at the north end of Loch Lomond, overlooking *Làirig Airnein*, Arnan's crossing; Trosgaich, crossing place, has been transferred from the *làirig* or crossing, to the hill above it. But the old meaning still lingers, for a good authority of his own accord declined to say definitely whether Trosgaich is the name of the hill or not rather of the pass.

Tros may be old Pictish. On the other hand it may be Strathclyde Welsh. Loch Lomond itself is in Welsh Llyn

Llumonwy, Lake of Lumon-water, which seems to be plain Welsh for Beacon-water, and *llumon* being borrowed from Latin *lumen*, as its phonetics show, is at any rate not a native Pictish term. The probability is that the name was given by the Strathclyde Britons from beacon fires on Ben Lomond. Gaelic has taken over the name as Loch Laoiminn, in north Gaelic *Loch Laomuinn*, with phonetics influenced by the personal and hero name *Laomuinn* (Norse Law-man) with which it has no real connection. With Ben Lomond may be compared the Welsh Plynlimmon, for Pumlumon. Two or three miles beyond Trosgaich, as one goes up Glenfalloch, is *Clach nam Breatan*, the Britons' stone, a great roughly oblong slab about ten feet long, standing at an angle of about 30° on a cairn of moraine matter. The stone is not visible from the public road, except, I think, at one particular point, but may be readily located by leaving the road at a point a little over a mile beyond Glenfalloch farm (properly Clachnambreatan farm) before one comes to the Falls of Falloch, and, keeping to the left, crossing the railway line above the powder magazine, which latter will serve as a guide when to leave the public road. There are many stones on the hillside, but Clach nam Breatan is too conspicuous to be missed or mistaken. It is well to be thus minute, for it is too probable that in a few years it might be impossible to identify it from local information.

There are several other names in the Menteith district which might reasonably be claimed as Strathclyde Welsh, but these may be reserved for discussion at some other time.

esc, Ἴσκα.

The old Irish *esc*, water, Ptolemy's Ἴσκα, whence the river names Exe, Esk, Welsh Usg, appears in Irish in the term Murrisc, a sea-fen, sea-swamp, and in *easgaidh*, a quagmire. Hence, also, our Gaelic *easgann*, Old Irish *escung*, fen-snake (*ung*, Latin *anguis*[1]). The derivative *easgaidh* seems to be obsolete in Scottish Gaelic, but it appears in at least two

[1] MacBain's *Etymological Dictionary*.

northern place-names. The eastern part of the present farm of Clashnabuiack, Alness, Ross-shire, was formerly a distinct holding, containing a swampy hollow now drained, and called in Gaelic *Pollaisgidh*, for *poll* + *easgaidh*, meaning fen-hollow. The other instance occurs at the west end of Loch Ruthven, at the head of Strathnairn, where there is a low-lying farm, much of it once swampy, called Aberskye (accented on first syllable), in Gaelic *Abairsgidh*. Here *abar* is the term seen also in Loch-aber, Irish *abar*, marshy land, now *eabar*, mud, in spoken Scottish Gaelic. Thus Aberskye means mud-fen. The contraction of *Abareasgaidh* into *Abairsgidh* is due to the stress on the first part of the compound. Esky Loch[1] is probably a third instance; but more should be forthcoming.

benn.

The primary meaning of *benn* is 'horn,' hence 'peak,' and in Ireland the bens are peaked hills. With us in Scotland the term, in the oblique form *beinn*, is extended to apply to any hill without regard to shape, though traces of the old usage are common. The diminutive *binnean* always denotes a peaked hill, sometimes by no means diminutive in size. The Binnean in Glendochart is 3821 feet in height. The adjective *beannach* always means 'peaked,' and is applied to a variety of things, including lochs: Loch Beannach, horned loch, is a common name, usually mistranslated. The classical instance is Lacus Bēnācus (Bennācus) in the north of Italy, now Laco de Garda, so called from its running to a horn. The same word with extension is found in Loch Vennachar, Gael. *Loch Bheannchair*, practically the horned loch, or rather loch of the horn-shaped place. In Ross-shire we have the duplicate *Loch Bheannacharan*, with still another extension. It may be noted that *cròc*, antler, is used in a way exactly similar; *Loch Cròcach*, antlered loch; *Lochan na Cròice*, lochlet of the antler. In all these instances the horn is

[1] W. J. N. Liddall's *Place-Names of Fife and Kinross.*

horizontal, not vertical. The vertical meaning is seen, however, in Benly, Gaelic *Binniligh*, a pointed hill at Abriachan, Inverness, from *benn* + *lach*, place of the horn or peak. A more recondite case is found in Ross-shire in the hill-name *Benndealt*, which was long obscure to me. The hill consists of a ridge dipping towards the middle and having a distinct peak at each end. When one remembers that the Ross-shire Gaelic for saddle is *dïalt* (not *diollaid*) the meaning is plainly seen to be 'peak-saddle.' The numerous places called Benchar, Banchor, Bangor, Banchory, are all of the same derivation, but whether the horn in these is horizontal or vertical requires local knowledge in each particular case to determine.

mion; gàg.

The adjective *mion*, small (Latin *min-or*), occurs very seldom in names of places. It is seen in Minard on Loch Fyne, *mion* + *àird*, small cape, and in the *Mionchnoc*, the little hill, to the west of Fyrish, Novar. On Gordon of Straloch's Map (1641-8)appears 'Mountains . . . Minigeg' in the Struan neighbourhood, and the Grampian range here is still called *Monadh Mion-gaig*, the mountain range of 'Minigeg.' Here the second element is *gàg*, a cleft, the whole meaning 'little cleft,' as distinguished from the various other names involving *gàg* in that wild region. Best known of these is Gaick, in Gaelic *Gàig* (locative case), of sinister reputation. There are also *Garbhgag*, rough cleft, *Singaig*, old cleft, and *Mungaig*, this last involving *mun*, which is probably of same root as *monadh*. The latter two names, and also Miongaig, have the short indefinite or 'sporadic' vowel sound between the two parts of the compound. The use of *gàg* in this district is one of the many instances of the fondness of special localities for special terms. There may be added *Baile na Gàig*, near Dochgarroch, Inverness, a cosy stead, with a cleft in the ridge immediately behind it, also the stream *Faragaig*, Stratherrick.

ith, iodh, ithir.

In Old Irish the generic term for corn is *ith*, genitive *etho*. One of the plains of Ireland, cleared by the people of Partholon (some eight generations after the Flood, say the legends) was Mag Ita or Mag Ioth, thus giving corn-growing in Ireland a high antiquity. The word is obsolete with us, except in the compound *iodhlann* (*iodh* + *lann*), a corn-yard. It occurs, however, in a few names of places best known of which is Tiree, 'Tir-iodh iosal an eòrna,' low-lying Tiree of the barley, famed for its fertility even in the sixth century, when it was tilled by Columban monks. Adamnan Latinises it as Ethica Insula and its sea as Ethicum Pelagus, showing, I suppose, that in his time the Gaelic of it was Tir-etho.

From *ith* is formed *ithir*, corn-land, and I venture to think that to this we may look for the derivation of the names Strathyre and Stronyre at the head of Loch Lubnaig. Stronyre is a promontory, flat and fertile, by the loch side, forming part of the farm of Laggan. In Gaelic it is *Sròn-eadhair*, and Strathyre is *Srath-eadhair*, though here the *th* of *srath* is in pronunciation rather made to go with the second part, whence a local explanation as 'Strath of the tether' (teadhair) with reference to the windings of the quiet *Balbhaig* which flows through it. But the pronunciation of *Sròn-eadhair* gives the key to the right division, and I think that the names mean Point and Strath of the corn-land. I venture further to identify Strathyre with the place mentioned in the *Annals of Ulster*, under date 653: 'Bellum *Sratho Ethairt* ubi Duncath mac Conaing cecidit,' the battle of Strath-ethart, in which fell Duncan, son of Conang. Conang was son of Aedan, King of Dalriada, who died in 621 A.D.

Monzie, in Strathearn, appears on record *c.* 1230 as Mugedha; 1268, Monyhge; 1282, Mothyethe; 1283, Muyhe; and the modern Gaelic is *Magh-eadh*. This, as has been pointed out in an appendix to the recently published *Charters*

of Inchaffray Abbey, may be explained with tolerable certainty as 'Plain of Corn,' a parallel to the Irish Magh Ioth. It will be noted how closely the modern Gaelic form coincides with the oldest charter spelling; the spelling of 1283 is really a very fair phonetic attempt at the same sound, and of value as showing that the Gaelic then was exactly what it is now. The puzzling *n*, which appears both in the English form and in the spelling of 1268, is explained by Professor Mackinnon as the ancient *n*- after neuters, *magh* (Gaulish *magos mages*-) having been originally neuter. Very similar is the case of the adjacent Monzievaird, which appears in the Inchaffray Charters as 1203, Monewarde; 1234, 1239, Moytheuard; 1265, Monyvard; while the present day Gaelic is *Magh-bhàrd*. If it is curious that the old *n* should be represented in the charter spellings of these names, it is still more curious that it has stuck in their modern Englished forms. Yet these are only examples of a large class of names where very ancient forms are preserved after the manner of fossils in modern English. Lovat, for instance, which is doubtless Pictish (root *lov*, wash), is never heard in Gaelic speech; it is always *A' Mhor'oich*, 'the sea-plain,' possibly a translation made when the meaning of the Pictish Lovat was still understood. Balkeith, near Tain, is in Gaelic *Baile na Coille*, also very possibly a translation from the Pictish. The modern Gaelic of Daviot near Inverness is *Deimhidh*, which Dr. MacBain happily identified as to derivation with the Welsh Demetae, now Dyfed. From about 1203 onwards, Daviot appears on record as Deveth; the Aberdeen Daviot appears in early documents as Davyoth. Here and in many other cases we have the curious phenomenon of a sort of double nomenclature, the present day Gaelic and the English forms, the former showing the usual regular phonetic changes, the latter preserving fossilised a very old pronunciation. These English forms have been explained as revivals; but this theory, while it may explain some instances, seems to be on the whole inadequate, and the whole subject deserves consideration.

A MODERN INSTANCE OF EVIL-EYE

THE following occurred in the island of Grimsey, North Uist, during the month of February 1906. It happened that a man from Benbecula came to Grimsey to purchase a horse. He was aware that a crofter named MacAulay, residing at Mas-Ghrimisa, had a horse to sell, but knew also that the price would be more than he could give, as the horse was of a handsome, showy breed. In his course through the island he passed MacAulay's house, spoke a few words in passing, and said a word in praise of MacAulay's horse.

That evening the horse got suddenly very ill. MacAulay tried such remedies as were known to him, but as these did not cure, he bethought himself of a woman in the neighbourhood who had the power to counteract the evil-eye. This she used by means of 'Eolas-an-t-snathlain,' the Charm of the thread. MacAulay told her of his horse's illness. She at once set about the charm, procured three pieces of woollen thread, red, blue, and green, twined each into a three-stranded thread, knotted them together, and gave the complete thread to MacAulay with instructions to tie it round the tail of the sick horse on the bony stump under the long hair of the tail. This MacAulay did, and as a matter of fact the horse got better within an hour.

Mrs. Maclean, the operator, used her fingers and teeth to twine the thread, during which she crooned the rune given here.

The writer heard of the circumstances, and went to inquire of Mrs. Maclean regarding it. She frankly told that she had the power, and that her mother had it before her; that she is not conscious of any 'possession,' but simply goes on always believing toward success, never towards defeat; that she was never unsuccessful in any case; that she can at once tell whether the evil or illness has arisen from an evil, envious wish or is merely accidental; if the latter she has no difficulty, nor has she any opposition to overcome, and she

stops at once; if the former (*i.e.* arising from an envious heart) she distinctly knows and feels opposition, and has to brace herself, to a greater or less degree, to stem and overcome the influence against her. If the struggle is severe she emerges from the contest quite exhausted, and on several occasions had to keep her bed for a day or two; on one occasion she had to do so for four days.

The writer asked her if she knew how she might keep or lose the faculty or gift. She replied that if she began at any time to live a wicked, abandoned life, gave up prayer and cultivating the Christian graces, she was fully persuaded that the faculty or capacity would 'wane and fade away and disappear' (chrionadh agus sheargadh e, agus chaillinn e). Mrs. Maclean is known as a woman of integrity and purity of life.

What the power is or what it consists of she could not say. One thing is plain, that whatever it be it is natural, or rather a natural development of a sense that is usually dormant. Mrs. Maclean has been uniformly successful also as a local midwife (bean-ghlùin), and mentioned that when called to attend she feels herself helpless in the grasp—the friendly grasp—of a power that controls her, and to this she attributes her success in that line. The following is the Eolas she used in counteracting the evil eye :—

Tha mi tilleadh gonadh sul;
Ann an ainm Righ nan Dul.
A uchd Pheadair, a uchd Phoil:
  Paidir Moire a h-aon,
  Paidir Moire a dha,
  Paidir Moire a tri,
  Paidir Moire a ceithir,
  Paidir Moire a cuig,
  Paidir Moire a sia,
  Paidir Moire a seachd,
Bitheadh tusa slan an nochd,
Tog suas a Dhe nan Dul.
Tog suas a Chriosda chaomh,
  An ainm an Athar,
  An ainm a' Mhic—Amen.

PIOBAIREAN SMEARCLEIT

From the MSS. of the late Rev. Father Allan Macdonald

Bha 'ad ag obair bho ghrein gu grein air chor 's gu'n robh 'ad ainmeil mu dheireadh. 'S ann 's a Chlaigionn a bha 'ad a fuireach. Mu 'n àm am bheil mi dol a dheanamh beagan seanchais mu dheaghainn bha iad ann an t-athair agus a thriuir mhac, dithis glic agus am fear eile bha car 'g a dhith. Cha robh am fear gorach ri piobaireachd idir. Cha togadh e i. Cha robh e ach ag obair air tuathanachas. Tha loch ann an Smearcleit ris an can iad an Loch Briste agus tha ad ag radh gur e na piobairean, an àm a bhi spaidsearachd 's a seinn na pioba, a chladhaich an loch. 'S ann a bh' ann roimhe blianag reidh a bha na cuidhe 's tha 'n garadh ri fhaicinn fhathast air gach taobh dha 'n loch.

Bha lagh aca 's a bhaile agus crodh a bhaile uile gu leir anns a chuidhe agus chuir iad cruinn co bhiodh 'g fhaire na cuidhe h-uile h-oidhche, 'dithis mu seach gus an ruitheadh e air a bhaile. An gille luideach a bha so aig a phiobaire dh' fhalbh e fhein agus nighean nabaidh a bh' aige a dh' fhaire na cuidhe.

Chunnaic iad an Sithean Ruadh os cionn tigh Eoghainn 'ic Caluim a fosgladh. Dh' iarr esan air an nighin am brod snathaid gun chro a bh'aice na brollach 's gu'n reachadh e dha'n t-sithein 's e fosgailte. Cha robh ise deonach a toirt da. Bhuail i air trod ris ag radh c' aite am fanadh ise 's gu 'm biodh i marbh leis an eagal ann an sud leatha fhein. 'Tha chead agad a bhi marbh ach thoir thusa dhomh am brod snathaid.' Nuair a dhubh dh' fhairtlich air gu 'n tugadh i dha e thug e cruinn leum h-uice 's thug e bh'uaip e 'g a h-aindeoin. Dh'fhag e ise aig a chachaileith 's mach a ghabh e agus chaidh e dh'an t-Sithean Ruadh. Chuir e 'm brod anns an arddorus. Cho luath 's a chaidh e stigh dh' fhaighneachd iad dheth c' aite robh e dol no gu de 'n ealain a bha e 'g iarraidh. 'S i phiobaireachd an ealain a tha mise 'g iarraidh.' Thuirt leth-shean duine a bh' ann a sin e thighinn far an robh esan 's gu 'n tugadh e sud da. 'Co dhu ibh 's fhearr leat tlachd a bhi agad

fhein dha 'n phiob na tlachd a bhi aig càch dhith?' os an sitheach. 'Bu mhath leum tlachd a bhi againn dhith le cheile, agam fhein 's aig càch.' 'Teann a nall agus fosgail do bhial agus cuiridh mise mo theangaidh ma chuairt na d' phluicean.' Rinn e sin. Thug am bodach a sin a nall piob agus shìn e dha i agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth co dhiubh a bha port aige fhein no 'n ionnsuicheadh iad port dha. Thuirt esan gu'n robh port aige fhein agus chluich agus rinn e e anns a mhionaid uarach, 's cha robh e 'n taing port iarraidh orrasan. So am port a rinn an gille.

Tha 'n crodh laoigh air aodan Chorrabheinn
Uisge 's gaoth air aodan Chorrabheinn
'S tha 'n crodh eil an Eilean-an-fheidh[1]
Tha 'n crodh laoigh 's an fhraoch aig Mairi.

(Tha siubhal eil ann nach eil idir agamsa ors' an seanchaidh.)

Fhuair e phiob 'nuair a chluich e 'm port. Ghabh e sin a mach agus thug e 'm brod as an arddorus leis. Rainig e an nighean aig a chachaileith far na dh' fhag e i. Shin e dhith am brod snathaid, 's thug e 'n tigh air. Dh' fhosgail e cist athair 's thug e aiste 'phiob agus càch nan cadal. Ghabh e mach as an tigh leithe dha 'n athaigh air culaibh an tigh. Chuir e suas a phiob anns an athaigh. Dhuisg na gillean 's an athair. Bha e air ainm 's an àm gu 'n robh piobaire Eireannach dol a thighinn 'g am fiachainn. Thuirt na gillean gu 'n robh 'm piobaire Eireannach air tighinn. Dh' fhaoighneachd iad dha 'n athair an robh e cluinntinn a chiuil.

'Thà,' os esan. 'Faodaidh sinne a phiob a phasgadh,' os na gillean. Thuirt am bodach nach ruigeadh iad a leas fhathast. 'Ma shiubhail e 'n domhan na 'n saoghal s e buille meoir mo mhic a tha sud.' 'Cha 'n urrainn sin a bhith,' osa fear de na gillean. 'Cha 'n e th' ann idir. Cha do rug am fear sin air piob no air feadan bho rugadh e'. 'Cha tuirt sin dad,' os athair; 'se tha sud. Rach sibhse 'illean agus cuiridh mise geall ma sheallas sibh air ghioganachd gu 'm faic gur e mo mhac a tha sud.' Dh' eirich iad 's chuir iad umpa. Sheall

[1] Far am bheil tigh Dhomhuil Dhomhnullaich mac Aonghus mhic Alasdair, am Bornish. 'Se eilein a bha ann mu'n tugadh air falbh an t-uisge.

iad a mach. Mhuthaich iad gu soilleir dha 'm brathair a seinn na pioba 's e spaidseireachd air urlar na h-athadh. Dh' innis iad dha 'n athair gur e 'm brathair og a bha cluich na pioba. ('Nach ann aig a bhodach a bha 'm beachd 'nuair a dh' aithnich e buille meoir a mhic fhein nach do sheinn feadan riamh roimhe sin!') 'Cha'n e an t-Eireannach a th'ann idir,' os āsan, ach an luidealach gille againn fhein, agus faodaidh sinn na pioba phasgadh ri'r beothlan. Tha 'n ealain aige-sa. Dh' fhag e piob athar far an d'fhuair e i.

'S ann beagan as a dheaghaidh so thainig am piobaire Eireannach agus 's ann air a raona reidh far a bheil an Loch Briste an diugh a chaidh ad a' chluich. Nuair a choinnich iad air omhlar (urlar?) a Loch Bhriste, chruinnich moran sluaigh ann a bhuineadh do cheanna-deas na duthcha. Dh' aithnich gach boireannach agus fireannach a bh'ann gu'n gleidheadh am piobair Eireannach air a' Ghaidheal. 'Nuair a bha an sluagh cho tiugh, bha āsan a stigh nam bronn mur gu'm biodh ad ann an cuidhe. 'Nuair a' chunnaic na boirionnaich gu'n robh an t-Eireannach dol a ghleidheadh, bhuail ad air phrionachan a stobadh ann am mala na pioba aige. Leis an t-saothair a fhuair esan a' cumail gaoithe anns a mhala nach cumadh gaoth, thuit e marbh mu dheireadh. Tha e air a radh gum beil am piobaire Eireannach air a thiodhlacadh mu ròġh a' chladaich ann am Smearcleit.

A CELTIST HONOURED

Rev. Donald MacLean

Since the death of Hector MacLean and J. F. Campbell of Islay, Mr. Alexander Carmichael, whom the University of Edinburgh has deservedly honoured with the degree of LL.D., has been *facile princeps* in the domain of Highland folklore. He is a striking personality, with a strong individual flavour. In him are to be found the finest traits of the Celtic character. Buoyant with enthusiasm for all things Celtic, and with a remarkable tenacity of purpose, he has

been enabled to amass a wealth of lore and general information on the Highlands, by which he has put his countrymen and all students of Celtic matters under a debt of lasting gratitude. His contributions to Celtic literature have been numerous, and extend over a long period of time. Apart from fugitive pieces of considerable merit to be found in various periodicals, the permanent record of his work deserves a close examination. Interested as he has always been in the social condition of the Highlands, he contributed an article on Land Tenure in the Highlands to Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, which Lord Napier said had been the means of enlisting his sympathy on behalf of the crofters. In many respects one of the most valuable contributions to the *Report* of the Crofter Royal Commission is his elaborate, searching, and sympathetic paper on the 'Agrestic Customs of the Outer Isles.' Here he shows such familiarity with this subject as could only be acquired by long study, a keenly observant eye, and a quick faculty for careful discrimination.

To that monumental work, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, by J. F. Campbell, he contributed many stories which he had gathered in his pilgrimages through the Highlands. By these also his claim to be considered a foremost folklorist was established. In vol. iv. of the *Tales* is a long and careful letter from his pen on the then famous 'Ossianic Controversy.' His attempt there is to point out the correspondence of the traditional tales, recited by generation after generation of the people with the *Tales* as reproduced by Macpherson. Copious references are given which seem to put the question of the antiquity of the *Tales* beyond doubt, but the question of extant MSS. is dealt with after the manner of a Macpherson apologist. The great value of the contribution lies in the amount of local and first-hand information given on the vexed question of the *Tales*.

In the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, of which Society he is an Honorary Chieftain, are to be found several valuable contributions from him, notably the prose tale of 'Deirdire,' gathered from oral tradition. It is printed

in volumes xiii. and xiv.—which are long out of print—and has since been translated into French and German. In 1905 was published in book form '*Deirdire and The Lay of the Children of Uisne*, orally collected in the Island of Barra, and literally translated by Alexander Carmichael.' Part of this truly beautiful love romance is found in MSS. LIII. and LVI. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Dr. Whitley Stokes reproduced part of it from MS. LIII., and Professor Mackinnon has published the whole MS., with English translation, in *The Celtic Review*. The great value of Dr. Carmichael's version is that it is the only one collected from oral tradition. It belongs to the Cuchulain cycle of Gaelic Sagas, a cycle not very commonly met with in Scottish oral literature. The tale is quiet and subdued. It is free from the exaggeration peculiar to many of its class; the dignity of all the principal characters and of Deirdire herself is, indeed, striking, and the tragic death of lovely Deirdire invests the story with such pathetic interest as appeals to the emotional side of human nature. The scene of the first part of the tale is near Lochness, probably Glenurquhart. By easy movements the scene is changed to Ulster. The principal characters are Calum Cruitire, Calum the Harper, and Deirdire his daughter, 'who was above comparison of the people of the world, shapely in her person, lovely in her beauty, while her skin and her gait were like those of the swan of the lake and the hind of the hill'; Naois, Aillean, and Ardan, sons of Uisne, 'the three heroes of the greatest renown in the land'; Conchobar, the King of Ulster; Fearachar Mac Ro, and Boinne Borb, and the dangerous Druid, Duanan Gacha Draogh. Deirdire was born to Calum the Harper, when it ceased to be with his wife after the manner of woman (which has its analogue elsewhere). The soothsayer who predicted her birth predicted such shedding of blood over her as there was never before in the land. Calum was troubled by the prediction, and when the child was born he sent her with a nurse-mother away to a far-off place, where no eye would see a sight of her, and no ear

would hear a sound of her. Here she grew up to know only birds, plants, and trees, until she was discovered by a huntsman, who brought the information of his discovery to King Conchobar of Ulster. King Conchobar came himself in person to Deirdire in the green knoll, instantly fell in love with her, and proposed marriage. Deirdire did not at first agree, but agreed to marry him at the end of a year and a day. In the interval the sons of Uisne passed by Deirdire in the green knoll. She fell in love with Naois, and they and his two brothers fled to Scotland. Conchobar heard of this, and through Fearchar invited the three brothers and Deirdire to a great feast in Ulster. They agreed to go. Deirdire was not willing to leave Albain, but she went with Naois. 'Deirdire was heavy showering the tears, and she sang :—

Beloved is the land, that yonder land,
Albain full of woods and full of lakes,
Sore to my heart to be leaving thee,
But I go away with Naois.

They reached Ulster, and were put up in Conchobar's Hostel. Conchobar gave orders to slay the brothers and bring Deirdire up to him. A slaughter ensued, but the brothers prevailed. Then the services of the evil Druid were invoked. He set a thick wood before the brothers escaping with Deirdire. But this did not check them. And the Druid then 'froze the grey uneven sea into jagged hard lumps, the sharpness of swords on one side of them, and the venom of serpents on the other.' Arden died in the effort across this sea, then Aillean fell, and poor Naois 'heaved the sore sigh of death, and his heart rent.' The sea was drained by the Druid, and the three sons of Uisne were found lying dead together. Deirdire stood by the side of the grave as it was being opened, and when the bodies of the brothers were laid in it, Deirdire said :—

Move thou hither, O Naois of my love;
Close thou Ardan over to Aillean,
If dead had understanding,
Ye would make place for me.

They did this. Deirdire leapt into the grave and lay close to Naois, and 'she was dead by his side.'

The tale is beautiful itself and in its language, and valuable as a reflex of Celtic character. For the philologist the value of this work of Dr. Carmichael, as conveying the traditional tale exposed to the influences of time and oral recital, becomes apparent when it is compared with the written tale in LIII. of the Glenmasan MS. It shows us the tendency of words to become obsolete. It was customary for people when meeting one another to exchange three kisses. This was '*tiura poga.*' This is proved from MSS. In Dr. Carmichael's tale, Deirdire gives Naois '*na tri tiura pog.*' This is tautology caused by the ignorance of the writer, who knows the custom but not the meaning of the word, and accordingly added the word *tri.* Similarly, when Conchobar bribes the sons of Fergus, he offers them, in Dr. Carmichael's version, *drochaid shaor*, which, as explained in the notes at the end of the volume, is corrupted from *tricha cet*, a cantred of land. *Caogad*, fifty (the title of the first edition of the Gaelic Psalter), is the only word of the class now in use. The *drochaid* (bridge) *shaor* was the easiest substitute which the popular fancy could devise for the *tricha cet*, now become an obsolete term. The substitute phrase is, however, as valueless linguistically as the gift which it is meant to convey when compared with the original. Still, the reproduction of the later phrase in Dr. Carmichael's version proves his faithfulness to the tradition, and establishes the authenticity of the whole. The idiom of the tale is given as that of Barra, and the local words are reproduced by recourse to phonetic spelling. This is by no means an easy matter when the writer is familiar with various dialects. The writer of an orally delivered tale may even unconsciously mix his own dialect and idioms with that of the reciter. The absence of such admixture from the tale reflects the greatest credit on Dr. Carmichael's accuracy and care. The tale itself, with its commingling of ideas peculiar to different ages and races, is exceedingly beautiful and chaste in its conception

and execution. The English translation is a faithful rendering of the original, and whether the tale is read in Gaelic or English it is equally attractive.

But Dr. Carmichael's *magnum opus* is the *Carmina Gadelica* (2 vols., quarto. 1900).

This is indeed a unique contribution to the literature of the Highlands. It sheds such light on the religion and social customs of our remote ancestors as enables us, with some degree of accuracy, to depict for ourselves their mental proportions, their strong religious beliefs, and the joy and sorrow which entered into their lot.

If the lichen-covered ruins that occupy such conspicuous spots in the Highlands are silent witness-bearers to the feuds and internecine wars of a past civilisation, these Hymns and Incantations, embedded in many instances in archaic expressions, crystallise the beliefs of votaries of successive cults that pursued each other through the long vista of prehistoric and historic times.

The collection, which was made at the sacrifice of money and time, with painstaking assiduity and an enthusiasm that surmounted the difficult barriers of shyness, suspicion, and religious reserve, though large, is not exhaustive. Dr. Carmichael himself has in preparation two volumes uniform with these, besides much MS. material for future publication, and there are still floating among the people 'invocations' and 'charms' which, though they may be variants of those here reproduced, have distinguishing features of their own, emphasised by local circumstances.

'Charms' for a 'sprain,' 'sore eye,' 'warts,' 'bleeding of the nose,' etc., differ considerably in the method of application. In some instances the charm is uttered and the power is invoked to effect the remedy with a touch of the hand or tongue or by mere breathings, as the only visible external applications. In other instances the method is more elaborate and scientific. The difficulties before the collectors are becoming greater, and a true appreciation of these will enable us to appraise Dr. Carmichael's work at an almost inestimable value.

The difficulties arise (1) from the present day dominating power of the strictly scientific or rationalistic method in the effort to explain the phenomena of life, and (2) from the antithesis of the former, that deeply religious people have, ignorantly, no doubt, looked upon the possession of a 'charm' as suggestive of friendship with the spirit of darkness.

Now no person likes to be called either a 'fool' by a scientist, or a 'friend of the devil' by a good neighbour. While the charms are survivals of occultism or more correctly perhaps the developed magical science of the Druids, and perhaps also remains of mediæval Christianity, the identification of the possession of charms with the evil spirit rather than with the good spirit is assuredly an interesting survival of early Christianity's attitude to Druidism.

Hence then the reticence to disclose the charm to a stranger or an indiscreet friend. Zeal and knowledge have thus obliterated what true love for knowledge should have fostered and perpetuated. In looking at the collections of 'Hymns' and 'Incantations,' one is struck with the fact that the great bulk of these are deeply religious in sentiment and expression. This shows that religion was a powerful, yea, even the supreme element in the thoughts and actions of the people. The Great Personal Being, under whatever name He appears, is the moral Governor of the world. He is the sustaining power in His own creation. He controls all forces, shapes human destinies, and is deeply interested in the interests of humanity. All things, even the minutest details of life, are referred to Him, believing, evidently, that nothing is too insignificant for His protecting care. His protection is prayed for on going on a journey. His blessing is invoked on the boat launching into the deep, as well as on all the ordinary household undertakings.

On the lonely moor the maiden pleads for the protection and blessing of God in her milking croon. These people lived conscious of the Presence and All-Mighty Power of the Eternal God, and these verbal expressions of their mystic Faith helped to vitalise their religious life. Shorn of these symbols their life would have been uninteresting, dreary, and

cold. A later civilisation with its materialistic tendencies has been unkind to these people. It has robbed them of the simplicity and artlessness of their religion by eliminating from their unwritten liturgies all that would not coincide with results of a cold, scientific criticism.

The 'collections' are a veritable mine. But they must be dug and the effort will surely repay students of all branches of study identified with Celticism.

The philologist will find here words that have stood unaffected by the corroding influences of time and the influence of contact with a foreign tongue. Traces there are also of incipient decay. There are instances of the transposition of certain letters, of eclipse and of the influence of the nasal sound, which seem to prove the correctness of the rigid rules of grammarians on these points. Borrowed words are here too, as might be expected in a collection of sacred utterances which are the codified beliefs of the Church which has been so dependent on Greek and Latin for its phraseology. Words which show the language in its pristine glory cheer the heart of the philologist in his search for roots and in his studies of cognate languages. The strange and sometimes inexplicable combination of words in the present-day speech may thus become easily soluble.

For a student of comparative religion there is here at his disposal materials of a valuable kind. Some of the terminology belongs to the pre-Christian age. 'Dia nan dul,' still with us in the Gaelic Psalter, is a reminder of the times when the terrible elements had not been impersonated. The 'Flaith' or 'princes' still current are themselves the humanised gods of the Celtic Pantheon. The potency of the charms is traceable to the beliefs of the times when the lordly Druids seemed to have had the elements in the hollow of their hands, and with their magic power could control invisible Demons. Christianity and Heathenism can be compared and contrasted. The quiet and solemn reverence of the former is the counterpart of the deadly fear of the latter. The barbarous rites of heathenism place the liberty,

joy, and peaceful assurance of the other in bold relief. The servility and defencelessness of society under Druidism and the less systematic beliefs of heathenism emphasise the tremendous change brought about by Christianity. The assimilation by Christianity of many of the harmless practices of the preceding cults is clearly noticeable. Through the many changes that the religious beliefs and practices of the people have passed, certain heathen customs have remained a permanent element in the life of the community. These practices, such as the cure by charms, and the equally prevalent use of 'black cocks' and 'cats,' though they can easily be traced to the sacrificial element in the pre-Christian cults, are made use of by Christians, fully convinced that this method of cure is in no way inconsistent with their faith.

But the volumes before us put in the hands of the Church historian also materials which he cannot consciously ignore.

Like geological strata, the layers of ecclesiasticism are quite as marked here. The saints of the early Columban Church, which float as mere phantoms in distant ages, are here invested with such mediatorial powers as indicate the efforts of ecclesiastics to magnify the importance of these saints. Later saints are also introduced, and they point to a step in development of the Church's doctrine under the influence of mediævalism. The gradual disappearance of what might be called the superstitious elements in these concrete examples of the people's faith shows the influence of later theological thought and the extent of its sphere of action.

Altogether these volumes have no compeer in their domain. They are sure to remain a classic of Celtic literature. The present edition being practically out of print, the price has become prohibitive, and a cheaper edition is earnestly looked for.

To Dr. Carmichael all students of Celtic are under a deep debt of gratitude. He rescued from oblivion much of

the oral tradition of our people, which were it not for his incessant labours, would have passed away on the stream of time. The translations are on the whole accurate and literal. There are cryptic utterances in the originals which would not yield readily to translation, but Dr. Carmichael has a wonderfully sympathetic insight as well as much perseverance. Archaic expressions are also found which have no modern equivalents. The tracings of capital letters, a fine work of art, and faithful to the types, as readers of Celtic MSS. can verify, are due to his wife, to whose sympathy, encouragement, and help Dr. Carmichael's achievements owe very much.

It was fitting that Dr. Carmichael's work should be honoured not only by the University but by Celts of all ranks and interests, who took advantage of the occasion to present him with the robes, hood, and cap of a Doctor of Laws of Edinburgh University.

THE BARONS OF BACHUILL

Alexander Carmichael

The island of Lismore is situated in the district of Lorne and the sheriffdom of Argyle. It lies in the Linn of Lorne opposite Oban, trending along towards Appin. Including the islet of Musdal, which is separated from the main island by a shallow strait—a few feet deep, and a few yards wide at low water—Lismore is ten and one-tenth miles in length and averages about one mile in breadth.

The geological formation of Lismore is limestone with the exception of two beds of whin and several dykes of trap.

The whin is at Cilleandrais and Portcharrain, two contiguous farms, and the traps cross the island at nearly equal intervals along its length. These traps merge under the sea at Lismore and again emerge on the two opposite coasts.

Probably, however, the most interesting and instructive geological feature of Lismore is the ancient sea-margin by

which it is surrounded. This margin is of irregular width, from one to a hundred yards, and in one place is one thousand yards wide. It is of uniform level throughout though rough and rocky on the surface. A sea escarpment rises fifty feet above this terrace and is considerably honeycombed—in some places deeply indented—by the action of the sea. Some of the deeper indentations penetrate the rock to unknown distances forming deep caves, one of which is alleged to pierce the island right through. This, however, can only be conjecture.

A story is told of a piper and his dog having entered this cave—Uamh-Chraidh—at Bailegrunail, intending to come out at Uamh-an-duine, which is at Creaganaich. It is alleged that the piper was heard playing right across the island, the music ascending through earth-holes—talamh-tuill—on the way, the burden of his lament being :—

Mis air airin baidh 'us burrail
Measg nan glumag eagalaich
Uamh Chraidh am Baile-ghrunail
Uamh-an-Duin' an Creaganaich.

I drowning and howling
Amongst the horrid pools
The Pain Cave in Bailegrunail
The Man Cave in Creaganaich.

The dog came out at Uamh-an-Duine hairless and sightless, but the playing ceased and the piper never emerged. The conclusion is that the cave contained impassable pools, in one of which the piper was drowned.

Similar stories are told of many other places from Ireland to India and from Britain to Japan, and probably with as much foundation in fact.

The present sea-escarpment rises six feet or so above sea-level. Its face is fairly vertical and singularly honeycombed. Some of the old sea margin contains half-fossilised masses of shells caked together like the conglomerate rock of the coast of Lorne—some of the shells simply cemented together by the edges in the most delicate and fantastic manner like Indian

filigree. In some places the face of the escarpment is still studded with limpets, whelks, both black and white, and mussels like the rocks of the shore below, against which the sea now beats. And irresponsively cold the heart and irredeemably cold the imagination that would not be moved at the sight of the lowly crustaceans thus still clinging in death after unknown ages to their sapless mother rock, like a dead child clinging to its dead mother's breast.

The name Lismore is variously interpreted *lios*, a fort, and *mor*, great—great fort; *lios*, a garden—the great garden; and *slios*, a plain—the great plain.

The name may mean 'the great fort' from the number of forts in the place, the remains of which are still more or less visible. It may mean 'the great garden' from the fertility of the soil, the island having been the garden and granary of the great Lords of the Isles when these semi-royal nobles held sway over the whole Highlands and Islands of Scotland and possessed a house and the half of Alban—'tigh is leth Albain.' Or, it may mean 'the great plain' from its low-lying position in the midst of the sea surrounded by mountains.

Sliosmore is not a form of the name now known to the people of the place, though curiously enough it is the form used by the people of the Outer Isles when speaking of this island. And this form receives countenance from the disputation alleged to have occurred between Saint Columba and Saint Moluag.

It is said that Columba and Moluag were brothers. Each wished to possess Lismore and to make it the centre of his missionary labours, for there was much emulation among the saints of old—striving who should win most souls to Christ.

The brothers arranged to run a race and that the first to land should possess the island. They left together, each saint with his crew of clerics singing the Psalms of David while they rowed their coracles as the Highland boatmen still sing their iorraim—boat-songs.

When approaching the island, the brethren still straining at their oars and the saints chanting their psalms, Moluag lifted

his axe and cut off the little finger of his left hand, and throwing it ashore exclaimed: 'My witness be to God and man, my flesh and blood are on the land, Columba beloved'—'M' fhianuis air Dia agus daoine m' fhuil is m' fheoil air tir, a Chaluim chaoimh.' Upon seeing the devotion of his brother Columba turned aside the bow of his boat and did not land. It is alleged that he tried to depreciate the island as represented in the following dialogue:—

COLUM-CILLE. Sliosmor mar ainm an eilean.
MOLUAG. Ma's a slios mor gu m'a slios tarbhach.
COLUM-CILLE. Slocach, cnocach, creagach.
MOLUAG. Brioghar, mioghar, preasach.
COLUM-CILLE. Faobhar a chloich bhos a chionn.
MOLUAG. A goimhe foipe.
COLUM-CILLE. Fearna mar chonadh da.
MOLUAG. Gabhail mar a choingeal da.

COLUMBA. The great plain be the name of the island.
MOLUAG. If great the plain, great be the fruit.
COLUMBA. Hollow-full, knoll-full, rock-full.
MOLUAG. Fruit-full, sweet-full, shrub-full.
COLUMBA. Be the edges of its rocks above.
MOLUAG. Be their venom under.
COLUMBA. Green alder be its fuel.
MOLUAG. May it burn like the candle.

Embracing and blessing his brother and bidding him prosperity through time and eternity Columba proceeded northwards, preaching the gospel and building churches, till he reached the palace of Brude, King of the Picts, near Inverness. When Brude heard that Columba was approaching, he was sore afraid, and barred his iron gates against him, and appealed to his gods for protection. But Columba prayed to his God against the gods of Brude, and immediately the iron bars fell down, and the iron gates of Brude opened wide, and Columba walked in, and so the King was converted to the Christian faith.

During the Norse occupation the western isles of Scotland, together with the Orkney and Shetland Isles on the north

and the Isle of Man on the south, were ruled ecclesiastically from Norway.

This long disarticulated chain of islands was divided into two great groups, the line of demarcation being drawn across the small island of Carnaburg behind the island of Mull. The group of islands to the north of this line was called the Nordreys—the Northern Isles—and the group to the south the Sudreys—the Southern Isles.

An English diocese still retains the name of the southern group, 'Sodor and Man'—the Southern Isles and Man. The title is singularly inapplicable now, as all the Southern Isles are in Scotland, and the Isle of Man was only annexed to the British Crown in the year 1825. Upon the downfall of the Norsemen, Argyll and the Western Isles were joined into a bishopric entitled the 'See of Argyll and the Isles.' In the year 1200, John, Bishop of Dunkeld, sent his chaplain Harold to Innocent III., asking that Argyll and the Isles might be disjoined from Dunkeld, and erected into a separate see with Harold as bishop thereof. The Pope admired the conscientiousness of the bishop, quoting the proverb, 'Rara avis in terra.'

The Pope appointed and consecrated Harold bishop of the new diocese accordingly. From its insularity, security, sanctity, and perhaps fertility, the island of Lismore was selected as the seat of the new bishop. A cathedral was built, the choir of which is now the parish church. The palace was built at Achanduin. The ruins of the palace situated on a high knoll are picturesque features in the picturesque landscape. Closely adjoining is the island of Bearnarey, where Columba was wont to preach under a large yew tree. The tree stood on the edge of the island, half of it over the land and half over the sea, and was capable of sheltering a thousand people beneath its widely spreading branches.

The people of Mull and Morven came in their skin coracles, wherein they sat out the service, while the people of Lismore came on foot and sat on the ground, the island

being accessible by foot at half-tide. From the circumstance of Colum-cille preaching there, the island of Bearnarey was looked upon as holy ground, and the tree under which he preached as sacred. An old poem speaks of :—

Dun stuadh Sta' inis
Air taobh tuath Latharna
Us Bearnara an iuthair uasail
Air taobh tuath Liosmoire.

The turret dun of Staffnage
Upon the north side of Lorne
And Bearnarey of the noble yew
Upon the north side of Lismore.

The remains of a small oratory and an oblation cairn are close by where the yew tree stood.

Colum-cille prophesied that the pride and greed of man would yet place beneath his feet the noble tree under which he and they found shade and shelter while discoursing on the lowly humanity of Christ, and that the guiltiness of the act would only be expiated by water and blood and three fires.

About the middle of the nineteenth century the proprietor of the island removed the tree to make a staircase in his house at Ardmhucnis, Benderloch. When felling the tree it came down upon a man crushing him to death and dyeing the rocks red with his blood.

When the boats left, towing the tree behind them, the day was calm and bright and the sea as smooth as a mirror, but when they approached Rudh-na-Fionnart near their destination, a sudden storm burst upon them, crushing the boat against the tree, whereby more lives were lost.

The house in which the tree was used took fire, and everything was destroyed except the staircase. The house was rebuilt and the magnificent stair again used, and again the house was destroyed by fire—all save the staircase.

Some say that this Castle of Lochnell, so singularly sheltered and beautifully situated, has been burnt and rebuilt three times, others say twice.

A bishop is invested with a pastoral staff emblematic of his office as shepherd of the flock. In Latin this staff is called baculum, in Gaelic 'bachull.'

On the erection of the see of Argyll and the Isles a man was appointed to the office of custodian of the baculum of the bishop. The office was honourable and important, and a man of standing in the district was selected for the appointment. The appointment was conferred upon Livingstone, some say of Lismore, others of Benderloch, adjoining. The Gaelic form of Livingstone is Mac-an-leigh, son of the physician. Probably it originated from the Beatons, who for many centuries were celebrated all over Scotland, and are still spoken of in Highland tradition. The Beatons are said to be descended from Betan who came over with Calum-cille, and to have been physicians of the Columban Church in Scotland during many ages. There were three celebrated families of them—one in Mull, one in Islay, and one in Skye. The parent house was in Mull, and their tombstones, which are at Iona and Killfinichen, are among the finest sculptured stones in Scotland. The Beatons were family physicians to the Stuart kings, as may be seen from the payments made to them in the Exchequer Rolls. The name assumes various forms, as Bethune, Beaton, and Paton.

As indicating the tenacity of heredity, I may mention that I knew a descendant of one of these Beatons in the island of South Uist. He came from Skye when a young man, as a shepherd. He died in great poverty, an old man of eighty-eight, in South Uist some fifteen years ago, in the most miserable hut I ever saw. The man was wholly unlettered, but he knew the Gaelic name of every plant, its medicinal properties, its flowering season, and all its various characteristics.

In those early times payments were made in kind. Those to the custodian of the staff of the Bishop of Lismore were made in lands. A small estate was given him near the cathedral and he was created a baron.

The cathedral church of Lismore is dedicated to Saint

Moluag. The pastoral staff of the bishop was called the staff of Moluag—Bachull Moluag and various other names, and many people believe that it belonged to Moluag, and that the baron of Bachuill was keeper of it ages before the disjoining of Lismore from Dunkeld.

Besides being the keeper of the crozier, the Baron was almoner of the cathedral, dispensing the bounty of the bishop to the poor of the parish. In this capacity he was called 'An Deor'—the almoner. The site of the old dwelling of the barons is still called 'Tarach Taigh an Deor,'—the site of the house of the almoner, and the ground upon which it stood 'Bruthach Taigh an Deor,'—the slope of the house of the almoner.

The 'Baron of Bachuill,' as Livingstone is still called, was also chancellor of the cathedral, and as such had to visit the landowners throughout the diocese to receive the tithes and all other dues accruing to the church. On these occasions the Baron carried the crozier of the bishop, at sight of which all men were bound to pay him homage.

The Bachull of Moluag was treated with veneration akin to awe by the people. Like the staff of St. Fillan of Glendochart, and the staff of St. Patrick of Armagh, the famous Bachull Isu, the staff of Moluag possessed, in the simple faith of the times, miraculous powers. It ensured safety at sea, truth on land, secured man from plague, woman from death, and cattle from murrain. And like the bell of St. Fillan, if carried away or left behind, it came home again of its own accord. Upon one occasion the keeper of the staff inadvertently left it behind him on the mainland, and only remembered his mistake when he landed in the island of Lismore. The Baron was considering how to recross the strait in the dark stormy night to recover his staff. Just then he heard something whizzing in the air behind him and passing his ear and falling before him in the rolag-mhara, rolled seaweed. The Baron bent down to see what it was, and to his great joy and relief it was his Bachull Moluag! Many similar stories are still current of this interesting relic

—stories that show the veneration of the people and of the times.

Locally the crozier is called Caman na Bachuill, the crook of Bachull; Bachull Moluag, the Bachull of Moluag; Am Bachull Buidhe, the yellow bachull; Am Bachull Mor, the big Bachull; Am Bata Buidhe, the yellow staff. These last two names are in allusion to the metal with which the staff was covered.

Baron Livingstone, as the present custodian is called, possesses a small freehold estate in virtue of being the keeper of the staff of Moluag. The estate is called Bachuill, from the crozier being kept there. The crozier itself is frequently called after the estate, even to calling it Bachull na Bachuill, the Bachull of Bachull. The custodian of the crozier is called Baran a' Bhachuill, the Baron of the Bachull; Baran na Bachuill, the Baron of Bachull.

The Livingstones of Lismore were unfortunate in their neighbour, Campbell of Airds. Sir Donald Campbell of Airds was a natural son of Campbell of Calder, now Cawdor. He is known in tradition as 'Domhnull Dubh nan Ard,' Black Donald of Airds.

Sir Donald was an ecclesiastic at a time when many ecclesiastics were sorely perplexed which end of the see-saw to follow. While Rome was paramount Sir Donald was a Roman of the Romans; when Episcopacy was in the ascendant he swore by the Thirty-Nine Articles; and when Presbyterianism was triumphant Sir Donald Campbell became reconciled to Presbytery.

The man was greedy of power and pelf, gaining ends regardless of means, a robber, steeped to the neck in fraud and guile, and pursued his evil courses with an address and adroitness that Jacob might have envied. He was bishop-elect of Lismore, but had not been appointed, the Pope probably being uncertain of him.

'Is math an la an ni am madadh-ruadh searman,' A good day it is when the fox preaches a sermon. Sir Donald Campbell announced that he was to preach in Lismore and

that he expected the people to attend. He preached accordingly. On the following day it was reported that the black sheep of Alasrath belonging to Sir Donald was stolen. The people were alarmed, sheep-stealing being a capital crime and Sir Donald implacable. The houses were searched, and that there might be no remissness of duty Campbell himself accompanied the search party. The house of the Baron was searched like the rest, and there on the rafters was found the skin—lug-marks and all—of the black sheep of Alasrath. The people were astonished, and, apparently, none more than Sir Donald Campbell. Sir Donald gave the Baron the alternative of losing his head or losing his lands.

'Well,' said the honest Baron, 'I am not a thief; there has never been a thief of my family as far back as I can trace. But some evil-minded man has done this evil thing to me to bring myself to disgrace and my children to ruin. I am not afraid to die—the guiltless die but once, the guilty many times; but rather than that posterity should cast up to my children that their father was hanged for stealing a sheep, I leave my land with you, Sir Donald, and my integrity with my children as their only legacy.'

Campbell thereupon took possession of all the lands of Livingstone south of Fuaran Frangaig, including Bailegarbh, Cnoc na Croiche to the Lake of Cileandrais, Garadh nan Cleireach, Peighinn Chailean, and on to Crois Dughaill. Bachuill he left with the Baron.

When Sir Donald lay dying—and his death was terrible—he sent a fleet-footed messenger to bring the Baron to him. But his wife sent a swifter messenger to bring back the other. And all night long Sir Donald kept calling out, 'The Baron!' 'The Baron!' 'O the Baron!' 'What is keeping the Baron!' 'Why is not the Baron coming?' And his wife kept saying, 'Yes, love, yes. Thou didst ever love the Baron! thou didst great favours for him; the grateful Baron will soon be here.' And all night long the black raven kept croaking in the elm-tree above Black Sir Donald, as did the raven in the tree above the bed of Duncan. Before morning dawned, on a

night of terrific wind and thunder and lightning, Black Sir Donald Campbell of Airds was dead.

When the man bribed to do Sir Donald's work at Alasrath heard that his master was dead he was sore dismayed and like a man bereft, running to and fro, rolling his tongue like a bear, and bleating like a sheep. Ultimately the unhappy man rushed up the lofty Clach-tholl, from the precipitous head of which he had the grace Judas-like to cast himself, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Baron Carmichael[1] of Sgurain, and others whom this man of fraud and guile had robbed of their lands, resented the robberies and chafed under their wrongs, but Baron Livingstone behaved with such Christian meekness and resignation under his grievous wrong that seemingly even the hard heart of his wily injurer was touched.

This was not the only occasion on which the Livingstones of Bachuill suffered at the hands of the Campbells of Airds. Towards the close of the 18th century a road was formed along the length of Lismore. This road cut a piece off the little estate of Bachuill. Sir John Campbell of Airds proposed to Baron John Livingstone of Bachuill to excamb this piece of land for a piece that lay between Bachuill and the glebe. To this the Baron consented, and the exchange was made. 'But,' said Sir John Campbell, 'as the land that I am giving is of more value to you than the land that you are giving me, you must pay me a small sum in addition.' 'Whatever you say is right is right, Sir John,' said the Baron. 'Well, we will call

[1] Baron Carmichael, Lismore, was a man of some standing in his day. He was usually called 'Am Baran Ban'—the Fair Baron; and 'Baran Tigh Sgurain'—the Baron of Sgurain House—from the precipitous projection on which the house stood. One of the family was Bishop of Lismore, and was usually called An t-Easpuig Ban. He was one of the bishops during whose episcopacy the Cathedral of Lismore was built. Some three centuries subsequently descendants of the Fair Baron were still fair—Dr. Dugald Carmichael was called 'Dughall Ban'—Fair Dugald; and 'An Dotar Ban'—the Fair Doctor. He is known to science as the 'Father of Marine Botany,' and was the intimate friend and correspondent of Sir William Hooker, who called many marine plants after him. His nephew, the accomplished Celtic scholar, the late Rev. Dr. Clark, Killmallie, went under the name of 'Gilleaspa Ban—Archibald the Fair.

it the small sum of fifty shillings, then,' said the wily Sir John. 'Whatever you say is right is right, Sir John,' said the Baron unsuspectingly. The thin end of the wedge being thus got in, in the following year an additional sum of fifty shillings was exacted and paid, and so on from year to year, till the sum amounted to £17, 10s. a year!

While discussing these proceedings a few years ago with the late Baron of Bachuill, the writer remarked that the honesty of the Livingstones had been no protection against the guile of the Campbells of Airds. 'No,' said the good, kindly Baron, with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his lips, quoting an old proverb, 'There is no watertightness in the divots of the Campbells.' (Cha'n'eil dion ann an sgrath nan Caimbeulach.) 'What comes with the rain goes with the wind,' says the old proverb. The Campbells of Airds lost their lands long ago, and their representatives are scattered far and wide. Even their burying-place in the midst of the lovely woods of Airds, and which they took such pains to enclose and secure, is no longer left sacred to them, and strangers bury therein. Sadly curtailed and small, Bachuill is still the property of the ancient Livingstones, together with the love and esteem of all who know them.

It is not quite clear whether a fostership or a marriage connection or both existed between the Stewarts of Appin and the Livingstones of Lismore, but the friendship between them was strong and enduring. A Gaelic proverb says: 'Cairdeas gu caogad co-altas gu ceud'—relationship to fifty, fostership to a hundred. The following incident throws a lurid light upon life in the Highlands—and indeed in the Lowlands also—in the first decade of the sixteenth century. There had been wolfish feuds about lands between the Stewarts of Appin and the Macleans of Duart.

The Earl of Argyll—whose daughter Elizabeth—the subject of Campbell's poem of 'Glenara'—was married to Maclean—brought about a reconciliation, and Stewart went to Duart to ratify the peace. There were games and feats of strength and arms, in all of which Sollamh Mac Colla,

Solomon Maccoll, the *gille cas fliuch* of Stewart, was victorious. The Macleans were 'neither to haud nor to bind,' and they fell upon the luckless *gille cas fliuch*, and beat him to death.

Then they jeered at the body, saying, 'nach ann ann a tha an smior chnamh ; nach ann ann a tha an ola dhonn !' 'Is it not in him that the bone marrow is ? is it not in him that the neatsfoot oil is ?' and other taunting terms, as if they had a newly killed cow before them.

Stewart was grieved at the death of his trusted man, and riled at the taunts of his slayers, and he replied with more warmth than wisdom, 'Cha b'e brisgeanan ban an raoin agus faochagan dubh a chladaich idir teachd-an-tir mo ghille-sa.' 'The pale silverweed of the field, and the black whelk of the strand were not at all the sustenance of my man.' The insinuation—perhaps all the more from the latent truth it contained—roused the Macleans to red heat, and twenty Duart swords came down on the hapless head of Appin.

Not content with slaying Stewart, the Macleans suspended his corpse against the wall of their castle, and threatened death to any who would dare to take it down.

The men of Appin fled for their lives, landing on the nearest point of Lismore, nor did they rest till they placed that island and the sea on either side of it between themselves and Mull.

Livingstone of Bachuill was grieved when he heard of the death of his good friend Stewart of Appin. He said nothing, however, but when night came he and his two red-haired daughters went away in their skiff, nor were they long in reaching Duart. Livingstone and his daughters miraculously managed to bring the body of the Lord of Appin to their skiff, and to put to sea before they were discovered, but they had hardly left the shore when the Macleans came rushing down with wild tumult and wilder imprecations.

They immediately launched their boats and leapt into them, but as hurriedly leapt out of them again, amidst yells of execration, for boat after boat filled with water and sank

beneath their feet. The wise Baron had been before them and driven auger-holes through their boats. Ultimately they managed with much difficulty to launch a sixteen-oared war galley less damaged than the rest, that had brought home to Duart many a 'creach' from distant island and near mainland.

After a terrible struggle, amidst the swirling currents of 'Boinne nam Biodag,' the Macleans came up to the Livingstones in running through the narrow shallow strait that separates the small islet of Musdal from the main island of Lismore.

Just as a crowd of Macleans—a tithe of whom would have sent it to the bottom—was about to jump down into the little skiff of the Livingstones, a swift, swirling current threw the large galley on a sunken rock, on which it was left hard and fast by the rapidly receding tide, while the same rapid river-like current rushed the little skiff of the Livingstones far beyond reach.

They rowed their hardest, and soon reached a creek, where they landed, and hurriedly buried the body in the shingle of the beach. The people of Lismore and Appin gathered, and carrying the body of Stewart to Clachan, buried it in the cathedral church of Saint Moluag.

And there in the 'dim religious light' of the old fane the tombstone of the Lord of Appin is still to be seen, and the story of the good Baron of Bachuill and his two brave daughters is still told.

The creek where the Livingstones landed and buried the body is called 'Port Chailleach,' the port of the women.

Even yet the mention of the two red-haired daughters of the Baron of Bachuill brings a flush to the face of a Maclean!

The burying-ground of Lismore is named after Saint Moluag. It is situated on the summit of a prominent knoll. From this knoll there is a most extensive and varied view, rarely equalled, nowhere excelled, of sea and lake, of wood and glen and mountains. To the back are the mountains of

Mull and Morven, to the left the long vista of the Corran—the sea running in among the mountains of Lochaber, in the midst of which stands Ben Nevis towering above his neighbours. In front is Cruachan and the Linn, and Land of Lorne, and to the right the Small Isles with the mountains of Jura in the dim blue distance beyond.

Highlanders are taunted with clinging like limpets to their native rocks. At all events Highlanders cling heart and soul to the memory of the woods and lochs and glens and mountains among which they were reared, and which they never forget wherever they go.

On the summit of the burying-ground is a cross called 'Crois Dubh—the black cross,' and known on the mainland as the 'Black Cross of Lismore,'—Crois Dubh Liosmoire. Till recently all public announcements were made at this cross, and a proclamation was not considered valid unless made here. The cross adjoins the site of the first Christian church in the island, and probably like other crosses throughout the Highlands and Islands was used as a preaching-station before there was a church. The first church of Saint Moluag in Lismore is believed to have been constructed of wattles, like most, if not all, of the Columban churches, and even dwellings, of the time. It stood on the top of the burying-ground. The cathedral church, now the parish church, is at the foot of the knoll. It was completed in 1300, sixty-four years after the place was made into a see. This church, like many others, was burnt by the Norsemen, who massacred the people, for these Viking invaders revelled in blood and fire. During last century, while a grave was being dug on the site of this ancient church, a three-branched candlestick was found. The candlestick was gold, small and finely formed, though plain. Bits of burnt wood, stone, and other débris of the early church came to light at the same time. Possibly this interesting relic of early Christian art formed part of the altar furnishing of the simple wattle church of Saint Moluag.[1] This candlestick was

[1] Saint Moluag is said to have died at Ardclach, while on one of his many missionary journeys. When the people of Lismore heard of his death twenty-four of the

secured by General Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, but what became of it on the dispersion of his fine collection is not known. The writer made minute personal inquiries for it at the British Museum and elsewhere, but unsuccessfully. In the centre of the burying-ground, and adjoining the foundation of this early church, is the lair of the Barons of Bachuill. This would indicate the connection of the family with the situation of the lair and church, and was very early, probably preceding by many centuries their appointment to the custody of the pastoral staff of the bishop in the thirteenth century. Probably the Livingstones were the keepers of the actual staff of Saint Moluag, and were simply confirmed in the office when the see of Argyll and the Isles was created. If this be so, the crozier of Saint Moluag is one of the very oldest relics of Christian art in Scotland, and second to none in interest. The crozier is 2 feet 10 inches long. It is of wood, and was sheathed with metal, probably gold, and is dotted all over with the marks of the pins fastening the metal to the wood.

The earliest charter now extant of the Barons of Bachuill is dated 1544. This, however, is only a renewal, and refers to a previous charter. In it the Baron of the time is spoken of patronymically as John, the son of Molmoire, the son of Iver. Molmoire is Maol-Moire,—'the tonsured of Mary.'

The Barons of Bachuill are of interest to all who are interested—and who is not?—in Dr. David Livingstone. The great missionary explorer was descended from these Livingstone Barons of Bachuill in Lismore. Neil Livingstone, the young son of the old Baron, joined the army of Prince Charlie, and was in the rising of 1745. He escaped, but not scatheless, the disasters of Culloden and made his way home to Bachuill. But Lismore was not a safe asylum, being the country of the

strongest men in the island travelled to Ardclach and brought his body home on their shoulders and buried him within his own rustic little church amidst the moaning of men and the wailing of women, for Moluag was much beloved. This is the tradition, still current in Lismore. Other accounts state that he died at Rosmarkie, and that he is buried there.

Campbells, and the parish of the Rev. John MacAulay. This John MacAulay, who had been minister of South Uist, was the grandfather of Lord Macaulay, and like his father in Harris, the Rev. Aulay MacAulay, he made himself obnoxious by trying to secure the Prince.

Neil Livingstone crossed from Lismore to Morven, and after a time from Morven to Mull, and finally from Mull to Ulva, adjoining.

Donald Livingstone, the son of Neil Livingstone, was in the local Fencibles of his day. During the annual drills at Oban and Stirling he made the acquaintance of his namesake and distant kinswoman, Catherine Livingstone, whose father was a farmer at Bailemore in Kerrara, opposite Oban. When his regiment was finally disbanded Donald Livingstone married Catherine Livingstone and brought her home with him to Ulva. Things, however, did not prosper in Ulva with the young people, and after a time they removed to Blantyre on the Clyde. Donald Livingstone had a son, Neil, the father of David Livingstone, whose name will live while courage, honesty, and humanity are admired among men.

The tomb of the Livingstones of Lismore adjoins the site of the original church of Saint Moluag. The place is called Plod nam Baran, Plod na Bachuill, Plod Chlann-an-leigh, the lair of the Barons, the lair of Bachuill, the lair of the Livingstones.

The Barons are buried by themselves, no member of their family being buried with them. There is only one known instance of a member of his family being buried with a Baron—a wife who, when dying, appealed to be buried in death beside him whom she loved in life. The husband and wife were so devotedly attached to one another throughout their long married life that the touching appeal was acceded to, and she was accordingly buried in the same grave with the Baron.

The grave of the Barons is situated by itself, and is known as An Uaigh Mhor—the great grave, Uaigh nam

Baran—the grave of the Barons, and Uaigh na Bachuill—the grave of Bachuill, and other names.

One of the Barons was a man of immense strength and stature, and was called An Gorm Mor, the big blue.

The gravestone of this Baron, Leac a' Ghuirm Mhoir, is of great interest. The carving on it is that of the Middle Ages, and in high relief but greatly weathered and defaced, and in some places worn out. On the upper half of the stone is the figure of a man in the kilt—much as the dress is worn now—and holding a long staff in his right hand, probably the staff of Saint Moluag. Along the sides of the stone trellised foliage ascends intertwining at the top and then bursting into blossoms and drooping gracefully over the head of the man. The carving on the lower half of the stone is even more obliterated, though still exhibiting traces of deer and dogs, of hunters and hunting scenes.

The following is a copy of the 1544 charter of the Livingstones of Bachuill :—

Universis et singulis pateat per presentes, nos Archibaldum Campbell Dominum feodatorium terrarum de Argyll, Campbell et Lorn, cum consensu et assensu Carissimi Patris ac Tutoris nostri Archibaldi Comitis Argadiæ, Domini Campbell et Lorn ac Domini terrarum earundem, Concessisse, necnon in honore Dei omnipotentis beatæ virginis, et Sancti nostri Patroni Moloci, Mortificasse, et presenti scripto nostro confirmasse dilecto signifero Joanni M'Milmore-vic-Kiver, et hæredibus suis masculis, de suo corpore legitime procreatis seu procreandis, quibus deficientibus ad nostrum de dimidietate terrarum de Poynbachilla et Paynaballan, extendentis ad dimidietatem mercatæ terrarum jacentes in Insula de Lismore, infra dominium nostrum de Lorn et vice comitatem de Argyll, cum custodia magni baculi beati Moloci, ita libere sicut caeteri predecessores dicti Joannis habuerunt a suis predecessoribus, dominus de Lorn, cum custodia dicti Baculi in puram et liberam eleemosynam prout libere, quiete, honorifice, integre, bene et in pace, sicut aliquæ terræ infra regnum dantur seu concedantur; et hoc, pro salute animarum nostrum predecessorum ac successorum. In cujus rei testimonium, sigillum nostrum, una cum sigillo carissimi Patris nostri ac Tutoris nostrorumque subscriptibus manualibus huic nostro scripto jussimus.

Datum apud Castellachlan, nono die Mensis Aprilis milesimo quingentesimo quadragesimo quarto, presentibus ibidem Johane M'Caul de Dunolly, Johane M'Caul de Baray, Colino Campbell de Ardkinles, et Lachlan M'Lachlan de eodem cum diversis aliis.

(*sic subscribitur*) ARGYLL.

Ex mandato ARCHIBALDI EARL DE ARGYLL.

Taken by Gregor M'Gregor, minister of Lismore, from a copy transcribed from the original charter, on the 18th June 1810, in presence of Mr. John Stewart, minister of Lismore, and Mr. George Campbell, minister of Ardchatten, by Mr. Hugh Fraser, minister.

LISMORE MANSE,
16*th January* 1845.

To All and Singular let it be known by those presents that we, Archibald Campbell, Lord Fiar [feudatory] of the lands of Argyll, Campbell, and Lorne, with the consent of our dearest father Archibald, Earl of Argyll, Lord Campbell and Lorne, and Lord of the same lands, have granted, and in the honour of God Omnipotent, the Blessed Virgin, and Saint Moloc our Patron, have mortified and by our present writing have confirmed to our Beloved Standard-Bearer [signifer], John M'Milmore-vic-Kiver and the heirs-male of his body lawfully procreated or to be procreated, whom failing, to return to his own gift all and singular our Lands, being half of the lands of Poynbachilla and Paynaballan, extending to half of a merk or mark land lying in the Island of Lismore, within our Lordship of Lorne and Sheriffdom of Argyll, with the custody of the Great Staff of Saint Moloc as freely as the other predecessors of the said John have held from our predecessors Lords of Lorne, with the custody of the said Staff in pure and free Alms as freely, quietly, honorably, completely, well and peaceably as any lands within the kingdom are given or granted, and this for the safety of the souls of us our predecessors or successors. In testimony whereof we have ordered our seal along with the seal of our dearest father and tutor, and our manual subscriptions to be appended to this our Writ. Given at Castle Lachlan on the 9th of April 1544 in the presence of John M'Caul of Dunolly, John M'Caul of Baray, Colin Campbell, Ardkinlas, and Lachlan M'Lachlan of that Ilk, with various others.

(Signed) ARGYLL.

By the mandate of Archibald, Earl of Argyll.

The names of the lands are not spelt quite the same as in the abstract of the Charter in the *Origines Parochiales*, vol. ii. part i.

p. 163, where a figure of the Bachuill of Saint Moloc will be found. The original is there said to be in the possession of the Livingstones of Bachuill, whose representatives still have the Charter, but the Staff has been acquired by the Duke of Argyll.

BOOK REVIEWS

Cywyddau Cymru—wedi eu dethol a'u golygu gan ARTHUR HUGHES, ynghyda Rhagdraeth gan yr Athro EDWARD ANWYL. Bangor: Jarvis and Foster. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

Probably many readers of Professor Lewis Jones's excellent *Caniadau Cymru* must have hoped for the fulfilment of the desire he there expresses that somebody would do for the *Cywydd* what his own collection does for lyrics in 'free metre.' Mr. Arthur Hughes in the present work, which is of similar format to the *Caniadau*, has done it admirably, and produced a volume for which all lovers of Welsh literature will feel that they owe him a debt of gratitude. This anthology of passages in the *cywydd* metre, a selection of three hundred and thirty-seven pieces from seventy-five authors, made with fine taste and critically edited, is a perfect treasure-house of beautiful verse, and gives to every Welshman the opportunity of acquainting himself with many of the chief poets of his country. One sighs for an inspired translator to interpret the poems for English readers; but alas! such an one has yet to be found, and indeed it may be doubted whether any translator, however inspired, could ever render in a non-Celtic tongue the finest effects of *cynghanedd*. To the Welsh reader the book will give unalloyed pleasure, and we may echo the hope expressed by Professor Anwyl in his preface that it may be 'a means of education to generation after generation of the sons and daughters of Wales in the gems of their country's poetry.'

The principle of selection followed by Mr. Hughes is, quite rightly, somewhat different from that adopted in *Caniadau Cymru*. In an anthology of lyrics like the latter book it is far better, except in special cases where a portion of a poem can be readily detached from the rest or where a poem is of very unequal merit, to give only complete lyrics; but in dealing with a metre like the *cywydd*, which has been used for poems of every length, from a dozen lines to the epical proportions of Dafydd Ionawr's *Cywydd y Drindod*, and which, moreover, is found along with other metres in the *awdl*, such a principle could be carried out only by excluding from the selection some of the finest passages in the language. Mr. Hughes was therefore well advised in selecting freely from various *cywyddau*. Individual selections are of course, as in all anthologies, open to question, and it is perhaps to be wished that in some cases, for example in that of Dafydd ab Gwilym, more

complete specimens of the *cywydd* had been given; but there can hardly be a question as to the rightness of Mr. Hughes's general principle. Thus the book is less an anthology of *cywyddau* than one of passages in the *cywydd* metre. One improvement might indeed be suggested, with a view to a possible second edition—that the poem from which each selection is taken should be indicated at the foot. In many cases, after the longer selections, are collected a number of couplets; not a few of these 'jewels five words long' would be an ornament to any literature.

The book being intended for the general reader, Mr. Hughes very properly gives the poems in modern spelling, and he further smooths the path of the student by a short commentary, grammatical, metrical, and general, and by a glossary. There is also at the end of the book a biographical index like that in *Caniadau Cymru*, from which the notices of most of the later authors in the book are drawn. In addition to the biographical details a short critical appreciation is usually given; those of Dafydd ab Gwilym and Tudur Aled are deserving of special mention. It is scarcely necessary to add, to those who know Jarvis and Foster's publications, that the book is admirably printed and is, at the price, a marvel of cheapness.

In turning over the pages of this anthology, which, chronologically arranged, shows us the development of the *cywydd* metre for five hundred years, from its origin in the fourteenth century to modern times, two general reflections suggest themselves. The first is the beauty and consonance with the Welsh genius of *cynghanedd*, the basis of the *cywydd* as of all the strict metres. It has often been attacked both by Welsh and by foreign critics, and it has no doubt sometimes exercised a hampering influence on the genius of poets (though probably the Eisteddfodic system, with its set themes, is more really to blame); but how consistent it is in the hands of a master with freedom and flexibility is triumphantly shown by Dafydd ab Gwilym on every page. And of what exquisite effects it is capable when rightly handled! How indissolubly, for example, the beauty, both of thought and phrase, of the following passages is bound up with their *cynghanedd* :—

'Lle mae'r dyn a'r lliw mor deg
A'r wennol ar y waneg.'[1]

'Y gŵr marw, e gâr morwyn
Ddaear dy fedd er dy fwyn.'[2]

'Ymaros di ym mrest hedd,
O ymaros daw mawredd :

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[1] 'Where she abides, the maid whose hue is fair as the swallow on the wave.' Note, in the second line, how the *cynghanedd* reproduces the heaving motion of the waves.

[2] 'O dead man, the maiden loves the earth of thy grave for thy sake.'

'Gwell doniau na gwyllt ennyn,
Gwell yw Duw na gallu dyn.'[1]

'Mae'r gerdd annwyl yn wylo,
A'r llaw wen dan grawen gro.'[2]

'Dros loywlas deyrnas y dydd
Hi daena ei hadenydd.'[3]

Secondly the collection well illustrates the extraordinary range and adaptability of the *cywydd*. We find this one metre used by Dafydd for his exquisite pastorals, playful, tender, or plaintive, by Goronwy Owen to describe, with almost Miltonic sublimity, the singing of the morning-stars and the fall of the heavens, by Islwyn for his brooding and melancholy mysticism, by Lewis Glyn Cothi to ridicule the Saxons of Flint and their piper, and by Nicander to sing the praises of cheese!

The subjects of these selections are various, but the majority relate, like the greater number in any collection, to one or other of the five subjects, love, nature, death, religion, and the love of country. In the first two Dafydd ab Gwilym stands alone. There are strings in the lyre of love which he never touched, and to apprehend the deeper spiritual significance of Nature as Islwyn for example did was of course impossible to any poet of Dafydd's age; but within his own realm he is unequalled. The extracts from his works, placed as they are at the beginning of the book, show his greatness more clearly than ever. It does not seem likely that he originated the *cywydd*, but as no earlier instance of it than his time is known he must at least have been one of the first to use it; yet he writes with an ease and mastery which later poets can at best only imitate. Of his professed disciples—most of the later poets have felt his influence directly or indirectly—the most worthy of mention is perhaps Bedo Brwynllys, from whom some beautiful extracts are given. Three strikingly imaginative couplets may be quoted: 'The sound of my sighing for my darling, my fair one, beats upon the east.' 'Thy love, O thou sun of the south, pours in rivers on my face.' 'My spirit will call unto thy life from wood to wood.'

The *marwnad* or elegy has always occupied an important place in Welsh literature, ever since the day when Llywarch Hên lamented over 'the white town in the valley,' and there are many beautiful examples in this collection. Two stand out with a more intimate appeal than the rest. One is the elegy (No. 32) of the fourteenth-century poet Llywelyn Goch over Lleueu Llwyd, who, tradition relates, had died of grief for a false report of his death. Is it possible anywhere in literature to find lines more moving

[1] 'Tarry thou in the bosom of peace; from tarrying comes might. Better are Nature's gifts than wild ardours, better is God than the strength of man.'

[2] 'The dear song weeps, and the pebbles cover the white hand.'

[3] 'Over the bright realm of day she (night) spreads her wings.' Note here again how the *cynghanedd* gives the effect of the beating of great wings.

in their intensity of passion than these?—'Rise up, sweet soul, and open the dark earthen door; put from thee thy long bed of sand, and meet my face, O beloved. See here, O thou whose gay life was so quickly spent, above thy grave the sun's gay dwelling; and one heavy of aspect for thy going, Llywelyn Goch, a bell to ring thy praise, who ranges wild with anguish about the door of thy house, Lleueu Llwyd. . . . Rise up to end the banquet; then see if thou wilt choose the grave. Come, with the foxglove in thy cheeks, up from the sad house of clay.'

The other is the elegy of Lewis Glyn Cothi on his five-year-old son with its passionate farewell: 'John sends to his father a pang of longing and love: farewell to the smile in my mouth, farewell to laughter from my lips; and farewell now to the ball, and farewell to loud singing; and farewell to my merry friend, here in my life on the earth, to John my son!' From that century of savage war and monstrous crimes this lament of the Lancastrian soldier over his child comes with an almost startling pathos.

Of the religious poems of the fourteenth century those quoted from Siôn Cent are the most interesting. Religion has occupied a larger place in Welsh poetry since the eighteenth century, and there are several fine specimens of modern religious poetry. There is none more noble than the lines (No. 327) from Islwyn's *awdl* to the night, surely one of the great masterpieces of the nineteenth century.

Among poems which sing the love of country may be mentioned the fine lines of Iolo Goch to Owain Glyndwr (No. 38); but the finest is Goronwy Owen's wonderful ode to Anglesey, the poem of which Mr. W. J. Gruffydd has said that it is 'the most inspired and inspiring poem of all the poetry of the eighteenth century.'

Among poems not strictly falling under any of the above heads may be mentioned specially the well-known *cywydd* (No. 40) of Iolo Goch on the labourer, a poem which from the contemporary of Owain Glyndwr gives a wonderfully modern impression with its praise of the labourer as 'Emperor of earth and seas and of all the life of the world.'

Enough has been said to show the value and interest of this delightful collection. It is impossible to conclude without a reference to the serious illness which has so unhappily fallen upon the compiler almost at the outset of his life's work. The lovers of Wales will hope for him a speedy recovery, and that he may long be spared to devote his powers to the service of his country.

H. IDRIS BELL.

Songs of the Hebrides. Some collected and all arranged by M. KENNEDY FRASER. Edinburgh. 2*s. net.*

We have received further numbers of Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's *Songs of the Hebrides.* The complete work will shortly be issued by Messrs. Boosey,

London, and promises to be an important contribution to the literature of Gaelic music. As the daughter of the famed Scottish singer, David Kennedy, and as a highly-trained professional musician well versed in the art and folk music of Europe, Mrs. Fraser is well fitted for the task she has undertaken. She has sung Gaelic melodies on professional tours with her father in various countries, and has the Celtic blood and the Celtic spirit, an important qualification for an interpreter of Gaelic folk song to the musical world. In the parts sent to us, we notice with satisfaction that the original melodies are preserved in their simplicity, without manipulation. Many or most of these songs are known to Islesmen, some of them as a dim memory of childhood; but very few of them have hitherto been translated into English, or supplied with an instrumental setting. Mrs. Fraser's English words are very melodious and lyrical, and reveal very considerable poetic talent. They are very free, sometimes practically original, though based on or suggested by the Gaelic. This is certainly better than the over-literal, stiff translations that are often worse than bad prose, obscuring the clear beauty of the original, as a horn lantern does the light within it. But we think this freedom is sometimes here carried to excess, though we must say that the vowel system of the Gaelic lines is rendered most happily into English in many cases. The outstanding merit of Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's work is in the piano arrangements, which are really independent musical compositions, full of originality and haunting charm, yet it is remarkable that the melody is not obscured or eclipsed, but rather shines the more brilliantly as a diamond in a silver setting. The accompaniments are always characterised by fitness. The airs lend themselves wonderfully well to Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's methods of instrumental writing for the piano, the modern equivalent of the harp, for which instrument the older tunes were in all likelihood composed at first. These arrangements will delight the most fastidious and critical taste, and the work will be a revelation to the musical public of the pure and chaste beauty of the little-known songs of the Isles. They are true wildings of nature, full of the tender humanity of simple souls—songs to make the tears start, some of them, others, weird and elemental, suggesting the odour of the seaweed and the roar of the billows, full of that exquisite penetrating sensibility often noted as the basis of Celtic character. Indeed, these little ballads give a truer insight into the hearts of the Island folks in their joys and sorrows than all the decadent Neo-Celtic productions of the time. We trust in later numbers that the editors will give us as much of the Gaelic words for each song as possible. The Gaelic editor, Mr. Kenneth MacLeod, contributes some admirable verses of his own to certain airs without traditional words. In Song 12 'beallach' for 'bealach' is probably an oversight. We trust Mrs. Kennedy Fraser will give at the close of the series some of her thoughts and impressions of the general characteristics of Gaelic music. M. N. M.

Binneas nam Bard. Part I. By M. M'Farlane. Stirling: Æneas M'Kay. *Price* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. M'Farlane is issuing in parts an anthology of Gaelic poetry and music under the above title, a valuable compilation which promises to fill a special place of its own in Gaelic literature. The first volume contains some lengthy heroic poems, such as 'Bas Dhiarmaid,' extending to 102 verses, and also many of the older lyrics. In later volumes a collection of the best poems that have appeared in fugitive form in Highland newspapers and magazines will be given, with their appropriate melodies, we presume, in every case. In this volume the poems are arranged, so far as we can see, on no clear principle of chronology or subject, nor are any names of authors attached to the poems. No doubt the authorship of many poems is uncertain, but it is a glaring defect to print compositions by Duncan Ban and Alexander M'Donald without inserting the authors' names. Were these worthies alive to-day the Editor would be certain to have an unpleasant experience of blistering bardic invective, if perchance he escaped the peril of 'baraille Nic-Còiseam.' The subject matter of the poems is of varied interest. There are several Laments, poems on the Chief of the Clan, love-songs, songs of action, and descriptive pieces. The text has been carefully edited, and is very free from typographical errors.

To read these Gaelic poems is a refreshing experience. They are the composition of men who were taught in no school but that of Nature, whose songs were not written to order, but are the outflow of natural feeling, and often of genuine poetic inspiration. They are specimens of the work of the minor poets of the Gael, chiefly, but few of these poems lack the note of true passion, or are entirely destitute of lines of beauty and power. Especially they reveal personality and thus these productions of past days in the Highlands have still an intense human interest. Nothing reveals so intimately the life of a people as their literature—especially their poetry. Mr. J. C. Shairp, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and afterwards Principal of St. Andrews University, compares Gaelic poetry with that of England, Rome, and Greece, in one of his lectures, and strongly recommends the study of it—'as a poetry which, if narrower in compass and less careful in finish, is as intense in feeling and as true to nature and man as anything which the classical literatures contain.'

The Editor has done excellent service in furnishing the reader with the melody for each poem in this work, in both notations, without harmonies. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all Gaelic poems were written for special melodies. Every poem has crystallised round a tune. Gaelic poetry is lyrical in the mass; very little of it is didactic. Even in pure word painting of nature, as in 'Beinn Doran,' Duncan Ban uses the varied wild measures of a pipe tune with splendid effect. For such a subject Scott or Wordsworth would probably have chosen the usual hackneyed octo-syllabic rhyme. Out of the great store at hand the Editor has given an admirable selection of

songs, and the present volume will kindle eager expectation for more of the same quality, among all lovers of the Gaelic Muse. He has a delicate task to perform in selecting the best of many variants of a popular tune and wedding them to the appropriate words. One form may be unconsciously preferred to another because of past associations or from having heard it well sung, when the strict principles of musical analysis would not justify the choice. We have heard other versions of some of these melodies, differing widely from the form given, and the reader should not too readily conclude that the form printed is in all cases finally and decisively the best. Some at least seem to us lacking in unity, or defective in contrast of parts, through repetition of the same phrase, or less melodious than other forms we have known. On page 82 two sol-fa notes are wrongly marked—another error occurs on p. 103 of a similar kind. There is a brief Preface to the book in English and Gaelic. We do not admire the style of the Gaelic Preface. It is stiff and un-idiomatic—in fact, the worst piece of Gaelic in the book.

Criticism apart, however, Mr. M'Farlane's work is a large and important enterprise well worthy of the support of our readers. The work will make a special appeal to all lovers of Gaelic melodies. This part contains no less than 52 tunes, many of them fresh and not generally familiar, with hundreds of verses of poetry, at the low price of half-a-crown. M. N. M.

NOTES

The Making of Ireland and its Undoing

In your notice of Mrs. Green's *Making of Ireland* (p. 284) the following passage occurs: 'Strange to say, the great Norman barons who were settled in Ireland at the time of the twelfth-century conquest came over to the Irish point of view, became Irishmen, nay *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, more Irish than the Irish themselves. They not only forgot the English tongue, but scorned the use of it.'

It seems to me that this is calculated to give a wrong impression of the historical conditions which obtained in the twelfth century, and remained substantially unaltered throughout the two following centuries. The reader unfamiliar with the history of the time would surely gather that there was something apart and distinctive in the conduct of the Norman adventurers who made raids (of course the word *conquest* is quite unjustifiable) into Ireland in the twelfth century, and would further be tempted, I hold, to draw conclusions as regards present day conditions which would be wholly erroneous. As a simple matter of fact there is nothing to differentiate the proceedings of Strongbow and his companions, or the outcome of those proceedings, from similar proceedings, and a similar outcome, in other parts of the British Isles and of Western Europe generally in the previous

two hundred years. In the first place let me clear out of the way the remark concerning 'English.' It is in the last degree likely that Strongbow and his companions and followers did 'scorn English,' but then they did so before they raided Ireland, and not in consequence of their raid. It is doubtful if more than five per cent. of Strongbow's force could even speak English; it is certain that they only did so sparingly and exceptionally. The leaders spoke Norman-French, the men-at-arms, as far as eighty per cent. were concerned, spoke Welsh, of the remaining twenty per cent. the majority were Flemings from Pembrokeshire. Any linguistic conquest, therefore, made by the speech of the invaded Irish was made not at the expense of English, but at that of Welsh, Flemish, or French. This minor point eliminated, let us take a broad view of Strongbow's raid. He went to Ireland to acquire land and wealth, just as for the previous three hundred years North-men warriors had gone out on similar errands, just as a hundred years earlier the Norman William had come to England. And Strongbow stood in the same theoretical relations of feudal obligation (relations, the practical nature of which depended ultimately upon the force at the disposal of the two parties involved), to the king at London as William had done to the king at Paris. Nor can there be any shadow of doubt that if Strongbow had been able, he and his successors would have acted towards the king at London exactly as William and his successors acted toward the king at Paris. Why they were unable is a point I shall deal with presently. To some extent they did try, and in so trying they incurred the familiar reproach, hurled at them by the chroniclers of the London king, of becoming 'more Irish than the Irish.' What this really meant in the mouth of said chroniclers was that Irish *plus* Norman barons were a great deal more troublesome than Irish alone. The Norman stiffened and intensified Irish resistance. The reproach of the London king's chroniclers was justified. But then a similar reproach of the Paris king's chroniclers directed against William and his successors would have been equally justified; *they* too wedded English heiresses, they too ultimately forgot the French tongue, and came to scorn the use of it; they too used the people whom they dominated to flout their feudal obligations. And in England it was the Normans, as a whole, who became 'more English than the English,' whereas only a minority in Ireland became 'more Irish than the Irish'; in England the entire Norman mass acquired the native speech, in Ireland only a portion. In so far as the history of the three centuries, 1100-1400, is concerned, if any conclusion is to be drawn respecting the assimilative capacities of the two peoples—English and Irish—it would seem to be in favour of the English; they did assimilate their alien immigrants entirely; the Irish did not. I do not, however, desire to draw such a conclusion; I believe it would be a false one; I believe that historic conditions amply account for the difference stated without resorting to doubtful hypotheses about racial capacity. But if such hypotheses are to be ruled out on the one side, they must be ruled out on the other, and the familiar tag *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*

must cease to stand warrant for the implications it is commonly held to carry with it.

Considerations based on the action of William and Strongbow (and of their respective followings) are strengthened if we widen our field of survey. The amazing thing about the North-men, and the Normans their descendants, is the single-minded realism of their political aims and conceptions, unfettered and unclogged by any racial or linguistic prepossessions. They come into the present Normandy—within a generation or two they slough their Germanic speech, their Germanic culture, they adopt Romance speech, they adopt but transform, and, if I may coin a word, 'businessify' the Romance culture they found; the same phenomenon may be noted in southern Italy. By the time of the invasion of England conditions had changed: the adopted, the transformed culture (resultant of an infusion of fresh young Germanic blood into the Romance organism) has become the dominant, the driving culture of the period. But the Norman does not therefore forswear his practical, realistic insight; he has to impose his culture on England, but he learns as well as he teaches, he does not simply dictate and enforce, he adopts, modifies, reshapes such material of English culture as seems utilisable and promising, compromises on the question of speech (contenting himself with enriching the English vocabulary and simplifying both its inflectional system and its syntax) so that as ultimate outcome we have the Englishman and the English speech of to-day, resultants in which, however marked may be the Norman-Romance impress, no unprejudiced historical student will deny that the framework, the bulk, are Germanic (or, let us say, Germano-Celtic, to allow for that element which differentiates the insular from the Continental German) and not Romance. Thus it comes about that the two dominant, the two richest cultures of modern Europe are the English and the French (the order is alphabetical, I do not claim any priority of merit), the one representing the most diversified form of Germanic culture, the one most mixed with and subject to alien influences, the other occupying the same position in the Romance-speaking world; for France has the advantage over either Italy or Spain in that the Celtic and Germanic admixtures, especially the latter, have been more persistent and more potent. But Ireland was not the only part of the British Isles into which, after the Conquest, there went Norman barons, men theoretically under feudal obligation to the king at London. They swarmed into Wales, they also swarmed into Scotland, *i.e.*, into the land lying between the Cheviots and the Forth, into the domain of kings whose centre of power for several centuries was mainly Edinburgh, and whom I therefore style kings at Edinburgh. It is instructive in the extreme to compare and contrast their conduct (and the outcome of that conduct) here with what took place in Ireland. As far as the king at London and his partisans are concerned, the Scottised Normans are just as open to reproach as the descendants of Strongbow—they became more Scottish than the Scots. Within a very short period they practically took over the Germanic

speech of the people among whom they settled (or the Celtic speech, when, as more rarely, they pushed into the Celtic-speaking area); they stiffened and intensified the resistance of the king at Edinburgh to the feudal overlordship claim of the king at London. The course of proceedings being so much the same, why was the outcome so different? The answer to this question involves and requires a clear realisation of the conditions of the twelfth century, conditions which, as I have said, remain substantially unchanged until the close of the Middle Ages. We have then the king at London: subject to indefinite feudal obligations toward the king at Paris against which he is in perpetual conflict; asserting, himself, indefinite feudal claims in regard to the king at Edinburgh and the Celtic kings of North and South Wales, and definite feudal claims in regard to barons in the territory of the king at Edinburgh, in Celtic Wales, and in Celtic Ireland. The bulk of his subjects are of Germanic speech and custom: in resisting the claims of the king at Paris or in asserting his own against Edinburgh or against his barons *in partibus Celtorum*, he has to rely more and more upon his English-speaking subjects, he ultimately becomes a king of *England* in contradistinction and opposition to other parts of the British Isles. We have next the king at Edinburgh, also ruling over a population for the most part Germanic in speech; perpetually engaged, mainly in resisting the claim of the king at London, subsidiarily in endeavouring to extend his sway over the Celtic district lying to the north and west of his domain. In the prosecution of the one endeavour he assists and is assisted by the king at Paris; in the prosecution of the second endeavour the tables are turned. The Celtic chiefs of the North-west have just as little taste for being dominated by the king at Edinburgh as the latter has for being dominated by the king at London, and they play exactly the same game. They appeal to and intrigue with London just as Edinburgh appeals to and intrigues with Paris. For the North British Celt of 1200-1500 London is the friend, not Edinburgh. At the end of that period there emerges a kingdom of *Scotland*, mainly Germanic in speech and custom, distinct from and bitterly opposed to other portions of the British Isles, but the ultimate junction of which with the kingdom of England, kindred in speech and custom, must have been clear to clear-sighted men in 1500.

We now see why the action of the Norman barons who went into the kingdom of Scotland had different results from that of those who went into Ireland. In the one territory they found a king and a kingdom, a centre of organisation to which they could rally, which they could develop in virtue of their own more highly developed culture into an organism in which their appetite for wealth and power could expand more freely than by remaining in close union with and dependence upon the king at London. In the other territory they found no such organisation, no such centre; they are too few and weak to transform Ireland by such a process as William had transformed England; they have not the means, thanks to which under Norman guidance the kingdom of Scotland was transformed in the period 1050-1200; the

outcome of their efforts, strenuous as the latter often were, is an intensification of the evils from which Ireland had already suffered so long. Had Strongbow's raid been deferred for a century Ireland *might* have developed unity on national lines; had he been a Conqueror, a Robert Guiscard, or a Robert the Bruce, he might have imposed unity, constituted a kingdom of Ireland which, like that of Scotland, could have held its own against the kingdom of England and have joined it, when the fulness of time came, as Scotland did, on equal terms.

It might be urged that the fact of there being kings at London and Edinburgh and only chiefs at Armagh and Cashel is due to the predominantly Germanic strain in the population of the one set of territories, and to the inherently greater capacity of the one race for political organisation. I make no such claim, and I would again deprecate the invocation of doubtful hypotheses concerning racial capacity. The difference between the Germanic speech area of Britain (including southern Scotland) and Ireland in this respect seems to me amply accounted for by the greater predominance in the one district of Roman conceptions and ideas. The English assimilated rapidly the Roman ecclesiastical ideal, and, through the Church, much of the Roman political ideal, fusing the latter with their own customs. The Irish resisted with the utmost stubbornness (the contest lasted over five centuries) the Roman ecclesiastical ideal, and never accepted more than the merest shreds and fringes of Roman political ideals. On turning to Wales, where the influence of Rome, whether as an inheritance from the Roman dominion (though this is much slighter than commonly asserted) or by infiltration from neighbouring England, from the seventh century onwards, is clearly traceable, we note that the Welsh king does approximate more closely to the common mediæval ideal of kinghood. Howell Dda or Gruffydd ap Cynon or Owain Gwynedd have more points in common with the Conqueror or with Edward I., with William the Lion or with James IV., than had Brian Boroihme. In Wales the elements of kingship are present, though undeveloped, in Ireland they are absent. Mediæval Ireland is still in the tribal stage out of which contemporary France, Germanic Britain, and the Empire have passed, out of which Wales was passing when the process was rudely hastened by the Edwardian conquest.

Thus Strongbow's raid takes its place as the final stage of a process which began with the establishment of the Duchy of Normandy, and of which the main results were the constitution of the mediæval kingdoms of England and Scotland, and hence of the existing polity of Great Britain. It cannot be said that any racial issues were involved, and certainly there is nothing in the episode to justify racial enmity. Indeed, careful perusal of British history in mediæval time shows what little justification there is for the belief in permanent, irreconcilable racial antagonism throughout the Middle Ages. In Ireland, in Celtic Scotland, in Germanic Scotland, in Wales, we find Celt fighting with Celt, German against German, both seeking and welcoming the alliance of the alien race against men of their

own kin. Take any of the great battles of the period—Brunanburh, Clontarf, the Standard, Largs, Bannockburn. There is never the semblance of a clear-cut division between the Celtic and Germanic elements of the population; the varying factions combine, separate and recombine without the faintest reference to racial considerations. No English king would have hesitated to accept Celtic aid against Dane or Norman; no Celtic chief but eagerly welcomed Danish or Norman aid against a rival Celtic chief. Alliances that seem the firmest are dissolved from generation to generation; enmities that seem the most bitter are replaced by enthusiastic friendship. Well indeed might Roderick Dhu have wondered, could he have foreseen that his descendants would be the staunchest adherents of the descendants of the hated James. And when Owain Gwynedd, first among the chiefs of Celtdom, sought to play off the king at Paris against the king at London, he little thought that two centuries later the London king would find no braver men-at-arms in his force than among his Welsh followers. Again, in spite of the many and close ties between Wales and Ireland in the tenth to twelfth centuries, the Welsh had as little hesitation in following Strongbow and carving out new homes among the Irish Celts as the Irish would have had if the cases had been reversed.

In historical studies there is one unpardonable sin—one offence against the Holy Ghost—to import the passions and enmities of the present into the past. For the salient fact which emerges from all historical study, prosecuted without prejudice and in single-minded devotion to truth, is that no two sets of conditions are ever alike, that the passions and emotions of each age stand and fall to themselves, and that beneath the fallacious uniformity of names and boundaries there may be concealed fundamental diversity. In particular, there is nothing in the historic record to justify the conception of irreconcilable racial antagonisms, or the exaltation of an ideal of so-called racial purity. On the contrary, it is by happy admixture that the historic races have developed new powers and new capacities, it is by cross-fertilisation and not by in-breeding that the historic national cultures have gained in breadth and elevation, have enriched and perfected themselves. The politician may have some excuse for advocating the ideal of separatism—of *Particularismus* as the Germans say,—the scholar, who should always look beyond the national unit towards an ideal of humanity, can have none.

ALFRED NUTT.

THE death of Dr. Whitley Stokes has come as a sore and unexpected blow to his many friends and admirers. His contribution to this number of the *Celtic Review* was probably his last work. Dr. Stokes did not live to correct the final proof, which was done by Dr. Kuno Meyer.

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